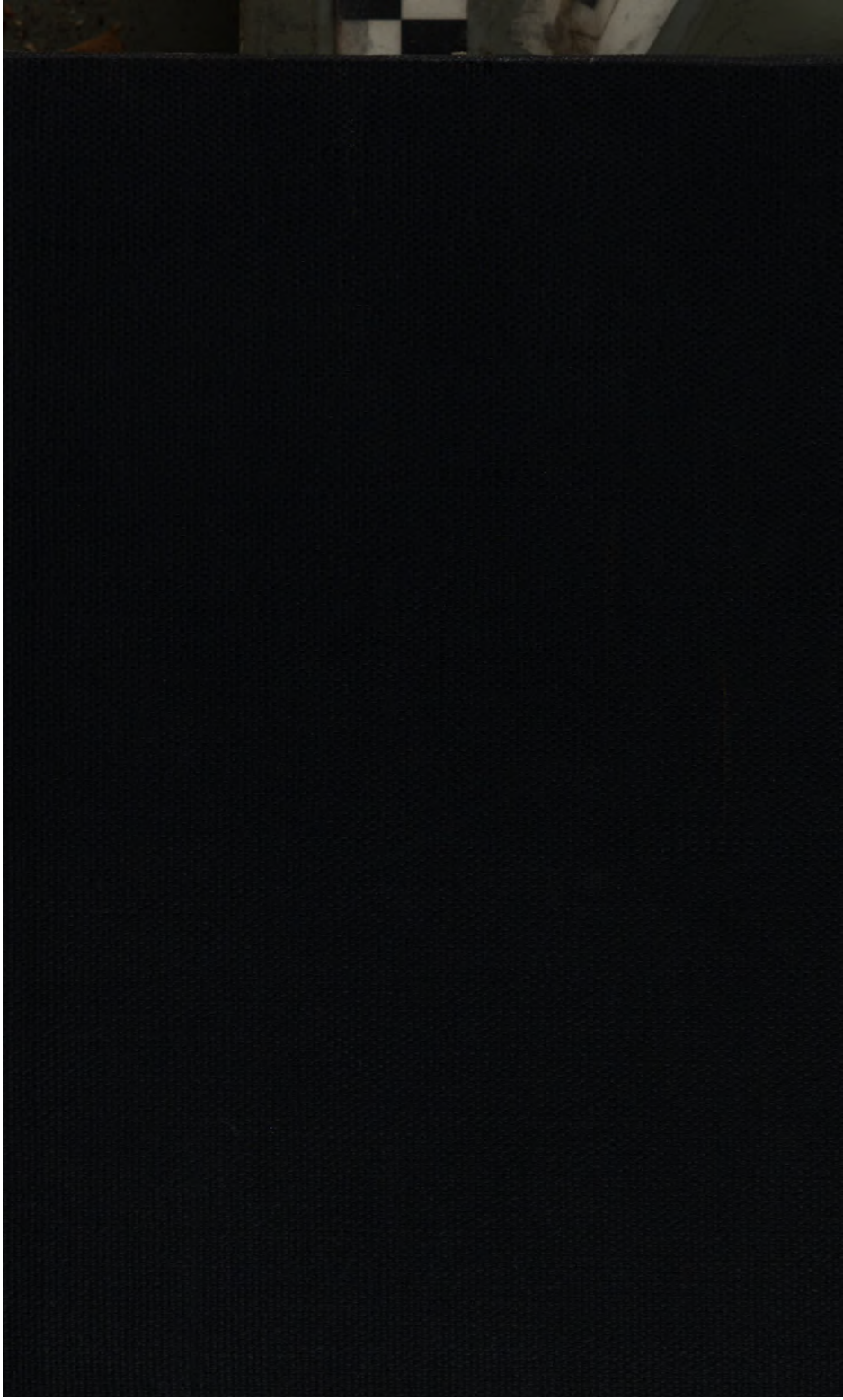

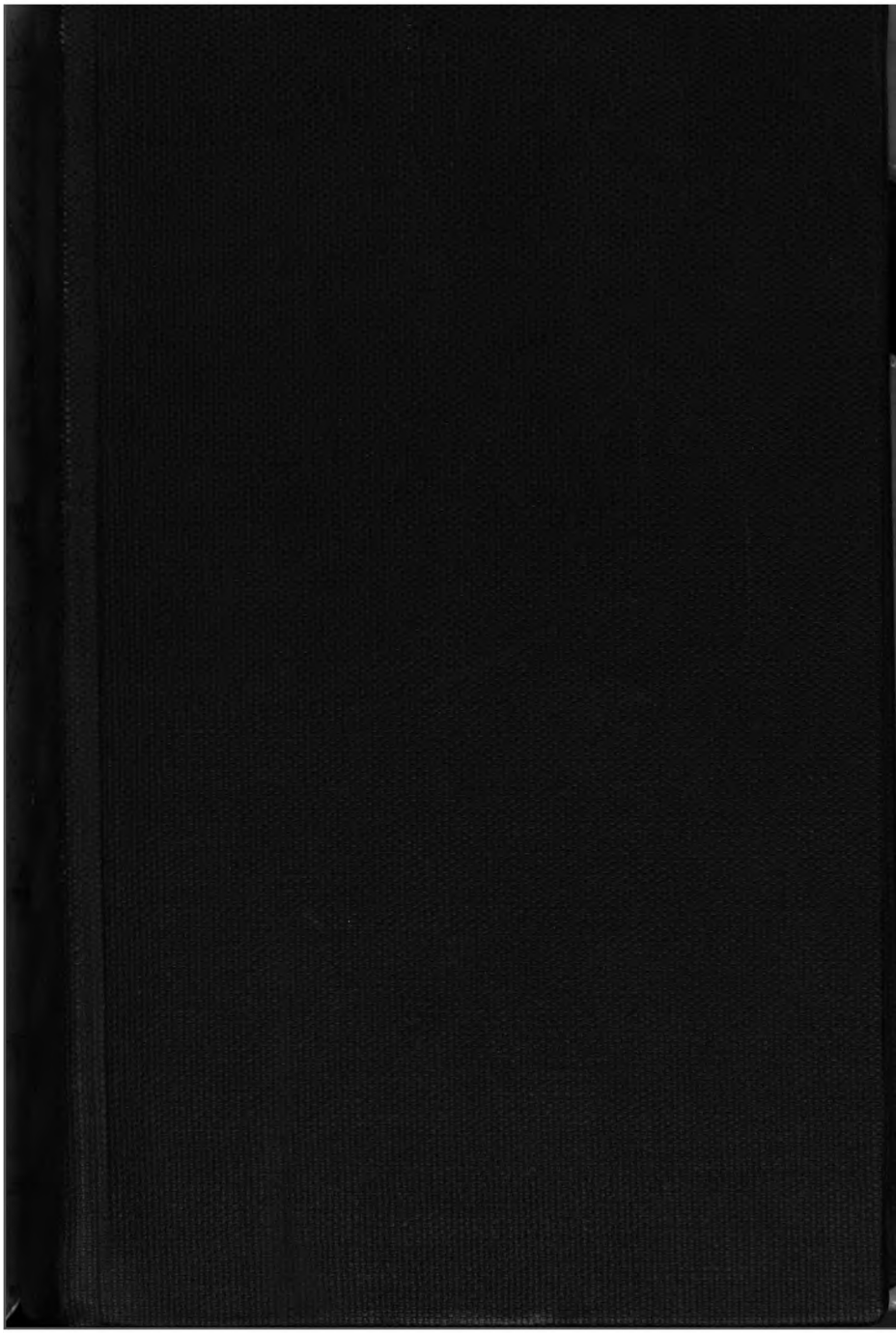

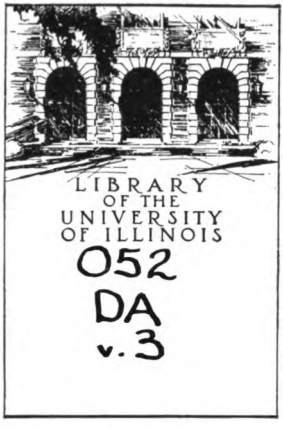
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THE

DARK BLUE.

VOL. III.

MARCH TO AUGUST, 1872.

EDITED BY JOHN C. FREUND.

ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:

BRITISH & COLONIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

81A, FLEET STREET, E.C.

MDCCCLXII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JOHN B. DAY, SAVOY STREET,
STRAND.

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'REBECCA.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

MARCH, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION I.

OVER holy Jerusalem hovered darkness, the darkness of but few hours, wearing out the long eastern day, and bearing in its womb the voluptuous eastern morn. The sky was still and mournful; not a star to be seen; not the slightest break in its sombre hue; on earth lay Jerusalem above its surrounding low valleys, like a city to be seen by the world, harbouring the holy plans of many creeds. The scene was shrouded from the eye of man, buried in the earth's natural atmosphere; this eastern scene, with its long harrowing history, its revolutions of peoples, and evolutions of creeds; its own grand life of centuries. The clash of arms, the groans of men, the sobs of women, the cries of children, the voices of angels, the prayers of apostles, and the dying words of the Saviour; all swam in indistinct spiritual essence around; the night was heavy with them, while the city was lost in the inanity of its present helpless condition.

The atmosphere quivered and heaved, something disturbed it; its sombreness became denser, but on a sudden it expanded; another influence separated its gaseous atoms, lifted its heavy masses, and woke from transient rest the creatures of the air; through space swam sounds, indistinct and tentative—like coming life they came twittering upon the stillness, while the gases, rarified by a stronger power still, became lighter and rose over the town, over the valleys, over the hills, over Kedron, over the Mount of Olivet, and while in the east appeared one streak of the great sun's light, another—one more—with loud tones awoke the earth, and in roseate dazzling splendour swam the scene. The

day was born in eastern fashion, strong, vivid and quick; on the Mount rested its flushed cheek with caressing gestures, lighting up the figure of a man. Entranced he stood, his face turned upward to the fleecy vapours, his arms outstretched to embrace the great golden heavenly life-giver, his eyes starting from their sockets to see the earth's sun reigning triumphant and glowing! A young man he was, clad in half eastern costume; his head was bared, the long wavy locks hung over his shoulders, his face was very handsome, according to eastern type, symmetrical in feature, spiritual in expression—a type of a race that was gone—buried below there in the entrails of that ground on which he and Jerusalem stood.

From the folds of his dress the man took a book, kissed it, and read softly some pages; he returned the book to its resting place and sat down. 'Ah, beautiful home of man, sweet earth, revolving planet of the universe,' he murmured, 'why cannot some of thy highest developed creatures walk thy crust, satisfied that they exist, adoring the Creator? Why should all be engaged in the strife of individual interests? Why might not one be ready to contemplate merely, raising his inner-self beyond all human love, all human desires? Let the body be clad and be fed simply and plain, and let the mind be wrapped in ever-renewed ecstacies at the creative idea! Creator, grant me such life, I ask no other; let my millions increase, I need them not; let my lands flourish, I tread them not; let the world ask for me, I heed it not.' In his excitement he rose—'I am enough to myself, asking but one thing, to keep myself undefiled from man's desires, holy and chaste before Thee!'

He took some plain white bread from his pocket, a few dried dates, and a flask of milk. He ate and drank, and laid down on the mount; while the sun began to ride higher and higher in the heavens. Evidently he had watched all night, for fatigue overcame him and he fell fast asleep.

An hour later he woke; the sky had lost some of its gorgeous brightness and was a little overcast. Light grey flakes of earth-moisture had ascended, and had gathered overhead in cloudy masses, hanging above Olivet with threatening aspect of descending rain. The kiss of the cooler air had touched the young man's forehead and called him out of his sleep; he started to his feet.

'I must be going,' he said, 'and I must leave thee, thou loving resting-place for His dear feet.' Again he drew forth the book. 'Here I have thy words brought back to the tongue in which they were spoken, my own nervous, pregnant, soft-toned Hebrew, thou great harmonious Nazarene, divine guide of man; do they understand that name *now?* Do they hear thy call *now?* Do they see before their minds, thy grand and noble figure, clad in the flowing robe down to the sandalled feet; thy spiritual countenance, lit up by the intelligence of the prophet's eye? I have thy

words, translated by myself from modern tongues, but thy spirit, have I it? Here have thy feet rested; here thou sawest below thee thousands; here thy divine ecstatic vision looked upon the creatures, swaying backward and forward with man's passions; and here, in sentences snatched from thy seeing soul, dids't thou preach to them thy words of peace! I see thee, I understand thee, Nazarene; thou didst belong to us, to the old chosen race of faith in one great God! Adieu—long may I not tread this grass, not lay on thy brown earth, not kiss the dew on thy brow —while I go and see how those who have left the old name and taken thine, how *they* understand thy seer's teaching! Adieu!' He knelt down, kissed the Mount, and slowly departed down toward the villages at its base.

* * * * *

Near the gate of St. Stephen, in Jerusalem, in a close, sombre street, stood a still more sombre house; it looked, from without, as if no actual life was going on within. Now and then odd Jewish figures passed in and out with small leather bags, greasy from much use. Suddenly a young man appeared at the end of the street, and moved slowly along with raised head and the peculiar walk of a master, up the way. He stopped before the house and entered it; he passed through the dull corridor, into a low vaulted room of immense size, and swept by a number of men, who saluted most respectfully on either side; he returned no salutation, but wrapped in his own fancies, and followed by the oldest of the men, retired to a small room at the back.

Israel Torriano, the wealthiest Jewish banker in the East, leant back in an old shabby chair, and contemplated the ceiling; before him stood Moses, the grey-headed confidential manager of the Jerusalem branch of the bank.

'Moses, thou need'st not come, go on, as usual; suck thy golden blood, and wash thy old hands in such moral chaffering filth as thou desirest, I have nothing to do with it.'

'Not sign the books, sir? Not look over the accounts, sir?' grinned Moses obsequiously.

'No, do it thyself; withdraw old man, thou reekest with the stench of dross.'

Moses went, very little concerned about his master's odd way of auditing accounts.

Israel Torriano, our handsome young Jew, of Mount Olivet, took up some letters from the table; all letters bearing the slightest appearance of business were thrown aside, a few others he opened.

'From my uncle Jacob Torriano, that I should visit him soon; I will. My cousin Rebecca expects me, her only eastern relative. What are relatives to me? I'll go. From Anton Torriano in Paris, and Joseph

Torriano in Vienna, and lastly from Benjamin Torriano in London. Help me, it is a conspiracy to draw me out, and get my capital for European use; I'll let them have it without the visits. Money, money, money, thou everlasting tormentor, that hast become an end, from being nothing but a means. What do I care for money? uncles and cousins, ye shall be satisfied. Wait; that much beloved eastern cousin, the only remaining representative of this great and pure eastern Jewish stock, he shall appear to you but to vanish again, and ye shall have your heart's desire.'

Israel Torriano rose like an eastern monarch, majestic in appearance. He laid his hand upon a small bell and rang it. Moses appeared, cringing and obsequious.

'Moses, I go to-morrow to see the branches of our family in various countries.'

'On business, sir; on business?' said hesitatingly the old man.

'No, not on business—I know no business!'

'Not the Turkish loan, sir; nor the Egyptian; nor the Rajah's jewels; and our vast tea and opium plantations; nor the bit of hold we've got on the Russian money-market, and the small advance to the Wallachian land-owners, and the Greek corn-merchants; and here in our own Levant, the vast undertakings everywhere, the branch houses in Damascus, in Smyrna, even in Alexandria, in Tiflis; and, Jehovah be praised! everywhere and anywhere. Nothing thou knowest; great, powerful Israel Torriano of all this?' The old man rubbed his hands, and leered temptingly. 'Think, young Israel, the world is at thy feet; thou knowest not thy wealth. I, old poor Moses, who never stir from the gate of the Christian, who watch over it all; I know it and I say, Israel Torriano, this empire is sweeter than a royal crown, for it is real.' The old shaggy man had lifted his skull-cap, straggling grey hairs fell over his forehead, and touched the cunning fox-eyes. Moses was the incarnate spirit of strong, grasping, gold-creating money-power.

'Be off, old man; I'll take no fiend's bonds. Chaffer on as thou wilt, the hour for release will come.'

Moses knew the power of his master; he cast one grand look upon him, and went to the door, but instantly returned.

'I have no power to act for thee, Israel Torriano;' he said, rather spitefully.

'Take it then, take it; act, act, act; chaffer, chaffer, chaffer; fill thy coffers, grind the borrower, manage the money market, and by all that is holy on earth, leave me out of the question! Moses, hard-hearted money worshipper, thou who hast laid down thy life at the shrine of Mammon, forget not, that once in sacred Jerusalem, there was a school of poetry, a college of musicians; that the prophets were taught there,

that the songs of Israel rose pure and worshipping up to Jehovah ;—Jehovah who now looks upon our stunted race, as the worshippers of Mammon. I am free and will not adore thy divinity, come what may ! Be master here, and let me go. Hence, old sinner, begone !

Moses vanished, tears in his eyes ; Moses loved Mammon, but above all, above everything, even above handsome Israel Torriano, the child he had nursed, did Moses love the sweet recollection of Jewish greatness.

* * * * *

Israel Torriano began his journey to his relations at the little ancient seaport of Jaffa. As he cleared out of its harbour there arose in his mind the visions of vessels laden with precious woods and costly building materials, coming from Syrian Tyre, and bringing their cargoes for the creation of Solomon's temple: ah! where were those vessels now, where would he hear the call of the dusky Hebrew captain to his men, where see the fair result of such stupendous endeavours ? Three thousand years of history were a long time ; they had passed over little Jaffa and left it in the hands of the Turk, after endless struggles of rising and dying peoples ; but even three thousand years could not quite obliterate all traces of Hebrew origin—the early traces of a people worshipping *one* God among surrounding idolaters.

From Jaffa the young Jew passed on to Alexandria, where the first signs of European cultivation greeted him. He was not favourably impressed by them ; as he stepped from one steamer on the other, the figures that crowded the harbour appeared to him anxious, deteriorated by want, or swelled by authority into pompousness. The glitter of outside show had not the slightest attraction for so contemplative a mind as that of Israel Torriano ; nor could the Pillar of Pompey, the Needle of Cleopatra, or the modern buildings and fortifications, draw him on land. He smiled disdainfully as he looked on. 'The bygone pride of fallen, the present boast of existing nations ; where is the great living spirit of the master ? I see it not.'

Neither visiting mosque nor synagogue, Israel turned, almost in disgust, from one of the future capitals of modern civilisation, the observed of many eyes. Dressed more in accordance with European fashion, he bore yet an Eastern appearance, and so undoubted a stamp of not belonging to the outside world, that men and women looked askance at him. The steamer sped along over the smooth blue Mediterranean waves ; Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, in various guises of dress, crowded its deck, each using his own mother tongue ; among them stood, calm and unruffled, that handsome figure at the helm, scanning the distant horizon, with the little book in hand, forgetful of the noisy, picturesque scenes around.

The steamer passed through the Straits of Messina and along the

western shore of Lower Italy, towards the Gulf of Naples. Israel was nearing the dwelling-place of the first relatives he was to visit; but even by the expectancy of such a meeting, the young Jew remained unmoved. As he saw the fair shores of the southern peninsula, his soul lovingly encompassed their beauty.

'What a dwelling-place for His teaching?' he said to himself, 'Let us see, great Nazarene, whether here, in the land that is washed by one of the gentlest seas in the world, Thy name is recognised.'

The declining sun rested on Naples; the steamer entered port, skimming over the bright surface toward its goal; the scene, north, west, east, and south was one of heavenly beauty. Its harmonious light and shade; its glorious golden-lit points of interest; its shores adorned with the palaces and villas of the great; its luminous volcanic watch-tower, great Vesuvius—all combined to seize on an ardent imagination, and proclaim the whole as one of the most beauteous sights on earth. And the dwellers on earth; were they in harmony also with its fair face? Israel Torriano, whose very name carried in its ring the consciousness of money-power; Israel Torriano raised his eyes up to the magically-tinted skies, and bathed his own exultant soul in the loveliness of natural creation!

* * * * *

In one of the most charming villas to the south of the Strada Chiaja, in Naples, lived Jacob Torriano, the Neapolitan Jew banker; his daughter Rebecca was his only child. Jacob Torriano was a great man; he pulled the strings of action in very many noble houses, and bore all kinds of state secrets in his Jewish breast. In a gorgeous room, or saloon rather, furnished with extraordinary splendour and some taste, a room that overlooked the gulf and showed in the distance Vesuvius, Rebecca Torriano reclined on a couch, her dreamy eyes directed to the same sunset that bore her Cousin Israel into port. The affinity of souls just allowed a faint interest to attach itself to the idea, that this great eastern cousin, the last of the old family stock, was to visit them soon. Rebecca, the child of her father's immoderate, extravagant, doting love, was hoping for some reprieve from the overbearing sumptuousness to which she was doomed. Tall, sturdy, and noble image of Esther type, the young girl had early grown into mature beauty, and the obtuse old father had imagined that this perfect voluptuous womanhood of hers, endowed with limbs of grand symmetry, with ardent desires to see and know the world, might be kept in a gilded cage, surrounded by things that could not but nourish her imaginative longings, and entertained merely by the society of Sarah, the nurse of her infancy.

The young Jewess turned to her harp, and sent the chords of her rich

mind vibrating over the strings; the very luxury of her sensations made her sad, there seemed no outlet for her superabundant sympathies, all they could feed on were stolen books of Italian poetry; the poetry of Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, brought stealthily to Rebecca by old Sarah, from Jacob Torriano's library.

The setting sun gilt the elegant apartment, and rested carressingly on Rebecca's black hair; her head lay on the harp, her soul heard, out in the exceeding loveliness of the evening glow, sounds and calls, to which she could not answer, for was she not trammelled by the bonds of golden fetters, woven round her by all that money could buy? Sarah rushed in:

'Rebecca, child of my bosom, he has come! He stands below in thy father's room, he the greatest, richest Jew of the east, the beloved of great Jehovah, the very image of Hebrew beauty. He be praised that I have seen him, that I have once more caught sight of what they have been in years gone by, the Hebrew men of the East. Child Rebecca, art thou ready? He cometh! He cometh!'

The old woman knelt in her excitement by Rebecca's side and wept.

Sounds of footsteps were heard; before Rebecca could recover herself and Sarah rise, the banker with young Israel stood before the two women. Sarah actually took hold of Israel's coat skirt and kissed it, sobbing;

'My eyes I have seen thee; be welcomed by Rebecca's hand-woman.'

Rebecca rose; dressed, as her father insisted, with rich eastern taste; and gracefully welcomed her cousin.

For the first time in his life, Israel was so near a really beautiful woman: no red tinged his cheek, no flutter came over his heart; young Israel bowed slightly.

'Dost thou sing Hebrew melodies? Sing me something.'

Rebecca looked at him; Dante, Tasso and Ariosto, had found an interpretation; a really personified poet was before her.

'Play child. Sit down, Israel. There, look out yonder into the gulf, is Jerusalem finer?

'Yes, to me, uncle; and when Rebecca sings I shall be miles away on the brow of its hills.'

'Thou art attached to the East?' said Rebecca, gently.

'Much, greatly;' answered Israel. He meant to say something else, but checked himself, looking at Jacob Torriano.

Rebecca sang, Israel stood by her side, his eyes fixed upon her. Old Jacob rubbed his hands; the scheme was growing, and he could see heaps of untold gold. A knock was given at the door, Sarah brought the message.

'Prince Sansi awaited the banker below.'

'Cannot come,' answered Jacob, roughly; but on second thoughts he believed it necessary to meet the prince.

'Entertain thy cousin, Rebecca,' he said, leaving the room with a side look of caution to Sarah.

Israel breathed more freely.

'Thy father, Rebecca, is old Moses over again; much given to money-making, I can see it. Thy eyes tell another tale, cousin; dost thou love money?'

'I do not know its value.'

'Blessed art thou; now sing me another Hebrew melody, and I will catch its tones in unison with yonder red-glowing sun.'

Israel leant over towards the open window, and Rebecca sang again to her harp; Sarah looking at them in mute astonishment.

'Come here, cousin,' said Israel, as the last tones of the harp died away; 'come to the window.'

By Israel's side stood Rebecca.

'Dost thou see that sky? Hearest thou the murmur of the waves? Catchest thou the glimpses of the mountain yonder, and dost thou not adore?'

'I do adore night and morning,' answered Rebecca.

'Ah, in the cold formal fashion, saying thy prayers.'

'No, my soul adoreth.'

'Rebecca, thou art a kindred spirit; thou art a sister.' Israel took the little hand of the Jewess, and laid it caressingly on his shoulder. 'Stop there, we shall adore together.'

Rebecca did stop; but her heart began to beat faster. Sarah saw nothing; it was all right with them. Was he not the long expected Jew bridegroom, the desired son of old Jacob? Had those wily Christians that tried to penetrate into Jacob Torriano's family not been kept off, one and all? Had ever love-word been allowed to reach Rebecca's ears? No, she had sacredly been kept for her Jew-cousin, and all was well. Sarah thanked Jehovah in her heart.

'Rise with me, Rebecca, into the vastness of the heavens above; descend with me to the depths below; cousin I believe thou art beautiful in person, like the rippling waves yonder; value it not; it is accidental, the beauty of shape. Let rather thy soul value Him who gave it thee, and give it back to Him. Dost thou hear, Rebecca?' Rebecca's hand trembled a little on Israel's shoulder.

'Why dost thou tremble? Thou art safe with me. Thou art a sacred maiden to sing with me in God's temple, and love the words of the Nazarene.' The last few words Israel said under his breath; Sarah, a little deaf, heard them not.

'The Nazarene,' replied Rebecca, shocked; 'He is not of us.'

'He was; He was a Jew, and a chosen Jew, and loved his race.'

'But his words are blasphemy.'

'His words are the sweet harmonies of God's divine creation; they proclaim love among the creatures, Rebecca, not voluptuous indulgence; not rich dress as thine; not sumptuous rooms as thine; not money-bags as thine and mine; but simple natural love. Come share my meal, Rebecca.' To Sarah's utter disgust, Israel fetched out of his capacious pocket, a packet of dates, a flask of milk, small loaves of white bread, and two small cups of horn.

'Eat and drink with me.'

Those two sat in the embrasure of the window, the room swam in reddish evening light, and the magnificent scene without gloried in the grandest natural splendour. Rebecca ate and drank with Israel the simple meal of the East, and Sarah let them alone. All was well, for was he not the Jewish bridegroom of the East?

At that moment the banker returned, looking aghast at what he saw.

'What! Israel Torriano, eating in my daughter's sitting-room; this is defilement!' said Jacob, rather sharply; he caught, however, the eye of Sarah, and remembered that he spoke to him who was the possessor of unbounded wealth.

'Nothing defiles that is done in simplicity and honour,' said Israel, unmoved. 'Jacob Torriano, let thy daughter go with me on the waters, I can row.'

'Alone? never.'

'Why not?'

'It is not becoming.'

'All is becoming that is done with chaste thoughts.'

The heaps of gold rose again before Jacob.

'Well, Sarah may accompany you. But be back soon, supper will be spread, some great men are coming to meet thee, Israel, and thou must not fail; besides, thou wilt need refreshment.'

'I need no refreshment, I have supped with Rebecca; the body should be nourished not gluttonized. Thy great men I want not, my cousin Rebecca is better company; give them their worldly food, I look for other.'

Jacob shook his head; true, old Moses had given him an inkling of great singularity in his nephew, but such vagaries in a man of millions, whose bearing was that of an eastern prince! It was too bad—but what could Jacob Torriano not pardon to miles of tea and opium plantations.

The old banker watched them as they floated along on the gently swelling waves.

'Jehovah be praised, the dearest wish of my heart is accomplished; in my family will the old stock be renewed; from Jacob's loins will the great man arise, who shall sway the fortunes of thousands, as the heroes of our race did of old. If it is another kind of sway—what of that?

Not my fault, not our fault, but the turn of the wheel of national fortunes and man's desires.'

* * * * *

'Rebecca, seest thou those last streaks of reddish light? Seest thou the first glimmering of the rising star? Rebecca, breathest thou the balmy air of this southern clime? catchest thou the sweet hum of the night creatures of the air? Ah! all is existence; in existence is essence, in essence is co-relation, in co-relation is love, in love is divinity! Dost understand, soft-souled cousin, kindred spirit of mine? Can nothing persuade thee that the Nazarene spoke rightly, when co-relation, that is love, bore away the palm over righteousness? What was Phariseean righteousness, but self-glorification; dost understand, Rebecca? If self-glorification is nought, then ought we to glorify Him, the creator of all, for in Him the end of all co-relation, of all love, lies buried. Rebecca, glorify God with me!'

Rebecca hung her head; the impassioned voice of her companion stole cunningly into her soul, and made her nerves quiver with strange emotions that she could not define; suddenly she looked up; like one deified sat Israel Torriano by her side, resting lazily on his oars, and bathed in a flood of supreme ecstacy. A big pang shot through Rebecca's heart; was this the look of a future bridegroom? No, his was the appearance of a being enraptured with one idea, with one view of the end of the creature; not regarding the general sympathies of fellow beings, but withdrawn from them by a peculiar education, and directed towards one sublime end!'

Was *this* the Narazene's teaching? Poor Rebecca—willess, through continued tutelage and excessive luxurious surroundings—poor Rebecca allowed this sudden inspiration to die away, and listened once more to the voice of the tempter, that would fain steal her soul and entwine it with his own.

'Sayest thou nothing, Rebecca?'

'Cousin Israel, to-night thou comest to us like the whirlwind of a new life from the East, thou hast overwhelmed me with new thoughts; I cannot tread thy road, as yet; obliterate not my own, before I see thine.'

Rebecca had, within a couple of hours, been awakened to an inner existence; the Italian poetry had found an interpretation, and she could have called out to her old friends: 'Oh, come tell me what is this new life?'

'Let us return, Rebecca, we have seen enough to-night; never over-gorge ourselves even with spiritual inspirations; be temperate; be chaste in all!'

And Israel Torriano, having all his life roamed round the hills of

Jerusalem at his will; Israel thought suddenly to subdue and train the rebellious heart and warm blood of his luxuriously nursed cousin, Rebecca.

Jacob pressed his nephew in vain to come to the sumptuous late supper; Israel went to his allotted room, and by the open window lay down to sleep.

Rebecca sat in her own room, staring into the Neapolitan night; listening to the harmonious splash of the waves, and repeating softly to herself the words again and again: 'Would he had never come! Cousin Israel, thou hast never read Italian poetry!'

Sarah at last persuaded her young mistress to go also to rest.

* * * * *

As the greyish tints of the early morning vanished, and the first golden rays lifted Naples into life; so rose Israel, anxious to catch the sight of each day's new birth. All was still; the house was locked at every outlet, and Israel deftly climbed from the windows of his room. Hushed before him lay the first European city he had seen. He turned from the gulf; from the lovely scene of the green hills and luxurious foliage, that were coming into bolder relief at every new ray, and went into the town. Jerusalem was not a savoury place; he knew all its dark corners—its wretched neighbourhoods; but Jerusalem was a city of sorrows, given over to the Turk; Naples, the refined queen of southern Christian Italy, would surely present another appearance. Here the discordant elements of human interests would be blended by religious influences into one harmonious whole. Israel went along the Strada Chiaja and Santa Lucia; here and there he stumbled, in the first flush of the morning, over a sleeping lazzaroni, who turned drowsily to the other side; into deserted Toledo he roamed by magnificent palaces and innumerable churches; he stood in many of the squares, or largos, and admired statues that rose before him like ghosts of former times; on the largest square, the Largo di Mercato, the shades of the last Hohenstauffen fell upon him, though he knew it not; into the close alleys he went, and saw the dirty rags at windows, the begrimed doorsteps, the forlorn look of the first risers preparing their early avocations. Signs of nightly broils and carouses struck him; the toll of the church bells, so well known from the monasteries in Jerusalem, fell upon his ear, sombre and mournful; and dispirited Israel returned from his ramble to the Villa Torriano. To wash off his first impressions, he dived into the now gloriously lit gulf, and came forth refreshed and better able to identify his ideas upon the early morning life of Naples. Rebecca, roused betimes, had just enjoyed her own luxurious bath. She stood at her window as Israel looked up. 'Come down here, cousin, and take your breakfast with me.'

Rebecca came, issuing for the first time in her life alone from the villa. Israel had already provided himself with fresh milk, dates, and bread.

'Wilt thou share my simple meal?'

The two sat outside the sumptuous Jewish house, where the servants just stirred, and tardily began their work. Israel and Rebecca chatted, and looked out into the bright morning; fishermen and market-women coming by, who knew beautiful Rebecca, stared and laughed good-humouredly.

'Come with me, cousin, on a short morning row.'

'I dare not, Israel. My father and Sarah would object.'

'Thou darest with me—I'll answer for it. Come as thou art. Put this scarf over your head.'

Rebecca went. They entered a boat lying alongside, one used by the servants of the villa, and rowed off.

'There they are! Israel!—Rebecca! come back!' called both Jacob Torriano and Sarah, running out to the shore.

But Israel took Rebecca's hand, held it up to her father, shook his head, and went off with his prize.

'Well, well, Jacob Torriano, thy desires go nearer the fulfilment of their goal than thou hadst imagined. Say little about it, Sarah.' So the banker returned to the house.

Within a couple of hours, just as the heat was becoming oppressive, the cousins returned—Israel in excellent spirits—Rebecca thoughtful. She expected a rebuke, and received none—the opium and tea plantations protected her.

The full life of the city now began, and Israel stood long watching the shore, listening to the chatter, to the call of the sellers, and the offers of the boatmen. Suddenly he rushed off, and went into the thickest, stared at by every passer by.

* * * * *

They had all come—from Rome, from Venice, from Milan, from Florence, from Turin, from Genoa—the great money interests of Italy—the men in whose hands lay the fortune of war, under whose thumb throbbed the fate of millions of human beings—the men who stalked about 'change in simple plain clothes, wearing under them the insignia of princely, and more than princely power; the men who bought the exertions of thousands, who made hills arise and seas dry up; who spanned oceans with ways of intercommunication, and fetched treasures from the depths of the earth; the men who govern our world—the capitalists who are the lords of our day's creation.

They had come to see the young Jew of the East, whose father had been one of the greatest money-sagacities of the world—holding in his hand the east and west, the north and south; and who had allowed little

Israel Torriano, the motherless child, to rove about Jerusalem, and learn what lessons he could from old Moses. There was such an infinite charm attached to this offspring of a mighty father, that the news which telegraph wires had flashed to them: 'He is coming'—had stirred their souls. Many speculations were left unsettled; many a loan was unconcluded. They hurried to greet him, the last shoot of the eastern branch.

All day had carriages deposited visitors at Torriano Villa. The house was crammed. Little bargains were concluded in its spacious marble-inlaid saloons; nice slices of the income of sovereigns were cut and passed to a cousin; shares in all conceivable undertakings—from the drying-up of the malaria swamps in the Campagna to the furnishing an emperor with means to fight his neighbour—were argued. The chair of St. Peter himself did not escape the entries of their pencils—money and money-power bring heaven to earth, and earth to heaven!

They waited, but he came not; Israel Torriano had disappeared after his row with Rebecca, and had not been seen since. The savoury dishes were prepared, the valuable plate was set out, enticing aromas filled the house, busy waiters ran backward and forward; it was to have been a great reception day for the money of the West to receive the money of the East, and the money of the East would *not* be received. They could wait no longer; the little bargains had all been made, and had whetted the appetite of the bargainers. At last human nature could stand it no more, and they sat down to the sumptuous feast without him for whom the feast had been prepared.

Rebecca was in her room; ladies were not admitted to the sacred gathering of the male elders. She was dreaming at her window, as the slanting rays of the sun began to descend, and the cool earth-moisture gently to ascend. Her heated fancy would turn back to the morning, when Cousin Israel had rowed out far into the gulf, and had spoken mystic words to her—of new thoughts and new sympathies—words that, coming from his own ecstatic, temperate soul, could not water the luxurious plant of her own yearning affections. Rebecca felt, with keen foresight, that Cousin Israel would never love *her*. And yet, how immeasurably grand it would be to be beloved by him! This evening her own thoughts were fuller of meaning than all poetry, even that of Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto. She thought she heard some faint sounds carry her name up to her—it was nothing; still it had sounded 'Rebecca,' in *his* voice. She touched her harp in answer, and tears—hot, scalding, burning tears—rained over the vibrating strings.

Sarah entered. 'Child, I have a letter, it is from him; I may give it thee. Come, let us read it.'

Rebecca trembled. 'Give it me, Sarah, and leave the room; I cannot read it while anyone is here.'

'Ah! already so far gone; well, well, child, I have thy father's orders. Thou mayest do, in this matter, as thou listest.'

Sarah went, and Rebecca opened the letter with unsteady hands; her eyes refused at first to read. Little by little she became accustomed to the bold Hebrew characters, and devoured the contents.

'Cousin, I go; I shall not see thee again. Listen to-night to the evening air, it will carry thy name on its balmy wings over to thee, from me. Thou art the only sweet being I have met at Naples, during my visit of one day. I have this day seen this Christian city, and have seen so little teaching of the Nazarene, that I think men have forgotten him. Was He in those eager crowds that hung about with lean faces and tattered garments? Was He among those dirty children and miserably looking women? Was He in the solemn meaningless chants of the churches? Was He in the ornaments and ceremonious profusions of the processions I saw? Was He in the stolid faces of the monks? Was He in the glitter of the shops; the proud bearing of the rich in their carriages; the gay unconscious prattle of the fashionable? Where was He? I could almost see His enemies—the self-righteous Pharisees—stand at the corner and say their prayers, 'that they are not such as those.' Ah, only in thy mild, soft eyes, was He at all; was some of His spirit! Cousin, sister, flee thy sumptous life; become simple as He was; He, who was born in our nation, a Nazarene; ask not for mortal love, it lives not in purity. I have seen *that* to-day which has told me human love may become vile! Keep away from it; thou art one of the few elected; give your grand soul to God; worship Him and his beautiful works, and keep your sweet body chaste before Him—an offering from the creature to the Creator. Oh, cousin, disappoint me not; fulfil thy mission, and give me thy hand in the spirit, to walk the earth as beings capable of some higher instincts! Thou alone art worthy of a word; I have left none for thy father or his guests; they want not me, but those golden heaps attached to my name! They shall have them, they are welcome! Adieu, thou blessed kindred spirit!'

And Rebecca rose, her figure became taller, her agonized looks went up to the heavens. 'Come and gone!' Oh, how should she bear this heart pang? How should she bear this lost hope that had been instilled into her ears for years and had become a portion of herself? She crushed the letter in very misery; and woman, simple ardent woman as she was, she knew that her cousin was in his high aspirations treading perhaps the tenderest feelings under foot. Rebecca, thrown upon a sea of revolutionary emotions, was paying the heavy penalty of having given her soul to one who had never asked it, and who had valued it not.

[*To be continued.*]

The Present Condition of Austria.

By T. P. O'Connor, B.A.

A glance at the map of Austria, or a very slight consideration of its circumstances, will suffice to show a startling difference between its condition and that of most other Empires. While in other Empires the different parts are kept together by the great tie of community of race or language, Austria is made up of several different races, speaking different languages, and, in some cases, bearing towards each other anything but friendly feelings. In addition to this, the various provinces into which Austria is divided, in nearly every instance have a greater regard for local autonomy than Imperial unity, and, in some cases, adhere to a national policy, which looks for aid and development to forces without, not within the Empire. The position of Austria to its different provinces is analagous to the position of England to Ireland, with this important distinction, that England has but one Ireland, while Austria has at least half-a-dozen. Take the different provinces of Austria *seriatim*, and there is scarcely one in which separatist tendencies will not be found more or less developed. Bohemia has been fighting for years a fierce and uncompromising battle for Home Rule; Moravia, Tyrol, and most of the other provinces of Cis-Leithan Austria, make similar demands for themselves, and lend willing aid to Bohemia. Gallicia is Austria's share of divided Poland; it is scarcely necessary, then, to add that the aspirations of Gallicia have some other goal than a united Austrian Empire. The provinces in which the German population is in the overwhelming majority are alone the ardent defenders of centralism, and it is surely no unjust imputation on them to suspect that they are not free from that aspiration after German unity which has been the lode-star for so long a period of their race. Assuredly they now and then cast longing glances from the heterogeneous Empire of hostile races of which they now form part, across to the united, powerful, and homogeneous German Empire 'over the border.' Similarly in Trans-Leithan Austria, Croatia returned at the last elections fifty Home Rulers in opposition to thirteen Imperialists; and Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia have their dream of a great Southern Slav Empire. Transylvania is likewise ill-affected; it is inhabited in great part by Roumanians, who cherish the hope of one

day leaving Austria behind for union with their brethren scattered throughout the Christian dependencies of Turkey. When we recollect that previous to 1867 there was a still further and more serious element of confusion in the discontent of the as yet unfreed Hungarians, the condition of Austria at that period may be well imagined. With an Empire so hopelessly divided, it was evident to any reasonable man that a great catastrophe, which would ruin the *prestige* of the *status quo* and weaken the force of its defenders, was alone necessary to make the *status quo* impossible. Sadowa came, and with Sadowa the first blow to the Centralism which denied all concession to the demand of local autonomy. For Sadowa affected the internal policy as nearly as the foreign policy of Austria; it not alone destroyed the influence of Austria in Germany, it was equally fatal to the influence of Germany in Austria. For at least a century previous to 1866, Austria was engaged in the struggle with Prussia for the hegemony of Germany. While such a struggle lasted the non-German inhabitants of Austria could easily be treated with considerable indifference. The struggle was one in which they took little interest, in which they could count for but little, while the German inhabitants of Austria necessarily appeared all-important to the Austrian Minister. Vienna, accordingly, the city of Germans, and the German provinces, ruled the country, and sent forth their decrees to Pesth, and Prague, and Agram, without paying any heed to the discontented murmurs that came from these cities. But Sadowa, we say, changed all this. The army by which Centralism was imposed upon the Empire, was beaten; the finances in helpless confusion; and, Austria and Germany being hopelessly separated, the Austro-Germans found themselves unable any longer to maintain their attitude of unyielding superiority; they had no longer millions of German brethren to aid them: they exchanged the position of a vanguard, followed close behind by a powerful army, for that of a mere garrison, surrounded by races hostile in feeling and overwhelmingly superior in number. The first consequence of this altered state of affairs was the compromise with Hungary, to which it is now unnecessary to allude further than to say that Hungary received a very large share of local autonomy, an independent Parliament, with a Premier and Ministry alone responsible to that body.

Those, however, who supposed that the problem of Austria's future constitution was settled by the compromise with Hungary, were doomed to bitter disappointment. In the first place, any concession to local autonomy was certain to intensify, in an Empire like Austria, the separatist demands of other races and provinces. So long as a policy of strict and unyielding Centralism was maintained, the Czechs of Bohemia might revile Centralist statesmen, but they could not accuse them of inconsistency. But the principle of autonomy recognised in Hungary,

'With what reason,' asked the Czechs, 'was it violated in Bohemia?' Again, the compromise with Hungary, while it abolished the supremacy of one minority and of one race, established the supremacy of another minority and another race. The laws of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia are made in the Magyar town of Pesth, and for the most part by Magyars, just as, previous to 1867, they were made in the German town of Vienna, and for the most part by Germans. Yet, of the fourteen or fifteen millions of people who form the entire population of Hungary and its dependencies, but five millions and a half are Magyar. There is this further explanation of the dissatisfaction of the Slavs who inhabit Croatia and Slavonia, that in the past these two provinces have had—to some extent, at least—a history and an existence distinct from that of Hungary—a history which, in some of its phases, left a legacy of hostility to the Magyar and the Croat. To refer to no more remote date than 1849, it was the aid of Croats which, with the intervention of Russia, rendered Austria effective assistance in stamping out Hungary's rebellion. The Croats, moreover, ask with some bitterness if it be just or consistent that Hungary, which fought so long and strenuously for Home Rule for itself, should be the first to refuse it to another. While the compromise of 1867 thus left many difficulties unsolved in Trans-Leithan Austria, Cis-Leithan Austria received even more emphatically a *damnosa hæreditas* of perplexing problems. Bohemia, Moravia, the Tyrol, and the other non-German provinces of Cis-Leithan Austria, object as strongly now as did the Magyars before 1867 to what they consider the predominance of Vienna and the German provinces; and they appeal to the fact that this predominant German race forms but 38 per cent., while the Slavs form 49 per cent. of the population. The contest between the two opposite parties—the Federalists, consisting almost exclusively of Slavs, and the Centralists, consisting almost exclusively of Germans—has, since 1867, been carried on with great fierceness and somewhat curious tactics. In Cis-Leithan Austria the Reichsrath is not elected directly from the various constituencies. Each province has a local Parliament—what in America would be called a State Legislature—and this Parliament selects from its members a certain number of delegates for the Reichsrath, or Central Parliament. Now, as in the greater number of the provinces the Slavs form the majority of the population, the Federalist party carries the majority in the provincial Parliament. This majority in the provincial Parliament takes care that every delegate shall belong to its party; and thus the minority is left completely unrepresented. Now the Reichsrath consists of 203 members, and of these 100 must attend to form a legal quorum. The great party stratagem, then, of the Slavonians is to absent themselves from the Reichsrath, so as either to render it legally incompetent to discharge

business or to seriously diminish its authority. On the other hand, when a Centralist Minister finds himself at the head of affairs, his foremost task is to bring together a Parliament sufficiently numerous to legally transact business. The Slavs, as we have remarked, forming the majority in the greater number of the provincial Parliaments, this task is by no means an easy one; in fact, the Reichsrath now in most cases is so thinly attended that it stands every moment on the brink of falling below the legal quorum; and thus, a representative Chamber in which the majority of the people is unrepresented, it fails to command anything like real respect from the entire country. The results of such a state of things have been just as unfortunate as might have been readily anticipated. Crises and Ministries follow each other with that fatal rapidity which characterises Spain, Greece, Roumania, and other countries in a condition close to political chaos.

And the rapid change of persons, involved in the speedy rise and fall of Ministers, marks but half the evil of the present condition of Austria; it is an equally serious matter that, with the rapid change of persons, there is likewise a rapid change of systems. As a rule, the existing Ministry is the direct antithesis of that by which it was preceded. Let it be observed how this policy works by the example of Count Hohenwart's Ministry. Count Hohenwart was an advocate of Federalism in perhaps the most extensive meaning of the term. Nominated directly by the Emperor, he came before a Parliament, which was in reality no Parliament; and in which, practically, opposition to Federalism was alone represented. Of course, his policy was condemned by such a Parliament: but then Count Hohenwart represented the Federalists, that is, the majority of the population, while the Parliament represented the Centralists, that is the minority of the population: and the Emperor found himself able to disregard the Parliament, and to retain his minister. This is the first strange scene in this curious history. Well, Parliament was prorogued; and Count Hohenwart was thus left at liberty to pursue his plans in his own way. At once, he opened negociations with the leaders of the Home Rule party in Bohemia and the other provinces. Dr. Rieger, who a few months previously had been denounced as a traitor by Count Beust, then the highest minister of the crown, was called in by Count Howenwart to counsel the Crown. Dr. Rieger and his companions accordingly drew up a regular detailed Bill of Rights; this Bill of Rights was regularly brought before the Parliament of Bohemia, was discussed, and passed, and thus became a public legal document. More than this, the Emperor was made to express, in an imperial rescript to the Parliament of Bohemia his approval in a general way of the demands of Bohemia, and his Ministers undertook to bring Bohemia's demands as a Government Bill before the Reichsrath.

In other directions also Count Hohenwart had been busy. All the provincial Parliaments in which the Centralists had a majority were dissolved, in the hope that new elections under a Federalist Government would bring in Federalist majorities; and every means were adopted to obtain the number of representatives in the Reichsrath, necessary for the purpose of carrying the constitutional changes contemplated. Meantime, the journals, and the members of the different parties were not idle; perhaps the language of opponents was never more outspoken and unsparing; and it is difficult to imagine how short of actual civil war, party passions could be more highly excited. At last, when the new elections had produced the results Count Hohenwart had desired; when the Reichsrath, ready to approve a whole system of Federalism, was just about to open its doors; after the monarch had come to be regarded and to be spoken of for months as an enthusiastic supporter of Count Hohenwart's policy; when the Federalist journals spoke with the assurance of a near victory, and the Centralist journals had sunk from rage to despair; in the midst of this state of things, by no parliamentary action, not in obedience to the expressed will of the majority of the people, but merely by the combination of Count Beust and Count Andrassy,—Hohenwart was dismissed, and his elaborately constructed system hurled to the ground. A few weeks more, and Hohenwart the extreme Federalist, is succeeded by Auersperg the Centralist. The Federalist Diets are dissolved, just as the Centralists had been; Federalist officials are replaced by Centralist officials; Rieger and his companions are relegated to the domain of outlawry; and a Reichsrath is once more assembled, in which the majority of the people is unrepresented.

A word or two on the position of the present Government and the present Reichsrath will not be uninstructive. When the Reichsrath was opened, there were about 120 members out of the 203 present. Of these 120 members, about twenty were Poles, and four or five were Slavonians, that is, adherents of the Federalist party. Now the Poles, like the Bohemians, come from a Slav stock; like the Bohemians, they demand a very large share of local autonomy, and like the Bohemians, they owe more than one grudge to the German race. It will thus be seen that they are, in many respects the natural allies of the Bohemians, and the Federalist party, and the natural enemies of the German and Centralist party. This also deserves to be remembered at the present moment, that, during the entire course of Count Hohenwart's ministry, when the complete transformation of Austria into a Federation was contemplated, the Poles gave their sanction to this scheme by allowing Count Grocholski, one of their chief leaders, to remain a member of the Cabinet. Now, the quorum necessary to the Reichsrath is 100 members; and thus it will be seen that at a moment's notice, the Poles, and the few Slavs could,

by withdrawing, bring all legislation to a dead-lock.* The German party, perceiving this difficulty, are engaged in negociations with the Polish Deputies; and a committee of the Reichsrath has been appointed to form some basis of agreement. Gallicia demands a very large share of Home Rule; and thus it must be observed with regard to these negociations, first that the German party, in its zeal against the Federalist tendencies of the Czechs, is willing to prove untrue to its Centralist programme with regard to the Poles; and secondly, these negociations show how weak is the tenure by which a Centralist Government holds power. For, the demands of the Poles are by no means over modest; and the German party is not willing to give any concessions to Gallicia, without adequate compensation. The compensation demanded, is that the Poles should vote in favour of direct elections—that is, that the Reichsrath should in future be elected immediately from the people, instead of mediately through the Provincial Parliaments, as at present. But, as there is in Gallicia a troublesome minority, of somewhat philo-Russian tendencies, and as 'direct elections' would probably give increased representation to this minority, the Polish members display the utmost unwillingness to meet the demand of the German party. Thus the existence of the Reichsrath depends on the Poles; and the *entente cordiale* between the Poles and the Germans is liable to daily shocks. It is obvious that this state of things is attended with more than one ill result. A Government so unstable can infuse no confidence into the country, and no terror into its opponents, and thus, men live in daily expectation of another crisis, and the Federalists, in the hope of early victory, abate not one jot of their pretensions.

The difference in the attitude assumed to the Reichsrath by the Poles, and that assumed by the Czechs, suggests some reflections on the foreign policy of Austria. As we have already remarked, the Poles and the Czechs would appear to be, and, indeed, have generally acted as natural allies. How is it, then, that having the same ends, and coming from the same stock, they are now found in opposite camps? How is it that the Poles, by attending in the Reichsrath, and thus rendering it legally competent to transact business, consent to paralyse the great political weapon of the Federalists? The chief cause of this difference in policy is to be found in the relations of the two parties, not to the Austrian but to the Russian Empire. These relations are as different in the two cases

* Since this was written, all the members of the Reichsrath, with the almost sole exception of the Czech Deputies of Bohemia, have put in an appearance in the Reichsrath. But those who have thus joined the Reichsrath belong, with scarcely an exception to the Federalist party; and if they thought the interests of that party would be advanced by such a step, they would, there is little doubt, withdraw *en masse*. Their presence for the moment in the Reichsrath does not affect what I have written.

as could well be imagined. To explain this difference it is necessary first to understand something of the movement known under the term, 'Panslavism.' As the name implies, the political idea conveyed in the word Panslavism is that, pretty much as all, or nearly all, the members of the great German race are united together in one Empire, so all the members of the Slav race should likewise be brought into union under one government. The Pan-Slav party originated in Russia; and Russia is intended by them to play the same part to the Slav race that Prussia played to the German race. There is no country outside Russia so nearly affected by this movement as Austria. This will be easily understood when it is remembered that the Slavs are the most numerous race in that Empire. In Cis-Leithan Austria they form 49 per cent. of the population; and in Trans-Leithan Austria they form 16 per cent.; and setting down the entire population of the Empire at about thirty-five millions, the various members of the Slav race amount to about fifteen millions and a half; while the Germans amount to but nine millions, and the Magyars to but five millions and a half. Moreover, the Slavs are so situated as to command the Empire at several advantageous points. The Slav province of Bohemia bounds Austria on the north; the Slav provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia bound it on the south; and they form no mean minorities in the provinces situate in the heart of the Empire. It will thus be seen that a Pan-Slav movement, if taken up energetically by the Slavs of Austria, would seriously threaten the existence of the Empire. The first effect of this state of affairs is seen in the difference between the conduct of Bohemia and that of Gallicia. The Poles, of course, have no feelings but those of hate and fear for Russia; and the Pan-Slav party thus finds in Gallicia the most determined enemy of its designs upon Austria. The Czechs, on the other hand, in the presence of a German race, which they regard as naturally hostile, as unfairly predominant in the present, and grossly tyrannical in a long past, are inclined to look with no unfavourable eyes to the united and powerful empire of their brethren in Russia. While the Czechs, then, can utilise the Pan-Slav movement as a bug-bear for the Germans, the Germans can utilise the Pan-Slav movement as a bug-bear for the Poles. The Pan-Slav movement affects Austria in another sensitive point. The Christian dependencies of Turkey have a population which is to a very considerable extent Slav; and the Pan-Slav party certainly include them among the factors of the empire of their dreams. The Christian dependencies once in her possession, Russia's road to Constantinople would be almost completely open; and Austria has always displayed the greatest hostility to such a realisation of Russian designs.

It will now be seen that the plans of a powerful party in Russia—plans in many respects parallel with those of the Russian Government—

threaten the very life of Austria; and must, if she is to exist in anything like her present form, be resisted with unceasing vigilance and the sternest determination. But how can this be done if the majority of Austria's population are more friendly to Russia than to the present Austria —if the Austrian Government has continually to encounter the willing auxiliaries of Austria's most dangerous enemy in the heart of the Empire itself? On the other hand, the Slavs once pacified, Austria could well afford to despise the propagandism of Russia's agents; for the Czech, or the Croat, who has tasted the blessings of liberty in Austria, and who has reached a position commensurate with the dignity of his nationality, will care but little to become the mean province of a despotically-ruled Russia. The views I now express find an ardent advocate in a man who has certainly some right to be heard with attention on Austrian affairs. Writing immediately after the fall of the Hohenwart Ministry, Kossuth said: 'The overthrow of the programme put forward by the Czechs, drives the Czech nation—not individual zealots, but the whole nation—into the arms of Pan-Slavism—that is, of Russia. This movement will spread like wild-fire towards the south and east, down to the Black Sea. *Et vires acquiret eundo.* And since Czech autonomy was prevented by means of Ministerial influence from Hungary, the Pan-Slavist agitation, thus senselessly excited, will necessarily flow over into Hungary, and turn itself with the greatest fury against us. The German, in case of necessity, will retire into Germany, and will once more be among his own people; but we Hungarians can become neither Pan-Germans nor Pan-Slavs; and will thus be placed in the position of the soldier who stabbed himself in fear of death. Thus it stands with us. Pan-Slavism, which formerly appeared but sporadic, already becomes epidemic in Hungary. Then neither press prosecutions nor coercion will be of any avail: the ocean cannot be driven back with a broom.' And having thus painted the danger to Austria of Pan-Slavism, Kossuth goes on to propose the only means by which, in his opinion, the threatening evil can be averted. His remedy is—'To offer up everything, so that every Slav people in possession of a territory, which history has stamped with the character of a country, and of an historically-developed national individuality, may be made a free, contented nation, holding this legitimate national individuality, and itself controlling its own affairs. The Czech, who can be a free Czech in his own country—the free master of his own fate—this Czech will have nothing to do with Pan-Slavism.'

And, now, having treated of the difficulties with which a policy of strict Centralism is attended, a word should be given to the Federalist programme. In the first place, an Empire, to have any strength, ought to be something more than a 'fortuitous concourse of atoms.' While, then, the different provinces may claim a very considerable share of local

autonomy, attention should be given to the unity of the Empire. There must be no domination of any one city, or any one race. And this principle should be applied not merely on behalf of the Slav against the German : the German can appeal to it with equal justice against the Slav ; and the Slav three millions of Bohemia should no more be allowed to tyrannise over the German minority of two millions, than the German majority of Lower Austria over the Slav minority of the same province.

But it is evident that ultimately concessions must be made to the malcontent nationalities. Francis Deak is a man whose fidelity to the Magyar race will not be questioned : he is a Magyar of the Magyars, and the chosen and most trusted counsellor of the Magyar Parliament of Hungary. This man it is that, speaking some weeks ago of the various members of the Slav race in Hungary, used the following remarkable words : ' If we are to win over the nationalities we must not act as if we would Magyarise them at any cost, but so that we may make Hungarian connection agreeable to them. For two things are clear to me : to desire to root them out would be godless barbarity, even if they were not so numerous that their destruction is impossible.' These words, which bear the impress of the strong sense of justice and statesmanlike sagacity for which Francis Deak is so distinguished, ought to be laid seriously to heart by the statesmen of Cis-Leithan Austria. A continuance of a system of rigid Centralism would be unjust ; it is likewise impossible. It is ridiculous to suppose that the repression of a national majority by a national minority can be permanent ; and the political events in Austria since 1867 show that the Slav majority of that Empire is so far advanced in political wisdom as to know perfectly well how to make the best use of its advantages. The present condition of Austria may be thus summed up : A minority dominant, but incapable of maintaining its domination ; a majority discontented, and active in putting forward its claims ; within, the country restless and distracted by ever-succeeding crises, and rapid changes of persons and systems ; without, the foreign policy paralysed by the want of all union in the political aspirations of the various nationalities. The *status quo*, then, is devoid of all stability, and attended with many dangers. Is it not high time that a serious attempt should be made to put a prompt end to so undesirable a state of things ?

Postscript.—Since this article was written, events of some moment have taken place in Austria. But as these events are in themselves of great importance, and as they do not interfere with the general principles laid down in the foregoing paper, their discussion may be conveniently deferred to another opportunity.

NOCTURNE.

THE sweet breeze freshened, the moon shone bright;
We pushed out to sea at the dead of night,
At the dead of night, when the heart beats free,
My Love and I we pushed out to sea.

And wood and valley and hill and stream,
As the waning forms of a broken dream,
Or the dying fall of a mournful lay,
Afar in the moonlight faded away.

And speeding swift from the haunts of men,
Our light boat bore our light hearts then,
Swanlike sailing, with wings outspread,
Under the arch of the stars overhead.

The moon, and the small stars caught in her rays,
Struggling pale through the luminous haze,
Saw how fair was my Love, and came
Wandering round her in night-bleached flame.

The sea, and the waves in their fall and rise,
Bosomlike heaving with languid sighs,
Lifted, and tumbled, and broke with desire,
Licked, and fawned on her with tongues of fire.

For what on the earth, the sea, or the air,
Could with my beautiful Love compare?
So delicate subtle pure and intense;
The rich world's honey and quintessence.

Her eyes, where love like a great light shone,
Thrilled to their depths as they met my own—
Thrilled, and kindled, and flashed in mine,
Luminous tremors of love divine.

As the fierce hot shock of cloud on cloud,
When the lightning leaps through its sultry shroud
Till the whole sky reddens—thus, frame to frame
Flung convulsive, and mixed in flame.

Yea, her whole life swooned into mine, as swoons
The sunset into the broad lagoons;
Ruddy red radiance of sunset that flows
To the sea, till the sea blossoms out like a rose.

Low lisped the light wind, low laughed the wave;
The sleek sea rocked us, meek as a slave,
In silver linen the moon us laid,
And sleep o'erlapped us with curtaining shade.

* * * * *

Is it the night-wind sighs in a dream?
Shrills thus through my slumber the sea-gull's scream,
Wailing afar with a homeless cry?
Dank on my bosom the night-dews lie.

Blurred is the moonlight, the starlight is quenched,
The sun-bright locks of my Love are drenched
With a limber mist, that has stealthily crept
Over her limbs while she lay and slept.

Her fervid limbs, and her flower-like face,
They feel so chill in my fond embrace;
And yet she slumbers as deep and mild
In her ocean nest as a cradled child.

Awake thou, Dearest! See, yonder the white
Bright moon, the radiant Queen Lily of night,
Strains through wan drifts to gaze down on the sea;
Thus break through thy dream, Love, and stream, Love,
o'er me.

Lo, the moon bursts forth in warm splendour and might,
The fiery small stars swarming after her light,
All at once, all together, shine straight from above—
Awfully clear—on the face of my Love.

The face of my Love! My faint body quakes
Like a rattling leaf which the winter-wind shakes;
A curdling horror thickens my breath.
O God! in my Love's face I meet that of Death!

Icily beautiful! terribly fair!
Her eyes with a wide, blank, lustreless stare
Are fixed upon mine, and the strangling gold
Of her hair coils over me fold upon fold.

Her snow-soft arms freeze round me, like chains
Whose strange cold eats through my burning veins,
Till the sick heart rears, and its pulses moan
'Gainst a heart that is as a heart of stone.

Hide, hide thy light, garish moon, lest I see
The dull, froze, passionless eyes upon me.
Come Darkness engulph us; black Storms come and hide
The glittering marble that once was a bride!

Rage round us, old Ocean, with primal pain;
Roll over, confounding the forms of the brain;
Roar round with large roarings, trample my head;
Bury the quick that is chained to the dead!

Bury the dead and the quick in one gloom—
One ebbing, and flowing, and earth-girdling tomb—
Ever, for ever quench Light, that is shed
As in derision, on sweet Love dead!

MATHILDE BLIND.

A Pipe of Opium.

By G. A. Henty.

We had dined at the Indian Service Club, and a better place to dine it would be hard to find in London. Fellows, of the Temple, Forbes, major of one of the Madrasee regiments, Harley, Commissioner of some place with an unpronounceable name in the north-west provinces, and myself; Harley had been our entertainer. After dinner we had dropped into a theatre, but the performance was voted slow, and Fellows had suggested that we should adjourn to his room, where he promised that we should find a good fire, and the materials for grog. The proposition had been agreed to *nem. con.*, and we were shortly seated round a blazing fire, with full tumblers on the table behind us, and our pipes fairly alight.

During dinner our conversation had never once touched upon India, for we were schoolfellows, and had not foregathered since we left Westminster, just twenty years ago. So we had talked over old days, had played many hard-fought matches of cricket and football, had recalled many a hard pull against tide up to the Old Swan, had lamented over these degenerate days when there is no 'water' at Westminster, and had said 'don't you remember?' many dozens of times. Fellows and I had never lost sight of the old school, but to these bronzed and bearded men from India it came so freshly and delightfully, that we never once had the heart to change the conversation. As far as appearance went, Fellows and I looked years younger than our old schoolfellows, but in other respects they were a full decade our juniors. I have often noticed this before. There is something either in the Indian life or in the Indian atmosphere, which if it does not kill men or make them confirmed invalids, preserves the freshness of their spirits and gives them a fund of life and fun, and a heartiness and power of enjoyment perfectly astonishing to those who have been plodding on in the hard struggle of life in England.

Once fairly seated round the fire, we began to talk about India, and after several amusing stories, I asked Harley, 'You were through the

mutiny, were you not?' He nodded with the sudden seriousness which almost invariably comes over the face of those who went through that terrible time.

'And you too, Forbes?'

'No, I was out there, of course, and we had an anxious time of it, but the Madrasees were in the end true to their salt. Harley was on the Bengal side, so he was in the thick of it. If I remember rightly, your regiment mutinied suddenly, and shot down most of its officers at mess, did it not Harley?'

Harley nodded again, and looked very gravely into the fire, while he puffed away at his pipe. He was so long silent that I thought that he had some objection to speak on the subject, and was about to change it, when he said, 'Look here, I will tell you a story about that business which I have never told before, except to my wife. I have never explained it at all to my satisfaction, and I should not like to hear fellows making their comments upon it. I don't ask you never to tell it again; but I must ask you not to tell it until after I have left England, and then to put in entirely different names and places. I don't want to have scientific fellows writing and asking me all sorts of questions, and more than hinting that they look upon me in the light of a liar. You give me your words as to that?'

We all pledged ourselves, wondering much as to what could be coming after this singular exordium; moved our chairs rather closer to the fire, took a sip at the grog, and then looked at Harley, who was taking short puffs at his pipe, evidently getting up the steam at a great rate. At last he told us the story, in, as near as I can recall them, the following words. I need not say that I have kept my promise, and changed the names of persons and places throughout.

Colonel Harley's Story.

I landed in India in '52, and, after going through the regular drill work, marched with a detachment up country, to join the regiment which was stationed at Jubbalpore, in the very heart of India. It has become an important place since, the railroad from Bombay goes there, and no end of changes are taking place, but at that time it was one of the most out-of-the-way stations in India, and I may say one of the most pleasant. It lay high, there was capital boating on the Nerbudda, which to me, as a Westminster, was a great thing, and, above all, it was a grand place for sports for it lay at the foot of the Hill country, an immense district, then altogether unknown, and only explored during the last few years, covered with forests and jungle, and abounding with big game of all kinds. My great friend was a man named Simmonds. He was just of my own standing, we had come out in the same ship, had marched

up the country together, and were almost like brothers. He was an Etonian, and as fond of the water and of sport as I was. We had great times together, but it is not of that I am going to tell you now.

The people in these hills are called Gouds, they are a true hill tribe; that is to say aborigines, belonging to the negro type. The chiefs are of mixed blood, but the people are almost black. They are supposed to be Hindoos in point of religion, but are utterly superstitious and ignorant. Their priests are a sort of cross between a Brahmin priest and a negro fetish man, and used to charm away the tiger from the villages with incantations. Here, as in other parts of India, were a few wandering fakirs, who had an extraordinary reputation for holiness and wisdom. The people would go to them from great distances for charms or predictions, and believed in their power with implicit faith. At the time when we were at Jubbalpore, there was one of these fellows, whose reputation completely eclipsed that of all his rivals, and nothing could be done until his opinion had been asked and his blessing obtained. All sorts of marvellous stories were constantly coming to our ears of the unerring foresight with which he predicted the termination of diseases, both in men and animals, and so generally was he believed in, that the colonel ordered that no one connected with the regiment should consult him, for these predictions very frequently brought their own fulfilment; for those who were told that an illness would terminate fatally, lost all hope, and literally sat down to die. However, many of the stories that we had heard could not be explained upon these grounds, and the fellow and his doings were often talked over at mess; some of the men scoffing at the whole business, others maintaining that some of these fakirs certainly had the power of predicting events; citing many well authenticated anecdotes upon the subject. The older officers were the believers, we young fellows were the scoffers. But for the well known fact that it is very seldom indeed that these fakirs will utter any of their predictions to Europeans, some of us would have gone to him to test his powers. As it was, none of us had ever seen him.

He lived in an old ruined temple, in the middle of a large patch of jungle, at the foot of the hills, some ten or twelve miles away.

I had been at Jubbalpore about a year, when I was woke up one night, at about two o'clock, by a native who came in to say that at about eight o'clock, a tiger had killed a man in his village and had dragged off the body. Simmonds and I were constantly out after tigers, and the people in all the villages within twenty miles, knew that we were always ready to pay for early information. This tiger had been doing great damage, and had carried off thirty or forty men, women, and children. So great was the fear of him, indeed, that people in the neighbourhoods he frequented scarcely dared stir out of doors, except in parties of five or six.

We had had several hunts after him, but like all man-eaters, he was old and awfully crafty, and although we had got several snap shots at him, he had always managed to save his skin.

In a quarter-of-an-hour after the receipt of the message, Charley Simmonds and I were on the back of the elephant, which was our joint property, our shikaree, a capital fellow, was on foot beside us, and with the native trotting along in front as guide, we went off at the best pace of old Begaum. The village was fifteen miles away, but we got there soon after daybreak, and were received with delight by the population. In half-an-hour the hunt was organised, all the male population turned out as beaters with sticks, guns, tomtoms, and other instruments for making a noise. The trail was not difficult to find. A broad path, with occasional smears of blood, showed where he had dragged his victim through the long grass to a clump of trees, a couple of hundred yards from the village. We scarcely expected to find him here, but the villagers hung back while we went forward with cocked rifles. We found, however, nothing but a few bones and a quantity of blood. The tiger had made off at the approach of daylight to the jungle, which was about two miles off. We traced him easily enough, and found that he had entered a large ravine from which several smaller ones branched off.

It was an awkward place, as it was next to impossible to surround it perfectly with the number of men at our command. We posted them at last all along the upper ground, and told them to make up in noise what they wanted in number. At last all was ready; we went back to the mouth of the ravine and gave the signal. However, I am not telling you a hunting story, and need therefore only say that do what we could we could neither disturb nor find him. In vain we pushed Begaum through the thickest of the jungle, which clothed the bottom and sides of the ravine, while the men shouted, beat their tomtoms, and showered imprecations of all kinds against the tiger himself and his ancestors to their remotest generation. The day was tremendously hot, and after three hours' search, we gave it up for a while, and lay down in the shade, while the shikarees made a long examination of the ground all round the hill side to be sure that he had not left the ravine. They came back with the news that no traces could be discovered, and that, beyond a doubt, he was still there. A tiger will crouch up in an exceedingly small hole, and will sometimes almost allow himself to be trodden on before moving. However we determined to have one more search, and if that should prove unsuccessful, to send off to Jubbalpore for some more of the men to come out with elephants, and to keep up a circle of fires and of noises of all descriptions, so as to keep him a prisoner until the arrival of our reinforcements. Our next search was no more successful than our first had been, and having, as we imagined, examined every clump and

crevice in which he could have been concealed, we had just reached the upper end of the ravine, when we heard a tremendous roar, followed by a perfect babel of yells and screams from the natives. The outburst came from near the mouth of the valley, and we felt at once that our prey had escaped. We hurried back to find, as we expected, that the tiger was gone. He had burst suddenly out from his hiding place ; had seized a beater, torn him horribly, and had made across the open plain. This was terribly provoking, however there was nothing to do for it but to follow. This was easy enough, and we traced him to a detached patch of wood and jungle two miles distant. This wood was four or five hundred yards across, and the exclamations of the people at once told us that it was the one in which stood the ruined temple inhabited by the fakir of whom I have been telling you. I should tell you that as the tiger broke out, our shikaree who was stationed there had fired at him, and, he declared, wounded him.

It was already getting late in the afternoon, and it was hopeless to attempt to beat the jungle that night, we therefore sent off a runner with a note to the colonel, asking him to send the working elephants, and to allow a party of volunteers to march over at night to help surround the jungle when we commenced beating it in the morning. We based our request upon the fact that the tiger was a notorious man-eater, and had been doing immense damage. We then had a talk with our shikaree, and sent off to bring provisions for the people out with us, and set them to work cutting sticks and grass to make a cordon of fires.

We both felt considerable uneasiness respecting the priest, who might, at any moment, be seized by the enraged tiger. The natives would not allow that there was any cause for fear, as the tiger would not dare to touch so holy a man. Our belief in the reverence of the tiger for sanctity was by no means strong, and we determined to go in and warn him of the presence of the brute in the wood. It was a mission with which we could not entrust anyone, as no native would have entered into the jungle for untold gold ; so we mounted the Begaum again, and moved into the wood. The path was pretty wide, and as we went along almost noiselessly, for the Begaum was too well trained to tread upon fallen sticks, it was just possible that we might come upon the tiger suddenly, so we kept our rifles in readiness in our hands. Presently we came in sight of the ruins. No one was at first visible ; but almost at the moment the fakir stepped out from the temple. He did not see or hear us, for we were rather behind him, but at once proceeded in a high voice to break into a sing-song prayer. He had not said two words before his voice was drowned in a terrific roar, and in another moment the tiger had sprung upon him ; struck him to the ground ; seized him as the cat would a mouse, and started off with him at a trot. He evidently had not detected our

presence, for he came right towards us. We halted Begaum, and with our fingers upon the trigger, waited for the favourable moment. He was a hundred yards from us when he had struck down his victim, he had lessened the distance by some five and twenty when he saw us. He stopped for an instant in surprise, and Charley muttered 'Both barrels, Harley,' then the beast turned to plunge into the jungle, but as we got sight of his side we sent four heavy bullets crashing into him, and he rolled over lifeless. We went up to the spot, made the Begaum give him a kick to make sure that he was perfectly dead, and then got off to examine the unfortunate native. The tiger had seized him by the shoulder, which was terribly torn and the arm was broken. He was still perfectly conscious.

We at once fired three shots, our usual signal that the tiger was dead, and in a few minutes were surrounded by the villagers, who hardly knew whether to be more delighted at the death of their enemy, or grieved over the injury of the fakir. We proposed taking the latter to our hospital at Jubbalpore; this he altogether refused, but we finally persuaded him to allow his arm to be set and his wound dressed in the first place by our surgeon, after which he could go to one of the native villages and be treated in accordance with his own notions. A litter was soon improvised, and away we went to Jubbalpore, which we reached soon after eight o'clock. The fakir refused to allow himself to be taken into the hospital, so we brought out a couple of tressels, put the litter upon them, and the surgeon set his arm and dressed his wound by torch-light, when he was lifted into a dhoolie, and his bearers again prepared to start for their village. Hitherto he had scarcely spoken a word, but he now briefly expressed his deep gratitude to Simmonds and myself. We told him that we would come over to see him shortly, and hoped to find him getting on rapidly. Another minute and he was gone.

It happened that we had three or four fellows away on leave or on staff duty, and several others knocked up with fever just at that time, so that the duty fell very heavily on the rest of us, and it was over a month before we had time to ride over to see him. We had heard that he was going on well, but we were surprised to find on reaching the village that he had already returned to his old abode in the jungle. However, we had made up our minds to see him, especially as we had agreed that we would endeavour to persuade him to do a prediction for us, and so we turned our horses' heads towards the jungle. We found him sitting on a rock in front of the temple, just where he had been seized by the tiger. He rose when we rode up.

'I knew that you would come to-day, sahibs, and was joyful in the thought of seeing those who have preserved my life.'

'We are glad to see you looking pretty strong again, though your arm is still in a sling,' I said; for Simmonds was not good at Hindostanee. 'How did you know that we were coming?' I enquired, when we had tied up our horses.

'Siva has given to his servant to know many things,' he said, quietly.

'Did you know beforehand that the tiger was going to seize you?' I asked.

'I knew that a great danger threatened; and that Siva would not let me die until my time had come.'

'Could you see into our future?' I asked.

The fakir hesitated, looked at me for a moment earnestly, to see if I was speaking in mockery, and then said:

'The sahibs do not believe in the power of Siva or of his servants. They call his messengers impostors, and scoff at them when they say what will happen.'

'No, indeed,' I said; 'my friend and I have heard of so many of your predictions coming true that we are really anxious that you should tell us something of the future. If you feel grateful to us for that tiger business you will do as we ask you.'

The fakir nodded his head, went into the temple, and returned in a minute or two with two small pipes, used by the natives for opium smoking, and a brazier of burning charcoal. They were already charged. He made signs to us to sit down, and lay down upon the ground in front of each of us. Then he began singing in a low voice, waving a stick which he held in his hand. Gradually his voice rose and his action became more violent. As far as I could make out, it was an invocation that Siva would give some glimpse of the future which might benefit the sahibs who had saved the life of his servant. Presently he darted forward, gave us each a pipe, took two red-hot pieces of charcoal in his fingers without seeming to know that they were hot, put them upon the pipes, and then recommenced his singing and gesticulations. A glance at Charley to see if, like myself, he too were ready to carry the thing through, and then I put the pipe to my lips. I felt at once that it was opium, of which I had once before made an experiment, but mixed with some other substance, which was, I imagine, haschish, a preparation of hemp. Three or four puffs, and I felt a drowsiness creeping over me. I saw, as through a mist, the fakir swaying himself backwards and forwards, his arms waving and his face distorted as if in a fit. Another minute and the pipe slipped from my fingers, and I fell back insensible. How long I lay there I do not know. I woke with a strange and not unpleasant sensation, and presently became conscious that the fakir was gently pressing, with a sort of shampooing action, my temples and head. When he saw that I opened my eyes he left me, and performed

the same process upon Charley. In a few minutes he arose from his stooping position, waved his hand in token of adieu, and walked slowly back into the temple.

As he disappeared I sat up. Charley did the same. We stared at each other for a minute without speaking, and then Charley said :

'This is a rum go, and no mistake, old man.'

'You're right, Charley. My opinion is we've made two fools of ourselves. Let's be off out of this.'

We staggered to our feet, for we both felt like drunken men, made our way to our horses, poured a mussuck of water over our heads, took a drink of brandy from our flasks, and then, feeling more like ourselves, mounted and rode out of the jungle.

For some time neither of us spoke, and then Charley said, with a slight laugh :

'Well, Harley, if the glimpse of futurity which I had is true, all I can say is that it was extremely unpleasant.'

'That was just my case, Charley.'

'My dream, or whatever you like to call it, was about a mutiny of the men.'

'You don't say so, Charley?' I exclaimed ; 'so was mine. This is monstrously strange, to say the least of it ; however, you tell your story first, and then I will tell you mine.'

'It was very short,' Charley said. 'We were at mess—not in our present mess-room—the fellows of some other regiment were dining with us. Suddenly, without any warning, the windows were filled by a crowd of Sepoys, who opened fire right into us. Half the fellows were shot down at once ; the rest of us made a rush to our swords just as the niggers came swarming in at the window. There was a desperate fight for a moment. I remember that Subadar Pirán, the steadiest fellow in the regiment, by the way, made a rush at me, and I shot him through the head with a revolver ; at the same moment a ball hit me, and down I went. At the moment a Sepoy fell dead right upon me, sheltering me from sight. The fight lasted a minute or two longer. I fancy a few fellows escaped, for I heard shots outside, and then the place became quiet. In another minute I heard a crackling and saw that the devils had set the mess-room on fire. A man who was lying close by me got up and crawled to the window, but was shot down from the outside the moment he showed himself. I was hesitating whether to do the same or to lie still and be smothered, when the thought flashed across my mind that there was a place under the mess-room, half cellar, half ice-house, built to keep wines, soda water, and so on, cool, so as to bring them in without taking them through the air. The entrance was by some steps, through a sort of trap in the ante-room.

With the greatest difficulty I rolled the dead Sepoy off me, crawled along into the next room, half suffocated with the smoke, raised the lid of the trap, which was very thick and heavy, and stumbled down the steps, the trap closing over my head with a bang. That is all I remember.'

'Well, Charley, curiously enough my dream was also about an extraordinary escape from danger, and was even shorter than yours. The first thing I recollect—there seems to have been something before, but what I don't know—I was on horseback, holding a very pretty, but awfully pale, girl in front of me. We were pursued by a whole troop of cavalry, who were taking pistol shots at us. We were not more than seventy or eighty yards in front, and they were gaining fast just as I rode into a large, deserted temple. In the centre was a huge stone figure. I jumped off my horse with the lady, and as I did so she said, "Blow my brains out, Edward; don't let me fall alive into their hands." Instead of answering, I dragged her round behind the idol, pushed against one of the leaves of a flower in the carving, and the stone swung back and showed a hole just large enough to get through, with a stone staircase inside the body of the idol, made, no doubt, for the priest to go up and give responses through the mouth of the idol. How I knew of the secret entrance I have no idea. I hurried the girl through, crept in after her, and closed the stone just as our pursuers came clattering into the courtyard. That is all I remember.'

'Well, it is monstrously rum,' Charley said, after a pause. 'Did you understand what the old fellow was singing about before he gave us the pipes?'

'Yes, I caught the general drift. It was an entreaty to Siva to give us some glimpse of futurity which might benefit us.'

We rode for another mile without a remark, and then Charley said: 'Let's have another pull at our flasks and light our cheroots.'

This was done, and as it was getting late we put our horses into a canter. When we were within a mile of home we drew up.

'I feel ever so much better now,' Charley said. We had not got the haschish out of our heads before. How do you account for it all, Harley?

'I account for it in this way, Charley. The opium naturally had the effect of making us both dream, and as we took equal doses of the same mixture, it is scarcely extraordinary that they should have affected the same portion of the brain, and caused a certain similarity between our dreams. In all nightmares one is on the point of something terrible happening, and it was the same thing here. Not unnaturally, in both our cases, our thoughts turned to the soldiers. If you remember, there was a talk at mess some little time since as to what would happen in the extremely unlikely event of the Sepoys mutinying in a body. I have no doubt that was the foundation of both our dreams. It is all natural

enough now we can think over it calmly. I think, by the way, we had better agree to say nothing at all about it in the regiment.'

'I should think not,' Charley said; 'we should never hear the end of it; they would chaff us out of our lives.'

We kept our secret, and in turn came to laugh over it heartily when together; then the subject dropped, and by the end of a year had as much escaped our minds as any other dream would have done. Three months after the affair, the regiment was ordered down to Allahabad, and the change of place no doubt helped to erase all memory of it. Three years after we had left Jubbalpore we went to Beerapore. The time is very clearly marked in my memory because the very week we arrived there May Courtenay, now my wife, came out from England to her father, our Colonel. The instant I saw her I was impressed with the idea that I knew her intimately. I recollected her face, her figure, and her very tone of voice, but where I had met with her I could not conceive. Upon the occasion of my first introduction to her I could not help telling her that I was convinced that we had met, and asking her if she did not remember it. No, she did not remember, but very likely she might have done so, and she suggested the names of several people at whose houses we might have met. I did not know any of them. Presently she asked how long I had been out in India.

'Five years,' I said.

'And how old, Mr. Harley,' she asked demurely; 'do you take me to be?'

I saw in an instant my stupidity, and was stammering out an apology, when she went on:

'I am very little over eighteen, Mr. Harley, although I evidently look ever so many years older; but papa can certify to my age; so I was quite a little girl when you left England.'

I apologised immensely, of course, and explained that it was only her extraordinary likeness to some one I had known well in England, that had so completely deceived me, that I had never taken possibilities into consideration. She was immediately down upon me about it, persisting that I considered that she looked about forty years old, but I think that the fun rather drew us together, and gave us a sort of intimacy, which helped me at the time when half the men in the station were at her feet. Of course, I saw that I had been mistaken, but the likeness haunted me for a long time, the more so that I could never recall where I had known the original. I need not tell you the details of our love-making. At the time when the mutiny broke out, we were not actually engaged, but I had spoken to her father, and as I had a fair income besides my pay, he made no actual objection, although he said with great truth, that he had expected that she would have done better.

He was an uncommonly good fellow though, and gave his consent, stipulating that there was to be no engagement whatever for six months from that time, so as to give her an opportunity of doing better if she chose. May and I understood each other, though I had never actually spoken to her, and I knew that she was not a girl likely to change, so I was quite content to accept the stipulation.

It is a proof of how completely the opium dreams had passed out of the minds both of Simmonds and myself, that even when rumours of general disaffection among the Sepoys began to be current, they never once recurred to us, and even when the news of actual mutiny reached us, we were just as confident as the others of the fidelity of our own regiment.

At last the tidings of murder and massacre reached us, and a thrill of horror and alarm ran through the European community. We had no white troops, and were literally at the mercy of the Sepoys. The demeanour of the troops, however, remained unchanged; the native officers assured us that they were thoroughly staunch, and would defend their officer against any regiment of mutineers who might come. There was a regiment of natives here in cantonments with us, and these were equally quiet and well-behaved. Although we believed that there was but little fear we were still in a state of great anxiety. There were four or five ladies belonging to the two regiments, and it would have been an immense relief to us if we could have got them into a place of safety, but we had no means whatever of sending them away, even had there been any place to send them to, which there was not.

There was a week of suspense. I need not tell you what we all felt, especially those who like myself had women we cared for with us. At the end of the week we had news that two of the rebel regiments from Meerut were marching against us. Now was the trial. We paraded both regiments, and appealed to them whether they would be true to their salt. The colonel addressed our fellows as his children, asked them if he had not always treated them as such, and appealed to them if he had ever been unjust or unkind to them. The men replied that they would die for their salt.

In high spirits we met at mess, feeling assured that we should give a good account the next day of the mutineers from Meerut. There was a strong muster, for the two regiments had since the trouble began agreed to mess together as our number was not a large one, and the married men naturally stayed at home with their wives.

On the night, however, several of the married men had come down in order to hear the talk about the probable fight to-morrow. The Colonel was in his place at the head of the table. Dinner was over, and dessert was just put upon the table when we heard a shot at a short distance, and

before we had even time to wonder what it meant, a crowd of Sepoys appeared at each window, and before we had time to leap to our feet, a tremendous fire was poured in upon us. Four or five men fell dead at once, the poor Colonel who was next to me, was struck by half-a-dozen balls. With a cry of rage and despair, every man rushed to seize his sword; we had our pistols in our belts; we had been ordered to wear them as part of our regular uniform, and on no account to take them off even at meals. As I snatched up my sword, I was next to Charley Simmonds, and just as we seized them, the mutineers poured in at the windows, headed by Subadar Pirán.

'I have it now,' Charlie said; 'it is the scene I dreamt.'

As he spoke, he fired his revolver at the Subadar, who fell dead in his tracks. A Sepoy close by levelled his musket and fired, Charley fell, and the fellow rushed forward to bayonet him; as he did so, I sent a ball through his head. It was a wild fight for a minute or two, and then a few of us with a sudden rush together, cut our way through, darted through an open window, and out into the dark.

There were shouts, shots, and screams from the officers' compounds, and fear and terror; the flames were already rising.

What became of the other fellows I knew not, I made as hard as I could tear towards Gardener's bungalow. Suddenly I came upon a cavalry man who was sitting on his horse, looking at the rising flames in the bungalows. His back was towards me, and he neither saw nor noticed me till I ran him through the body. I leapt on his horse, and galloped down to Gardener's compound; I saw lots of Sepoys round the bungalow, looking at it. I dashed into the compound.

'May! May!' I shouted, 'where are you?'

I had scarcely spoken, when a dark figure rushed out of a clump of bushes close by, with a scream of delight. In an instant she was on the horse before me, and shooting down a couple of fellows who made a rush at my reins, I dashed out again. Stray shots were fired after us; fortunately the fellows were so busy looting, that they had laid their muskets down, or we should never have got out of the compound.

The scene was terrible, flames were leaping up from all the officers' compounds, some were running about in all directions, shouting like devils, and the awful shrieks of women rang out above the yells of the natives. I turned off from the parade ground, and dashed down between the walls of the compounds, and in another minute or two was in the open country. Fortunately, the cavalry were all down looting their own lines, or we must have been overtaken at once. May happily had fainted as I lifted her on my horse; happily, for those screams drove me nearly mad, and would have probably killed her, for the poor ladies were all her intimate friends.

I rode on for some hours till I felt quite safe from any immediate pursuit, and then we halted in the shelter of a clump of trees. By this time I had heard May's story. She had felt uneasy at being alone, but had laughed at herself until upon speaking to one of the servants, he had answered in a tone of rash insolence, which astounded her. She at once guessed that there was danger, and the instant she was alone caught up a large dark carriage rug to cover her white dress, and stole out into the verandah, wrapping herself up in the rug as she did so. The night was fortunately very dark; she had scarcely left the house when she heard a shout followed by a shot, no doubt the one we had heard, in the next compound, and immediately afterwards a rush of men into the room she had left, she rushed down the garden and hid herself in a thick clump of bushes. She had heard men searching round her, but they were looking for a white dress, and the dark rug saved her. What she must have suffered in the five minutes between her escape and my arrival, she only knows.

Her first question as on recovering consciousness had been to ask after her father, and to reproach herself for going away without him. I forebore of course to enlighten her as to the certainty I had as to his fate, but left her some slight hope by saying that two or three others had cut their way out at the same time with myself, and that it was of course very possible that he was with us; as to her waiting for him it would have been infinitely worse than useless, as unless he had had a similar piece of luck to mine in getting a horse, he could not by any possibility have saved her.

May spoke very little during that long ride, I believe that she was certain that her father was dead, and the vague sense of loss, added to the horror of that five minutes in the garden had completely stunned her.

I need not tell you about the next two or three days, hiding in woods and going cautiously at night; once or twice I had to ride into peasants' houses, and ask for food, and I have no doubt that information was sent by one of the natives, for on the third day I saw a party of thirty or forty native horse approaching the wood were we were hid; a man on foot was evidently acting as their guide. It was hopeless to attempt to be concealed, so I at once mounted with May, and rode off upon the opposite side of the wood, in hopes that I should get out of sight before they had crossed the wood. The country was, however, flat and open, and we had not gone above a mile, when looking round I saw them come out of the wood at full speed. Escape seemed hopeless; our horse knocked up—not by fatigue, for except upon that first night, I had not wanted him, May riding while I walked beside—but by want of food, had no great go in him, and carrying double, could not hope to escape. I instinctively turned the horse towards a

ruin I saw at the foot of a hill a mile distant. I say instinctively, for I had no idea of the possibility of concealment; my intention, if I had an intention, was simply to get my back to a rock and kill as many as I could, keeping the last two barrels of my revolver for May and myself. Certainly no thought of my dream influenced me in any way; in the whirl of excitement I had never given a second thought to Charley Simmond's exclamation.

May had borne up well up to this time, but she saw all hope was gone now; and believing that she had only a few minutes to live, opened heart to me.

In spite of my frightful peril, I was happy in that pleasant time when she told me how she loved me.

'Give me your promise that you will shoot me before they come up,' she said, 'you would if I were your wife, and I have a right to demand it now.' I gave the promise, and would have kept it. It was a hard race to the ruins, and I believe that they could have caught us had they pressed their horses at best; but they thought themselves so perfectly sure of us, that they did not hurry much, amusing themselves by firing at us with their carbines.

We rode into the entrance to the ruins, rather over a hundred yards ahead of them. As we did so, I saw a great stone image before us, and, like a flash of lightning, the whole dream flashed across me. The chase—May's face—the present scene—everything; as I leapt from the horse, May repeated 'Shoot me before they come up.'

'We are saved,' I answered, to her amazement; 'Quick! behind that image.'

I snatched the mussuck of water and a bag of bread I had that morning obtained, from the saddle, gave the horse a blow with the flat of my sword, and hurried behind the idol, where there was only just room to get!

Not a doubt entered my mind but that I should find the spring, as I had dreamt. Sure enough there was the carving just as if I had seen it yesterday. I placed my hand on the leaflets without hesitation, a small entrance moving back, I hurried my amazed companion in, followed her, and turned the stone on its hinges. For a moment it seemed quite dark, but a faint light streamed in from an opening above, in the top of the idol's head, and I soon found a massive bolt which shot to, so as to prevent any door being opened by accident or design when anyone was inside. Then I went up the steps into the upper parts of the body, and peeped out through case holes, not larger upon the inside than a thick knitting needle, and made, I afterwards found, in the ornaments round his neck. These holes enlarging on the inside, permitted us a view all round.

The niggers were in the court-yard, and had already dismounted, and were preparing for a search. Looking round, I saw May on her knees crying quietly to herself; a thing—I mean the crying, not the praying—which I had not seen her do since that terrible night. What I felt myself at our escape, the circumstances of which appeared to me almost miraculous, I need not tell you. I never passed such a happy afternoon as I did shut up in that idol, with the mutineers searching about outside, firing shots at everything, and rummaging high and low. I had no fear whatever of our hiding place being discovered.

May at first pretended to be very angry that I had let her tell me how she cared for me, under the idea of instant death, when I knew all along we were going to be saved; and how she should like to know, did I know of this secret. I told her that a Fakir had told me of it; I did not want to bewilder her by telling her what I have told you, and that I did not feel sure that it was the temple described, until I entered and recognised the scene. Had I done so, I said I did not know that I should have checked her, for although, under the circumstances, I could not have spoken to her, was it not better, far better, under the circumstances that we should be engaged to marry as soon as the war was over.

We could hear everything that the natives said outside. They were furious at our disappearance, and said that we must be hidden somewhere, and that they would wait a week in the place rather than give us up. This was alarming, although we might, perhaps, have held out for a week on our bread and water; but, fortunately, the next morning a scout rode in at full speed, and said that a column of British troops on their way towards Delhi, were coming along, and would pass within a quarter of a mile of the temple, and that it was, therefore, expedient to be off.

Three-quarters of an hour later, we were safe among our own people; a week afterwards I married May. It was no time for ceremony then, and there were no means of sending her away; no place where she could have waited until the time for her mourning for her father was over. It was neither a time or place for ceremony, and so we were married quietly by the chaplain of one of the regiments, and have neither of us ever regretted it since.

Harley ceased, and for some time neither of us spoke.

'It is a strange story, Harley,' Fellows said, 'an extraordinary story, and no solution, according to any natural laws, occurs to me. How about Simmonds?'

'He escaped by lying hid in the ice-house, in which were, fortunately for him, both eatables and drinkables for three weeks, and then crawling away at night, unobserved by the natives of the town; the mutineers

had long before marched to Delhi. He had a hard time of it before he came upon one of our parties, and when he was brought in, I did not think he would pull through it. He did though, and we often talked over the dream, which had saved both our lives; for he said he should never have thought of the ice-house had not the remembrance of what he did in his dream come across his mind as he lay on the ground. We agreed to say nothing to anyone about the circumstances, as it would lead to an immensity of questioning and wonder. His silence was sealed, poor fellow, by a ball in the head as we marched into Lucknow with Colin Campbell. This is the first time I have ever told it. It's time to be off; it's past one o'clock now, and my wife by no means approves of the small hours. Good night, Fellows; you other men don't go my way, do you?'

We did not, and at the door we separated, a quiet party considering the lateness of the hour; but the story we had heard had quite taken away any disposition for talk, and often as I have thought it over, I have never been able to explain it with the slightest satisfaction to myself.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Q.C., and the Defence of England.

By Major Knollys, F.R.G.S.

Before definitely deciding on the strength, organisation, and composition of our military and naval forces, it is essential that we should decide what work they are expected to perform. This work is, as regards its nature, threefold; namely, the maintenance of our honour abroad, the protection of our colonies, and the defence of England against invasion. On this occasion we shall only deal with the last. In conducting our inquiry we shall find it profitable to examine a clever series of letters inserted a few weeks ago in the 'Times' by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Q.C. This gentleman can scarcely, notwithstanding his acknowledged ability, be accepted as a person duly qualified to give an opinion on the subject; for though an accomplished historian, and therefore presumably master of historical facts, he is unable, from the nature of his training, to draw correct deductions from them. He himself does not seem to be aware of his disqualification, and plunges boldly into the subject, audaciously opposing his own dogmas to hitherto undisputed ideas, and without hesitation seeking to controvert the matured opinions of the most eminent soldiers and statesmen, who, moreover, wrote and spoke under the restraint of a responsibility which does not attach to Mr. Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Vernon Harcourt's position is briefly as follows: Napoleon, possessing a powerful fleet and splendid army, could not, for want of mastery of the sea, cross the narrow slip of channel intervening between Boulogne and our shores, and invade England. Since then, our military and naval strength have greatly increased, and our naval superiority over the rest of Europe is far more decided than it was at the beginning of the century. He infers from these circumstances that what Napoleon could not do then, Prussia, with fewer naval resources, and a greater space of sea to traverse, could not do now. In fact, he does not hesitate to assert that

as long as we retain our present maritime superiority the landing of a hostile force on our shores is an event which, though possible, is so improbable that practically it may be viewed as impossible. He argues, therefore, that we should confide entirely in our navy, and disband the greatest portion of the army, now kept up for home defence. As to the possibility that other Continental powers might in time acquire formidable navies, he disposes of it with the assertion that, for every ship foreigners might build, we could construct ten.

Let us now examine his arguments and statements in detail. We may dismiss his dissertations on panics as being really beside the question, which is not whether the country has or has not at various times been alarmed, but whether there were and are any reasonable grounds for alarm. He tells us that, in 1805, the navies of France and Spain were nearly equal in the number of ships to our own, and superior to them in the number of guns. Apparently he takes no heed of the moral strength added to the British navy by years of unbroken victory, and is ignorant that Napoleon reckoned one English ship a match for two Spanish vessels. In the 'Correspondence de Napoleon 1er,' published by Napoleon III., is a letter, dated 27th July, 1805, from the Emperor to Admiral Gourdon, commanding the French squadron at Ferrol, in which occurs the following passage: 'You will attack every squadron which may be inferior to you, calculating two Spanish vessels as one.' A similar remark is to be several times met with in the correspondence alluded to. It is not therefore accurate to state that, in 1805, the combined navies of France and Spain were equal in effective strength to our own. Yet, notwithstanding his maritime inferiority, Napoleon very nearly accomplished an invasion of this country. His plan was as follows, and fully merits his own subsequent description of it as the most skilful combination he had ever conceived: To assemble by stealth a powerful fleet—of which the vessels should be taken from different ports blockaded or watched by the English—at Martinique, and to carry on in the West Indies during the space of a few weeks such vigorous operations against our colonies in that part of the world as should alarm the British Government, and draw thither the most dreaded of our commanders—Nelson. Having effected this object, the French fleet was to return rapidly and secretly to Europe, deceiving, as far as possible, the enemy as to its destination. Arrived in Europe, Villeneuve, with the West Indian fleet, was to raise first the blockade of Rochefort, rally to himself the French and Spanish squadrons shut up there, and afterwards the blockade of Brest, where he was to be joined by Admiral Gauteaune. From Brest the combined fleets were to enter the Channel, and protect the passage of the army. At Boulogne, and other parts in the Channel, were assembled 150,000 men and 10,000 horses, for the transport of

which Napoleon had collected a flotilla of between 2000 and 3000 ships and boats. Everything was arranged; fifteen days' provisions were embarked on board the flotilla; and Napoleon only demanded command of the sea for fifteen days to be sure of success. Indeed, in a letter to Admiral Dacres, dated 9th June, 1805, he says 'But it is only necessary to be master of the sea for six hours for England to cease to exist. Everything which was connected with the army and the flotilla proceeded admirably; the organisation was perfect; and so skilful had the troops become from constant practice, that 25,000 men could embark in ten and disembark in thirteen minutes. Provided that the British fleet could be kept off, the flotilla could protect itself from being harassed by small craft, seeing that almost all its boats carried guns, which could also have been employed to cover the landing. The great difficulty, that of decoying away Nelson, was solved by the expedition to the West Indies; a minor difficulty was that of concentrating all the French squadrons at the entrance to the Channel; and this, through the incapacity and irresolution of Villeneuve, was never surmounted. On returning to Europe, Villeneuve fell in with Admiral Calders' squadron, and after an indecisive action, proceeded to Ferrol. After remaining in that port some days, he proceeded to Cadiz, and continued stationary there instead of obeying Napoleon's orders and joining Gauteaune's fleet at Brest. From the moment Villeneuve decided to remain at Cadiz all chance of invasion was at an end.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt contends that it is absurd to speak of Nelson's having been decoyed away. An attentive perusal of Nelson's own letters and the 'Correspondence de Napoleon 1er,' will show that on this occasion 'Historicus' is incorrect. Napoleon's object was to concentrate his various fleets off Brest; and he proposed to accomplish this object by sending off Villeneuve from Toulon so suddenly that he should elude Nelson, and deceive that admiral as to his real destination, with orders to first attract attention in the West Indies, and then to return to Europe so secretly that it might be thought he was on his way to India. On arriving in Europe he was to pick up the various blockaded squadrons one by one, till at length with a formidable fleet, numbering sixty-five sail-of-the-line; he would at the most have only been opposed by about thirty-two sail-of-the-line. The object of Napoleon's manœuvres was to bring to bear at each port watched by the British a force which, when aided by the blockaded squadron, should have a decided superiority over the enemy. Success depended upon misleading, and thereby gaining a start on, Nelson, who, if he had been able to join his fleet to any one of the blockading squadrons, would have—taking into consideration his prestige, daring, and skill—practically rendered the combat equal. Nelson was not, says Mr. Vernon Harcourt, decoyed away; yet for days

after the departure of Villeneuve from Toulon, he was watching that portion of the Mediterranean which lies between Sicily and Africa, fearing that the expedition was intended for Egypt or the Morea. When, at length, he ascertained that the French fleet had sailed for the West Indies, he, as Mr. Vernon Harcourt truly says, did what he always intended to do—that is to say, he followed it. That is precisely what Napoleon wished; for the further Nelson proceeded from Europe, the more chance there was that the concentration off Brest could take place before his arrival. As a matter of fact, Nelson seemed quite misled as to the Emperor's intentions, being seriously disturbed for the safety of our West Indian colonies, and thinking but little of anything else. The nearest approach he made to the truth was when he indulged in the surmise that probably a landing in Ireland might be intended. To argue that Nelson merely took with him eleven ships of the line, and left behind in British waters a sufficient force to baffle an invasion, and therefore exercised no influence on events, is both incorrect and absurd. Had the concentration planned by Napoleon taken place off Brest, the French would have numbered twice as many ships as the English possessed in the Channel. Mr. Vernon Harcourt says that without Nelson, there were fifty British line-of-battle ships in European waters. Some of these were, however, in the Mediterranean, and in other places at a considerable distance from the chops of the Channel; while Villeneuve would have had sixty-five sail-of-the-line under his hand.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt in one place asserts that we had available thirty-four and in another thirty-seven sail of the line, ready to defend the Channel. As far as we can ascertain, the number was thirty-two; but even allowing that the higher estimate is correct, sixty-five against thirty-seven would have given the French an alarming chance of success. Mr. Vernon Harcourt seems to ignore the start actually gained by Villeneuve, but which that officer was too incapable to profit by. Indeed, he asserts that Nelson arrived at Gibraltar on his return on the same day as that on which Sir Robert Calder engaged Villeneuve. Now Sir Robert Calder's action took place on the 22nd July, and Nelson reached Gibraltar on the 19th July, or three days before the battle. He sailed on the 23rd, and on the 25th being off Cadiz, having received information that the French fleet had been seen steering to the northward, he bent his course towards Ushant. Had, therefore, Villeneuve been prompt, he had plenty of time to carry out his orders before the arrival of Nelson in the Channel.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt, it will be seen, is not always accurate in his statement of facts. Another striking instance of his inaccuracy is displayed in his assertion that immediately after the receipt of Calders' doubtful victory, Napoleon abandoned his intention of invading England. On referring to the 'Correspondence de Napoleon 1er,' we find letters

dated 22nd August, 1805, directing Villeneuve and Gauteaune to proceed with the operations; yet on the 9th of August he was aware that the action with Calder had taken place, and of its result; and it was not till the 25th or 26th, when it became evident that nothing was to be expected from Villeneuve, that the first orders connected with the breaking up of the camp of Boulogne were issued.

Let us now proceed to consider the difficulties of invasion in the present day. Mr. Vernon Harcourt asserts, on the authority of Mr. Brassey, that our iron-clad navy is equal to the united iron-clad navy of the world. We fancy that there is some little exaggeration here in 1872, still allowing Mr. Brassey to be correct, who can venture to prognosticate that three years hence we shall possess our present naval equality. Russia and Germany are both exerting themselves to form powerful navies, and the resources of America are we know sufficient, in the course of a very short time, to create a powerful iron-clad fleet. Neither at the present moment is the naval power of France to be despised. Mr. Vernon Harcourt says that if other nations begin to construct we can do the same, and are able to turn out ten iron-clads to every one built by a foreign power. Can we, however, keep pace with the augmentations of three great powers combined? We are able to construct a large number of iron-clads, it is true, but should we do so? Again, the introduction of Harvey's torpedoes may, for all we know, create a revolution in naval war, reduce our most powerful ships to the level of a cock-boat, and annihilate our naval superiority. Once more, though we may still retain a general naval superiority, can we always reckon on being the strongest at the decisive point? We fear Mr. Vernon Harcourt has by no means proved either that we shall always be undisputed masters of the sea, or that we shall be always able to close hermetically every approach to our isle. An army, in our opinion, is therefore still an institution which common prudence forbids us to sweep away. 'But,' says Mr. Vernon Harcourt, 'allowing that a hostile expedition could elude the blockading squadrons, there is nevertheless little to fear.' He quotes in support of his theory the utterances of Sir de Lacy Evans 'whose authority on military matters was,' he says, 'probably as great as that of anyone we have now among us.' Sir de Lacy Evans was, no one will deny, a clever man and a gallant soldier; but his military reputation was due rather to his political than his military achievements, and it is the first time that we have ever heard him spoken of as a master of the art of war. At all events his authority sinks into insignificance when compared with that of the Duke of Wellington and Sir John Burgoyne, who both conceived an invasion feasible. But 'Historicus' likewise summons history to his aid, and cites the cases of the landing in Portugal in 1808 by the Duke of

Wellington, and the disembarkation in the Crimea in 1854. He says, on the authority of Sir de Lacy Evans, 'that it took Sir Arthur Wellesley ten days to disembark 12,000 men, and twenty days to march sixty miles.' Referring to the Wellington despatches, we find that on the 23rd July the fleet anchored in Mondego Bay, and that he proceeded to confer with the admiral off Lisbon, in order to decide as to the best place for the landing. Determining to land in Mondego Bay, he returned to his army on the 30th July, commenced the disembarkation on the 1st August, and completed it on the 5th. Thus it will be seen that only five, not ten days, were occupied in the disembarkation. The Duke explains that much delay took place on account of the surf always prevailing on that coast. As regards the slow progress made after the disembarkation, it must be remembered that provisions and transport had to be collected in a country never rich, and at that time almost swept clear, both by friends and foes. In spite, however, of these disadvantgaes, the campaign was ended, Portugal conquered, and the French army prisoners, within the twenty days mentioned by Sir de Lacy Evans. In that time, moreover, two actions had been fought.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt is quite correct in asserting that in 1854, the embarkation begun on August 24th and ended on September 1st; the passage occupied seven days and the disembarkation five. He omits, however, to mention several circumstances which somewhat affect the deduction he wishes us to draw. Varna was almost destitute of means for facilitating embarkation, and the troops had to be conveyed from the shore to the ships in boats, a process which naturally took some time. As to the passage, the fleet after receiving the troops on board, proceeded to the rendezvous, a few miles to the north of Varna. Many of the transports were sailing ships, which required to be towed. Considerable delay elapsed previous to the commencement of the disembarkation, owing to our ignorance of the coast, and the fact that there were two commanders-in-chief. As to the length of time occupied in the disembarkation, that was caused by the necessity of landing everything required for the support of the army in a country almost entirely destitute of supplies, and the difficulty of disembarking transports. We are not moreover justified in concluding that the Germans who possess a far greater talent for organisation than we can claim, would not have done better. Besides, an expedition to invade England, would probably be conveyed entirely in steamers well provided with flat-bottomed boats and steam launches, whereas a large number of our transports were sailing vessels, and we had only ordinary ship's boats in which to convey the troops to the shore. Our expedition started from a miserable port thousands of miles distant from England, and was only resolved upon a few weeks before it took place. Did the French or Germans invade England they would occupy months in

secret preparation, would provide or possess every facility for embarkation and disembarkation, and would know our coasts as well as we do ourselves. As to the stores conveyed they would, it is reasonable to think, include little more than ammunition and stores, for England can and would be made to supply all deficiencies. So Mr. Vernon Harcourt's objection to the time required to embark a large quantity of material falls to the ground. The amount of tonnage required for the transport on a short voyage of from twelve to forty-eight hours, of an army lightly equipped, is very much less than Mr. Vernon Harcourt seems to imagine. For such a purpose, and for such a time, large ocean steamers could convey from 1000 to 1800 infantry soldiers; and such steamers are to be found in Hamburg and the ports of France in considerable numbers.

In estimating our strength, we may observe that Mr. Vernon Harcourt is again inaccurate, for he gives the strength of the Army Reserve as 39,000 men; whereas it probably falls far short of, and certainly does not exceed 32,000. Our Militia regiments, which he gives at 139,000 men, are also below their establishments, and are notoriously unfit to be placed in line of battle, neither are they provided with any one of the requisites for a campaign, in the shape of camp equipment. The volunteers are in even a worse condition. We have, we believe, a sufficient number of men to render England safe; but we are so deficient in organisation that our numerical strength loses much of its value. Mr. Vernon Harcourt says that we have a larger force now than we possessed during the first few months of the war which broke out in 1803. Granted—but within a twelvemonth we had 69,000 regular troops, 27,000 men belonging to the Army of Reserve, 84,000 Militia, almost as good as regiments of the line, and 400,000 earnest Volunteers. Our present defensive force bears no comparison with that array. But even allowing that we were weaker in 1804 and 1805 than we are in 1872, nothing is proved thereby. The Ministers of that day considered their preparations sufficient; the people and the Ministers of to-day do not consider that our precautions are one whit too many. Had Napoleon landed in 1803, he would probably have conquered the Island, or, at all events, ruined it for a century to come. The estimates of those days are therefore no guides to us.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt would, we suspect, have said, had he been asked two years ago, that the conquest of France by Germany was so improbable that it might for all practical purposes be viewed as impossible; yet France, to the surprise of most, was conquered in six months. We say that an invasion of England is improbable; but we cannot admit that it is impossible; therefore we wish to provide against its occurrence. The owner of a stone-built house with iron girders, and fire-engines close at hand, naturally views the destruction of his property as improbable in the highest degree; but he would notwithstanding be deemed very

foolish if he failed to insure it against the risk of fire. In like manner we view the case of the national safety, and protest earnestly against surrendering our policy of insurance—the army—at the bidding of a mere lawyer-politician and lay student of history.

A Dream.

I pondered in a narrow shadowy lane.
On either side the hedgerows thickly set
With lofty elms, figured a verdant fane,
Whose roof outspread in many a leafy fret.
Eve fell, and then the western end was lit
By red and amber sunbeams, streaming down
The living nave. And there my love did sit
All robed in white, and with a silver crown.
Upon her shoulders drooped the auburn fold
Of her dishevelled hair; her lily hands
Courted the breezes. And though softly told,
Told only as a lover understands,
A word from her fond lips enthralled my heart.
For floating on the evening air there came
In accents gentle, yet in power great
Of love that lives eternally, my name.
And as I gazed her liquid eyes, full-filled
With dulcet eloquence, were fixed on mine.
Again she spake: 'Oh, be no longer chilled
By my far absence, as I am by thine.'
She rose, and with bewitching glances drew
Nearer to me, in strange and mystic fright
Spell-bound. And now the sun had set, and dew
Beaded the gloaming; still she came in white;
And larger grew her form as she came near,
But dimmer with the nearness; till she stood
Looming in size gigantic, hardly clear,
And sadly sighing, vanished in the wood.
Then I, with sudden cry, exclaimed, 'I come
To thee, my own!'
Alas, the dream was gone.
I woke, and saw that in the night's blue dome
The pale full moon was shining all alone.

R. Chapman Webb.

De Monstris.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood.

Have any of my readers made themselves acquainted with the 'Nurenberg Chronicle?' If not, they should do so. The book is very pretty reading, though its beauties are hard to see. It is a big book—an elephant of a book—a book that would have delighted the very soul of Dominie Sampson. It is printed in black letter, the language is Latin, and its subject is a chronicle of the world's history, from the time of the creation to the date of the book. It is one of the quaintest, raciest, and most delightful of books—not very easy to read, but perhaps owing some of its charm to that very fact.

It is a nut with a very hard and tough shell, but a marvellously sweet and mellow kernel. The shell is the language, or rather, the mode in which that language is placed before the reader. The Latinity of the book is anything but Ciceronian, but it is couched in bold, vigorous terms, interspersed occasionally with strange words, which, on investigation, prove to be German words Latinised, the writer being unable to find any pure Latin equivalent. Punctuation seems to have been a matter of accident rather than of intention, and the printers have thought fit to employ every form of abbreviation that has been invented for the bewilderment of readers. Mostly they have had the grace to add the abbreviatory line, so indicating that a vowel or two, or the letters 'm' and 'n,' are omitted, and may be supplied at discretion; so that the reader can see without much difficulty that '*aiā*' means *animā*. In many cases, however, they have even dispensed with this slight aid to the reader, and left him to conjecture that '*sex mans hntes*' stands for *sex manus habentes*, and that, throughout the book, '*hoies*' signifies *homines*.

The eye, however, soon becomes accustomed to these little abbreviations (which are wonderfully like the dress of that period—cut very short just where one would expect length), and can employ itself with the chief glory of the book, namely, its illustrations. These are really wonderful productions of ancient art. Wood engraving was then in its

earliest infancy, and the engraver could only produce hard, bold lines, of nearly uniform thickness. Of perspective there was little—of aërial perspective, none; while the art of 'cross-hatching,' so easy on metal and so difficult on wood, had only just been discovered. Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, the illustrations possess, like the letter-press, a wonderful amount of quaint, stiff, homely power. The designs are attributed to Wolgemuth; but, whoever may have been the artist, there is no doubt that true art-power lay within him, and that he did as much as could be done with the very limited means at his command. They are worthy of a city which produced such men as Durer, Bebem, Hele, and Lobsinger, and are full of marvellous vigour, 'cross-hatched' here and there, but absolutely destitute of grace, delicacy, softness, perspective, or expression. There is not a face in the whole book which has the least indication of human feeling or passion. If a murder be represented, the murderer and his victim are equally impassive of countenance; so that if the two heads were transposed the design would suffer no injury. Facial expression was, in those days, beyond the wood-engraver's powers, and scarcely anything could be achieved except a hard, thick outline. Yet, spite of these drawbacks—any one of which seems capable of ruining an illustration—the vigorous power of the woodcuts is deserving all praise. The lines are hard and coarse, and the execution rough; but, nevertheless, every line has its purpose, and tells its own story, much unlike the inane prettiness produced by the facile execution of our own day.

Like the letter-press, the woodcuts treat of the world's chronicle; and by way of beginning at the beginning, the first woodcut represents the Song of the Morning Stars before the creation of the world. This rather difficult subject is represented by a circular space, quite blank, around which are tightly packed a vast multitude of heads, each crowned with a sort of tiara, and all having their mouths tightly shut, so that if they are singing at all, they must be singing through their noses. The creation of the world is ingeniously, if simply, represented, by the disappearance of the heads, and the appearance of successive concentric circles within the open space, one circle being added for each day.

The earth being made, and the fishes, birds, and beasts duly placed in it, we come to a delightful Garden of Eden, walled and castellated, and its arched entrance guarded by a portcullis, through which trickle four diverging gutters, representing the four rivers of Paradise. As for Adam, he is certainly not handsome, but he is very far superior to the Adam represented in the frontispiece of a Family Bible now before me. Wolgemuth's Adam, rude though he be drawn, is at least represented as the first man might have been; whereas the modern Adam has had his hair nicely cut, parted, and curled—has been

shaved that morning, and wears a pair of neatly shaped whiskers. In fact, he looks as if he ought to wear clothes; whereas, Wolgemuth's Adam looks as if clothing were no more needed by him than by a Greek statue. Then we have the creation of Eve, who is represented as being pulled bodily out of a large circular hole in Adam's side; and so we proceed with the history of the world until we come to the building of the ark.

This woodcut has a strange fascination for me, in its mingled truth and absurdity, strength and weakness, and the under-current of earnestness that runs through the whole design. The ark is about half the size of a Thames lighter, and, small as it is, the artist has partitioned it off with scrupulous fidelity into its various compartments, and affixed to each division an explanatory label. There is an '*apotheca herborum*,' and an '*apotheca specierum*.' The clean animals are separated by the whole length of the vessel from the unclean beasts, and in the middle is the '*habitatis hominum*,' about as large as a Skye terrier's kennel. All Noah's sons are dressed in the exceedingly abbreviated jerkin, the tight hose, and the pointed shoes of the period. One of them is chopping vigorously at a prostrate beam, making the splinters fly bravely; another is apparently splitting the skull of one of his brothers; while a third is seated on a raft, dubbing down with his adze the sides of the ark, which is at least a hundred yards from him. I have always thought that Hogarth must have seen this wood-cut before he drew his well-known 'Perspective.'

Then, every place that is mentioned, whether it be city, country, or continent, is illustrated by an engraving, more remarkable for its ingenuity than its accuracy. Why '*Provincia Britannia*' should be represented by thirty or forty castellated towers, crushed together within a circular wall, and let neatly into the sea, is a mystery not easily to be penetrated. Supplying Nineveh with a cathedral inside the walls, and a quintain outside them, is a venial error in chronology, as are the soldiers in plate armour by whom Abraham is accompanied, and the clock in the parish church of Damascus.

Then there is a charming audacity in the way in which the same woodcut does duty for several subjects. Take, for example, the two woodcuts which have just been mentioned. Nineveh, which is figured in page 20, becomes Corinth in page 33. Then, the same cut which represents Damascus at an early period of the History, becomes successively, Macedonia, Verona, Ferraria, and the Province of Germany. The portraits are just as versatile. There is one, for example, which I took the trouble to hunt through the book. It represents a close-shaven, wizen-faced, vulture-nosed, under-jawed old gentleman, wearing a kind of fez cap, and reading a book without looking at it. On page 59, he is Solon; on page 80, he is Demetrius, and only two pages further he is metamorphosed into Paretius. On page 111,

he is Suetonius, and on page 158, the Venerable Bede. On page 200, he is St. Hugo (*natione Gallus*); on page 213 he does duty for Barnardus of Compostello, doctor; and on the very next page he is labelled as Alexander, *doctor irrefragabilis*. Page 227 reveals him as 'Johannes de Monte Villa, *eq. aur. nat anglic*;' and we finally take leave of him on page 240, as 'Johannes Gherson, *cancellarius Parisiensis*.'

I have already mentioned that facial expression is absolutely wanting in these various portraits, so that, judging by the expression of the countenance, no one can tell whether the face is that of a hero or coward, a honest man or a thief, a saint or a scoundrel. The artist, however, is at no loss for means by which to indicate the moral condition of his subjects, especially those of the female sex. Drapery invariably represents piety, and moral excellence may be measured by the amount of drapery with which the various personages are furnished. Sanctity is always clad in flowing robes, while a curtal frock is a sure sign of a guilty conscience. Lot's wife, Mrs. Potiphar, and other doubtful or objectionable characters, are clothed in short and scanty raiment; while all the female saints (with the exception of Mary Magdalene, who wears nothing but her own hair, and plenty of it) are endowed with trailing skirts, proportionate in length and volume to the sanctity of the wearer. The culmination of drapery, however, is to be seen in the wonderful print representing the Adoration of the Magi. In this print the most conspicuous object is the drapery with which the principal figure is clad. Her mantle is large enough for a tent, and all in waves, like a sea, over the foreground. It is carefully gathered into a thousand angular folds, as if made of the stiffest fabric, and has more than enough material to clothe fully all the scantily-dressed sinners in the book.

As may be imagined from the character of the book, both author and artist revel in the various monsters which were fully believed to inhabit the world. Two whole pages are given up to these creations of the brain, and very odd beings they are. Some are supplied with explanatory descriptions, but others are left to the discrimination of the reader. Enormous development of some part of the human body is the usual method in which the various monsters assert themselves. There are the Pannothi of Scythia, whose ears are so large that they cover the shoulders. There are men with enormous under lips, which fall over their breasts. There are the Unipeds, men with only one leg, but then the foot makes ample amends for the absence of a second limb. It is about as large as an ordinary umbrella, and is used for the same purpose —the Unipeds being in the habit of lying on their backs, and sheltering themselves from sun or rain by the enormous foot. These men can of course only hop, but they do so with such prodigious celerity that they chase and catch stags by hopping after them.

Sometimes the monsters enjoy a superfluity of members. There are men with two heads, like the Welsh giant who was ignominiously worsted by Tom Thumb. There are men with four eyes, men with four arms, and men with four legs, balanced by Monoculi, or men who have only one eye—which is set in the middle of the forehead,—and men who wear no particular head, but have their eyes, noses, and mouths placed in their breasts.

Of course there are dwarfs, and a single combat between a pigmy and a crane is drawn with some vigour. The crane seems likely to get the better of the pigmy, for his beak is long enough to spit the little man through and through. Then come the monsters of the composite order, *i.e.*, which are made up of beast, bird, and man. There is a very fine Centaur; there is a man with a human head perched at the end of an ostrich's neck; and there is a man whose head is adorned with a large pair of ibex horns—'*quales in solitudine S. Antonius Abbas vidit.*' Then there is a nation of women who have beards flowing over their breasts; and there is a whole nation of Hermaphrodites, of which remarkable beings the artist gives an authentic portrait. The portrait represents a human being, man on the right side and woman on the left, divided accurately by a perpendicular line down the middle of the body, much like the well-known portrait of the Chevalier D'Eon, or the older and wider known print of 'Death and the Lady.' The head has a most absurd appearance, being furnished with short hair and half a long beard on the right side, while the left has a smooth face and long straight hair. And after being gratified by the sight of these wonderful beings, the reader is confidingly told that there are yet many more monsters in the world—'*quos commemorare perlongum est.*' There is an evident good faith in all these queer drawings, and the equally queer descriptions; and it is quite delightful to read a book in which these absurdities are gravely treated as true.

On examination of the series of monsters, there is one point which can hardly fail to strike anyone who has some smattering of physiology, and has taken some interest in ethnology. They are all very odd, not to say ludicrous; but there is very little invention about them. Nothing is simpler than the notion of enlarging, multiplying, or curtailing the various members of the body; so that the headless men, the two-headed men, the one-eyed men and many-eyed men, the six-handed men, the big-footed men, the long-necked men, the large-eared men, and the flap-lipped men, are all offshoots of a single idea. Then all the composite monsters are but offshoots of the one single idea of grafting parts of other animals upon the human form, and there is really but little invention required in carrying it out. You may boldly join two bodies together, as the Centaur, the harpy, and the mermaid; or you may tack parts of

one body to another, as the satyr, with his goat's legs, the faun, with his pointed ears and little tuft of a tail, or the man with ibex horns on his head. Again, several of these monsters are nothing but exaggerations of actual fact. It has long been suspected that the ancients knew more of the world than has generally been supposed, and this idea is strengthened by examining the monsters of the Nurenburg Chronicle. Take, for example, the men with the enormous under lip. It is highly probable that the idea was taken from the narration of some traveller, who had seen one of the many savage tribes which distend their lips, either upper or lower, by the insertion of circular pieces of wood in them. The long-eared men can be accounted for in a similar manner. All ethnologists know that there are many tribes which measure their gentility by the length of their ears; and, by cutting holes in their lobes, and having weights to them, succeed at last in getting them to hang down on the shoulders, just as is represented in the Pannothi. As to the nation of pigmies, we all know of several tribes or nations that may very fairly be called by that name; and although they are not so very small as is represented in the woodcut, they are yet so small that when standing by the side of an European of middle stature, the grown men and women seem scarcely bigger than children of nine or ten. The many-armed monster is evidently borrowed from the Indian temples, which are covered with statues of various deities, scarcely any of which condescend to have less than eight arms. The two-headed monster is due to the same source.

There is another point which is worthy of notice. Putting aside the centaur, harpy, and mermaid, there is scarcely any of these monsters which is not a real fact. Take, for example, the horned man. Such beings really have existed, as is well known to physiologists. There is now in the museum at Oxford, a portrait of a woman who was remarkable for possessing several horns on her head, and by the portrait is deposited one of the horns in question. After all, there is nothing so very much out of the way in this curious development. For all the hollow horns, such as were these, are nothing but modifications of hair, and it is not an uncommon phenomenon to find a different mode of development of the same material. In the museum of the late and regretted Mr. Waterton, there is the head of a sheep, with a horn growing at the end of its ear, and not on its forehead—the hair having been modified into horn, just as was the case with the horned woman. The feathers of birds frequently undergo a similar modification; and there is a well-known instance of a whole family of human beings—popularly called the 'Porcupine Family'—many of whom had the whole body covered with small horny growths.

Then, the two-headed man is evidently a reminiscence of one of the many known instances where twins have been partially fused together.

In the present day we have the long-known 'Siamese Twins,' the 'Two-headed Nightingale,' and the 'Ohio Twins,' the latter being united from the back of the head down the entire spine. Plenty of similar instances have been known. There were, for example, the 'Biddenden Maids,' whose memory is still cherished in the neighbourhood where they lived; and I have before me a collection of drawings illustrative of similar strange developments.

So with various other forms. The headless man only represents a fact well known to every physiologist; while the very bold stroke of the artist in putting the eyes, nose, and mouth into the breast, is not without its parallel in nature. Multiplication or curtailment of limbs is very common, and often runs in families; so that the artist of the Nurenberg Chronicle really needed no great power of invention in many of his representations. As for 'women with beards descending on their breasts,' there is nothing very remarkable about them, and plenty of instances have been known. Perhaps some of my readers may have seen the late 'bearded lady,' Julia Pastrana, whose preternatural ugliness, quick intelligence, proficiency in modern languages, and agility in dancing, were, some years ago, quite familiar to the British public. Her beard, though it did not quite descend to her breast, was stiffer, thicker, and longer than that of many a man; and yet her hair, a lock of which lies before me, was not coarser than that of an ordinary Spanish woman. And there was a lady, very well known in a certain cathedral city a few years ago, who possessed a moustache as thick and full as that of a life guardsman, and a beard of very fair dimensions.

Bearded women naturally lead us to the hermaphrodites above mentioned. I fancy that the idea was originally taken from travellers' accounts of certain divisions of the Malay race, in which the two sexes can scarcely be distinguished from each other, except by the fact that the women look much more masculine than the men. Naturalists all know that, although among the human race such a man-woman has never been known, there are many creatures in which such a phenomenon does take place. There is, for example, scarcely any large collection of insects, whether public or private, which does not contain specimens of insects—generally butterflies—which are male on one side and female on the other: the division being along the centre of the body, exactly as is represented in the engraving of the Nurenberg Chronicle.

Indeed, in actual nature are to be found almost every instance of monstrosity which the mediæval mind could invent, and plenty besides, which would throw these mediæval monsters entirely into the shade. For example, the Monoculi, or one-eyed men, are represented by a wonderful number of the tiny crustacea called *Entomostraca*, many of which are remarkable for having a single eye placed in the midst of that part of

the body which does duty for a head, and which are in consequence called by the appropriate names of Cyclops, Polyphemus, and so on. As to the many-eyed men, they are entirely outdone by the insects, some of which have more than thirty thousand eyes—a fact which infinitely exceeds the imagination of the old writers or artists. The men with their faces in their breasts are represented by the crabs, lobsters, shrimps, and their kin, all of which have their mouths set exactly in the situation in which the old artist has placed the mouth of his headless man.

Then the unipeds are far outdone by many of the molluscs, whose body may be characterised as a large foot, carrying a comparatively small body on it. In the Nurenberg Chronicle the uniped is figured as using his foot as an umbrella; but neither artist nor author would have dared to describe him as using his foot in the light of a boat. Yet this is actually done by many river snails, whole fleets of which may be seen floating leisurely down the stream, the large foot being hollowed along the centre, and acting as a boat. There is no need to multiply instances, but we may receive it as an axiom that there exist in nature monsters far more wonderful than any exaggeration or combination that has been invented by man.

I cannot leave the subject of monsters without a short reference to the Japanese 'mermaids,' which are now and then brought before the public. These are nearly all made to represent the conventional idea of mermaids, except that the upper half is formed in semblance of a monkey, and not of a human being. They are quite common, and are manufactured by dozens, most of the makers adhering to the same type, but one or two striking out original ideas of their own.

They are well made, but not so well as is generally thought. The late Mr. Waterton, whose skill in taxidermy was supreme, had an entire contempt for Japanese mermaids, which he stigmatised as clumsy fabrications, saying that he could make better work with his left hand. Certainly the amusing monstrosities which he made, and with which he delighted to delude visitors to his collection, were much superior to the best Japanese mermaid that I have seen. Some years ago, a fishmonger in the old Hungerford Market showed me one of these mermaids, and was quite angry with me when I praised the excellence of its manufacture. He really believed that it was a genuine inhabitant of the water, framing his belief on the fact that there was no junction between the fish and the 'maid.' Neither was there. The Japanese taxidermist knew his business too well to have any junction at all, the seeming skin being nothing but the papier maché, worked over a model, and having fins, scales, teeth, and nails inserted in the proper places.

CARMILLA.

By Sheridan le Fanu.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY.

'With all my heart,' said the General, with an effort; and after a short pause in which to arrange his subject, he commenced one of the strangest narratives I had ever heard.

'My dear child was looking forward with great pleasure to the visit you had been so good as to arrange for her to your charming daughter." Here he made me a gallant but melancholy bow. 'In the meantime we had an invitation to my old friend the Count Carlsfeld, whose schloss is about six leagues to the other side of Karnstein. It was to attend the series of fêtes which, you remember, were given by him in honour of his illustrious visitor, the Grand Duke Charles.'

'Yes; and very splendid, I believe, they were,' said my father.

'Princely! But then his hospitalities are quite regal. He has Aladdin's lamp. The night from which my sorrow dates was devoted to a magnificent masquerade. The grounds were thrown open, the trees hung with coloured lamps. There was such a display of fireworks as Paris itself has never witnessed. And such music—music, you know, is my weakness—such ravishing music! The finest instrumental band, perhaps, in the world, and the finest singers who could be collected from all the great operas in Europe. As you wandered through these fantastically illuminated grounds, the moon-lighted chateau throwing a rosy light from its long rows of windows, you would suddenly hear these ravishing voices stealing from the silence of some grove, or rising from boats upon the lake. I felt myself, as I looked and listened, carried back into the romance and poetry of my early youth.

'When the fireworks were ended, and the ball beginning, we returned to the noble suite of rooms that were thrown open to the dancers. A

masked ball, you know, is a beautiful sight; but so brilliant a spectacle of the kind I never saw before.

'It was a very aristocratic assembly. I was myself almost the only "nobody" present.

'My dear child was looking quite beautiful. She wore no mask. Her excitement and delight added an unspeakable charm to her features, always lovely. I remarked a young lady, dressed magnificently, but wearing a mask, who appeared to me to be observing my ward with extraordinary interest. I had seen her, earlier in the evening, in the great hall, and again, for a few minutes, walking near us, on the terrace under the castle windows, similarly employed. A lady, also masked, richly and gravely dressed, and with a stately air, like a person of rank, accompanied her as a chaperon. Had the young lady not worn a mask, I could, of course, have been much more certain upon the question whether she was really watching my poor darling. I am now well assured that she was.

'We were now in one of the *salons*. My poor dear child had been dancing, and was resting a little in one of the chairs near the door; I was standing near. The two ladies I have mentioned had approached, and the younger took the chair next my ward; while her companion stood beside me, and for a little time addressed herself, in a low tone, to her charge.

Availing herself of the privilege of her mask, she turned to me, and in the tone of an old friend, and calling me by my name, opened a conversation with me, which piqued my curiosity a good deal. She referred to many scenes where she had met me—at Court, and at distinguished houses. She alluded to little incidents which I had long ceased to think of, but which, I found, had only lain in abeyance in my memory, for they instantly started into life at her touch.

'I became more and more curious to ascertain who she was, every moment. She parried my attempts to discover very adroitly and pleasantly. The knowledge she showed of many passages in my life seemed to me all but unaccountable; and she appeared to take a not unnatural pleasure in foiling my curiosity, and in seeing me flounder, in my eager perplexity, from one conjecture to another.

'In the meantime the young lady, whom her mother called by the odd name of Millarca, when she once or twice addressed her, had, with the same ease and grace, got into conversation with my ward.

'She introduced herself by saying that her mother was a very old acquaintance of mine. She spoke of the agreeable audacity which a mask rendered practicable; she talked like a friend; she admired her dress, and insinuated very prettily her admiration of her beauty. She amused her with laughing criticisms upon the people who crowded the

ball-room, and laughed at my poor child's fun. She was very witty and lively when she pleased, and after a time they had grown very good friends, and the young stranger lowered her mask, displaying a remarkably beautiful face. I had never seen it before, neither had my dear child. But though it was new to us, the features were so engaging, as well as lovely, that it was impossible not to feel the attraction powerfully. My poor girl did so. I never saw anyone more taken with another at first sight, unless, indeed, it was the stranger herself, who seemed quite to have lost her heart to her.

'In the meantime, availing myself of the licence of a masquerade, I put not a few questions to the elder lady.

'"You have puzzled me utterly," I said, laughing. "Is that not enough? won't you, now, consent to stand on equal terms, and do me the kindness to remove your mask?"

'"Can any request be more unreasonable?" she replied. "Ask a lady to yield an advantage! Beside, how do you know you should recognise me? Years make changes."

'"As you see," I said, with a bow, and, I suppose, a rather melancholy little laugh.

'"As philosophers tell us," she said; "and how do you know that a sight of my face would help you?"

'"I should take chance for that," I answered. "It is vain trying to make yourself out an old woman; your figure betrays you."

'"Years, nevertheless, have passed since I saw you, rather since you saw me, for that is what I am considering. Millarca, there, is my daughter; I cannot then be young, even in the opinion of people whom time has taught to be indulgent, and I may not like to be compared with what you remember me. You have no mask to remove. You can offer me nothing in exchange."

'"My petition is to your pity, to remove it."

'"And mine to yours, to let it stay where it is," she replied.

'"Well, then, at least you will tell me whether you are French or German; you speak both languages so perfectly."

'"I don't think I shall tell you that, General; you intend a surprise, and are meditating the particular point of attack."

'"At all events, you won't deny this," I said, "that being honoured by your permission to converse, I ought to know how to address you. Shall I say Madame la Comtesse?"

'She laughed, and she would, no doubt, have met me with another evasion—if, indeed, I can treat any occurrence in an interview every circumstance of which was pre-arranged, as I now believe, with the profoundest cunning, as liable to be modified by accident.

'"As to that," she began; but she was interrupted, almost as she

opened her lips, by a gentleman, dressed in black, who looked particularly elegant and distinguished, with this drawback, that his face was the most deadly pale I ever saw, except in death. He was in no masquerade—in the plain evening dress of a gentleman ; and he said, without a smile, but with a courtly and unusually low bow :—

'"Will Madame the Countess permit me to say a very few words which may interest her?"

'The lady turned quickly to him, and touched her lip in token of silence ; she then said to me, "Keep my place for me, General ; I shall return when I have said a few words."

'And with this injunction, playfully given, she walked a little aside with the gentleman in black, and talked for some minutes, apparently very earnestly. They then walked away slowly together in the crowd, and I lost them for some minutes.

'I spent the interval in cudgelling my brains for a conjecture as to the identity of the lady who seemed to remember me so kindly, and I was thinking of turning about and joining in the conversation between my pretty ward and the Countess's daughter, and trying whether, by the time she returned, I might not have a surprise in store for her, by having her name, title, chateau, and estates at my fingers' ends. But at this moment she returned, accompanied by the pale man in black, who said :

'"I shall return and inform Madame la Comtesse when her carriage is at the door."

'He withdrew with a bow.

CHAPTER XII.

A PETITION.

'"THEN we are to lose Madame the Countess, but I hope only for a few hours," I said, with a low bow.

'"It may be that only, or it may be a few weeks. It was very unlucky his speaking to me just now as he did. Do you now know me?"

'I assured her I did not.

'"You shall know me," she said, "but not at present. We are older and better friends than, perhaps, you suspect. I cannot yet declare myself. I shall in three weeks pass your beautiful schloss, about which I have been making enquiries. I shall then look in upon you for an hour or two, and renew a friendship which I never think of without a

thousand pleasant recollections. This moment a piece of news has reached me like a thunderbolt. I must set out now, and travel by a devious route, nearly a hundred miles, with all the dispatch I can possibly make. My perplexities multiply. I am only deterred by the compulsory reserve I practise as to my name from making a very singular request of you. My poor child has not quite recovered her strength. Her horse fell with her, at a hunt which she had ridden out to witness, her nerves have not yet recovered the shock, and our physician says that she must on no account exert herself for some time to come. We came here, in consequence, by very easy stages—hardly six leagues a day. I must now travel day and night, on a mission of life and death—a mission the critical and momentous nature of which I shall be able to explain to you when we meet, as I hope we shall, in a few weeks, without the necessity of any concealment."

'She went on to make her petition, and it was in the tone of a person from whom such a request amounted to conferring, rather than seeking a favour. This was only in manner, and, as it seemed, quite unconsciously. Than the terms in which it was expressed, nothing could be more deprecatory. It was simply that I would consent to take charge of her daughter during her absence.

'This was, all things considered, a strange, not to say, an audacious request. She in some sort disarmed me, by stating and admitting everything that could be urged against it, and throwing herself entirely upon my chivalry. At the same moment, by a fatality that seems to have predetermined all that happened, my poor child came to my side, and, in an undertone, besought me to invite her new friend, Millarca, to pay us a visit. She had just been sounding her, and thought, if her mamma would allow her, she would like it extremely.

'At another time I should have told her to wait a little, until, at least, we knew who they were. But I had not a moment to think in. The two ladies assailed me together, and I must confess the refined and beautiful face of the young lady, about which there was something extremely engaging, as well as the elegance and fire of high birth, determined me; and, quite overpowered, I submitted, and undertook, too easily, the care of the young lady, whom her mother called Millarca.

'The Countess beckoned to her daughter, who listened with grave attention while she told her, in general terms, how suddenly and peremptorily she had been summoned, and also of the arrangement she had made for her under my care, adding that I was one of her earliest and most valued friends.

'I made, of course, such speeches as the case seemed to call for, and found myself, on reflection, in a position which I did not half like.

'The gentleman in black returned, and very ceremoniously conducted the lady from the room.

'The demeanour of this gentleman was such as to impress me with the conviction that the Countess was a lady of very much more importance than her modest title alone might have led me to assume.

'Her last charge to me was that no attempt was to be made to learn more about her than I might have already guessed, until her return. Our distinguished host, whose guest she was, knew her reasons. "But here," she said, "neither I nor my daughter could safely remain for more than a day. I removed my mask imprudently for a moment, about an hour ago, and, too late, I fancied you saw me. So I resolved to seek an opportunity of talking a little to you. Had I found that you *had* seen me, I should have thrown myself on your high sense of honour to keep my secret for some weeks. As it is, I am satisfied that you did not see me; but if you now *suspect*, or, on reflection, *should* suspect, who I am, I commit myself, in like manner, entirely to your honour. My daughter will observe the same secresy, and I well know that you will, from time to time, remind her, lest she should thoughtlessly disclose it."

'She whispered a few words to her daughter, kissed her hurriedly twice, and went away, accompanied by the pale gentleman in black, and disappeared in the crowd.'

'"In the next room," said Millarca, "there is a window that looks upon the hall-door. I should like to see the last of mamma, and to kiss my hand to her."

'We assented, of course, and accompanied her to the window. We looked out, and saw a handsome old-fashioned carriage, with a troop of couriers and footmen. We saw the slim figure of the pale gentleman in black, as he held a thick velvet cloak, and placed it about her shoulders and threw the hood over her head. She nodded to him, and just touched his hand with hers. He bowed low repeatedly as the door closed, and the carriage began to move.

'"She is gone," said Millarca, with a sigh.

'"She is gone," I repeated to myself, for the first time—in the hurried moments that had elapsed since my consent—reflecting upon the folly of my act.

'"She did not look up," said the young lady, plaintively.

'"The Countess had taken off her mask, perhaps, and did not care to show her face," I said; "and she could not know that you were in the window."

'She sighed, and looked in my face. She was so beautiful that I relented. I was sorry I had for a moment repented of my hospitality, and I determined to make her amends for the unavowed churlishness of my reception.

'The young lady, replacing her mask, joined my ward in persuading me to return to the grounds, where the concert was soon to be renewed. We did so, and walked up and down the terrace that lies under the castle windows. Millarca became very intimate with us, and amused us with lively descriptions and stories of most of the great people whom we saw upon the terrace. I liked her more and more every minute. Her gossip, without being ill-natured, was extremely diverting to me, who had been so long out of the great world. I thought what life she would give to our sometimes lonely evenings at home.

'This ball was not over until the morning sun had almost reached the horizon. It pleased the Grand Duke to dance till then, so loyal people could not go away, or think of bed.

'We had just got through a crowded saloon, when my ward asked me what had become of Millarca. I thought she had been by her side, and she fancied she was by mine. The fact was, we had lost her.

'All my efforts to find her were vain. I feared that she had mistaken, in the confusion of a momentary separation from us, other people for her new friends, and had, possibly, pursued and lost them in the extensive grounds which were thrown open to us.

'Now, in its full force, I recognised a new folly in my having undertaken the charge of a young lady without so much as knowing her name; and fettered as I was by promises, of the reasons for imposing which I knew nothing, I could not even point my inquiries by saying that the missing young lady was the daughter of the Countess who had taken her departure a few hours before.

'Morning broke. It was clear daylight before I gave up my search. It was not till near two o'clock next day that we heard anything of my missing charge.

'At about that time a servant knocked at my niece's door, to say that he had been earnestly requested by a young lady, who appeared to be in great distress, to make out where she could find the General Baron Spielsdorf and the young lady his daughter, in whose charge she had been left by her mother.

'There could be no doubt, notwithstanding the slight inaccuracy, that our young friend had turned up; and so she had. Would to heaven we had lost her!

'She told my poor child a story to account for her having failed to recover us for so long. Very late, she said, she had got to the housekeeper's bedroom in despair of finding us, and had then fallen into a deep sleep which, long as it was, had hardly sufficed to recruit her strength after the fatigues of the ball.

'That day Millarca came home with us. I was only too happy, after all, to have secured so charming a companion for my dear girl.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WOOD-MAN.

'THERE soon, however, appeared some drawbacks. In the first place, Millarca complained of extreme languor—the weakness that remained after her late illness—and she never emerged from her room till the afternoon was pretty far advanced. In the next place, it was accidentally discovered, although she always locked her door on the inside, and never disturbed the key from its place till she admitted the maid to assist at her toilet, that she was undoubtedly sometimes absent from her room in the very early morning, and at various times later in the day, before she wished it to be understood that she was stirring. She was repeatedly seen from the windows of the schloss, in the first faint grey of the morning, walking through the trees, in an easterly direction, and looking like a person in a trance. This convinced me that she walked in her sleep. But this hypothesis did not solve the puzzle. How did she pass out from her room, leaving the door locked on the inside? How did she escape from the house without unbarring door or window?

'In the midst of my perplexities, an anxiety of a far more urgent kind presented itself.

'My dear child began to lose her looks and health, and that in a manner so mysterious, and even horrible, that I became thoroughly frightened.

'She was at first visited by appalling dreams; then, as she fancied, by a spectre, sometimes resembling Millarca, sometimes in the shape of a beast, indistinctly seen, walking round the foot of her bed, from side to side. Lastly came sensations. One, not unpleasant, but very peculiar, she said, resembled the flow of an icy stream against her breast. At a later time, she felt something like a pair of large needles pierce her, a little below the throat, with a very sharp pain. A few nights after, followed a gradual and convulsive sense of strangulation; then came unconsciousness.'

I could hear distinctly every word the kind old General was saying, because by this time we were driving upon the short grass that spreads on either side of the road as you approach the roofless village which had not shown the smoke of a chimney for more than half a century.

You may guess how strangely I felt as I heard my own symptoms so exactly described in those which had been experienced by the poor girl who, but for the catastrophe which followed, would have been at that

moment a visitor at my father's chateau. You may suppose, also, how I felt as I heard him detail habits and mysterious peculiarities which were, in fact, those of our beautiful guest, Carmilla!

A vista opened in the forest; we were on a sudden under the chimneys and gables of the ruined village, and the towers and battlements of the dismantled castle, round which gigantic trees are grouped, overhung us from a slight eminence.

In a frightened dream I got down from the carriage, and in silence, for we had each abundant matter for thinking; we soon mounted the ascent, and were among the spacious chambers, winding stairs, and dark corridors of the castle.

'And this was once the palatial residence of the Karnsteins!' said the old General at length, as from a great window he looked out across the village, and saw the wide, undulating expanse of forest. 'It was a bad family, and here its blood-stained annals were written,' he continued. 'It is hard that they should, after death, continue to plague the human race with their atrocious lusts. That is the chapel of the Karnsteins, down there.'

He pointed down to the grey walls of the gothic building, partly visible through the foliage, a little way down the steep. 'And I hear the axe of a woodman,' he added, 'busy among the trees that surround it; he possibly may give us the information of which I am in search, and point out the grave of Mircalla, Countess of Karnstein. These rustics preserve the local traditions of great families, whose stories die out among the rich and titled so soon as the families themselves become extinct.'

'We have a portrait, at home, of Mircalla, the Countess Karnstein; should you like to see it?' asked my father.

'Time enough, dear friend,' replied the General. 'I believe that I have seen the original; and one motive which has led me to you earlier than I at first intended, was to explore the chapel which we are now approaching.'

'What! see the Countess Mircalla,' exclaimed my father; 'why, she has been dead more than a century!'

'Not so dead as you fancy, I am told,' answered the General.

'I confess, General, you puzzle me utterly,' replied my father, looking at him, I fancied, for a moment with a return of the suspicion I detected before. But although there was anger and detestation, at times, in the old General's manner, there was nothing flighty.

'There remains to me,' he said, as we passed under the heavy arch of the gothic church—for its dimensions would have justified its being so styled—'but one object which can interest me during the few years that remain to me on earth, and that is to wreak on her the vengeance which, I thank God, may still be accomplished by a mortal arm.'

"What vengeance can you mean?' asked my father, in increasing amazement.

'I mean, to decapitate the monster,' he answered, with a fierce flush, and a stamp that echoed mournfully through the hollow ruin, and his clenched hand was at the same moment raised, as if it grasped the handle of an axe, while he shook it ferociously in the air.

'What?' exclaimed my father, more than ever bewildered.

'To strike her head off.'

'Cut her head off!'

'Aye, with a hatchet, with a spade, or with anything that can cleave through her murderous throat. You shall hear,' he answered, trembling with rage. And hurrying forward he said:

'That beam will answer for a seat; your dear child is fatigued; let her be seated, and I will, in a few sentences, close my dreadful story.'

The squared block of wood, which lay on the grass-grown pavement of the chapel, formed a bench on which I was very glad to seat myself, and in the meantime the General called to the woodman, who had been removing some boughs which leaned upon the old walls; and, axe in hand, the hardy old fellow stood before us.

He could not tell us anything of these monuments; but there was an old man, he said, a ranger of this forest, at present sojourning in the house of the priest, about two miles away, who could point out every monument of the old Karnstein family; and, for a trifle, he undertook to bring him back with him, if we would lend him one of our horses, in little more than half an hour.

'Have you been long employed about this forest?' asked my father of the old man.

'I have been a woodman here,' he answered in his *patois*, 'under the forester, all my days; so has my father before me, and so on, as many generations as I can count up. I could show you the very house, in the village here, in which my ancestors lived.'

'How came the village to be deserted?' asked the General.

'It was troubled by *revenants*, Sir; several were tracked to their graves, there detected by the usual tests, and extinguished in the usual way, by decapitation, by the stake, and by burning; but not until many of the villagers were killed.

'But after all these proceedings according to law,' he continued—'so many graves opened, and so many vampires deprived of their horrible animation—the village was not relieved. But a Moravian nobleman, who happened to be travelling this way, heard how matters were, and being skilled—as many people are in his country—in such affairs, he offered to deliver the village from its tormentor. He did so thus: There being a bright moon that night, he ascended, shortly after sunset, the towers of the

chapel here, from whence he could distinctly see the churchyard beneath him; you can see it from that window. From this point he watched until he saw the vampire come out of his grave, and place near it the linen clothes in which he had been folded, and then glide away towards the village to plague its inhabitants.

'The stranger, having seen all this, came down from the steeple, took the linen wrappings of the vampire, and carried them up to the top of the tower, which he again mounted. When the vampire returned from his prowlings and missed his clothes, he cried furiously to the Moravian, whom he saw at the summit of the tower, and who, in reply, beckoned him to ascend and take them. Whereupon the vampire, accepting his invitation, began to climb the steeple, and so soon as he had reached the battlements, the Moravian, with a stroke of his sword, clove his skull in twain, hurling him down to the churchyard, whither, descending by the winding stairs, the stranger followed and cut his head off, and next day delivered it and the body to the villagers, who duly impaled and burnt them.

'This Moravian nobleman had authority from the then head of the family to remove the tomb of Mircalla, Countess Karnstein, which he did effectually, so that in a little while its site was quite forgotten.'

'Can you point out where it stood?' asked the General, eagerly.

The forester shook his head and smiled.

'Not a soul living could tell you that now,' he said; 'besides, they say her body was removed; but no one is sure of that either.'

Having thus spoken, as time pressed, he dropped his axe and departed, leaving us to hear the remainder of the General's strange story.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEETING.

'My beloved child,' he resumed, 'was now growing rapidly worse. The physician who attended her had failed to produce the slightest impression upon her disease, for such I then supposed it to be. He saw my alarm, and suggested a consultation. I called in an abler physician, from Gratz. Several days elapsed before he arrived. He was a good and pious, as well as a learned man. Having seen my poor ward together, they withdrew to my library to confer and discuss. I, from the adjoining room, where I awaited their summons, heard these two gentlemen's voices raised in something sharper than a strictly philosophical discussion. I knocked at the door and entered. I found the old phy-

sician from Gratz maintaining his theory. His rival was combatting it with undisguised ridicule, accompanied with bursts of laughter. This unseemly manifestation subsided and the altercation ended on my entrance.

'"Sir," said my first physician, "my learned brother seems to think that you want a conjuror, and not a doctor."

'"Pardon me," said the old physician from Gratz, looking displeased, "I shall state my own view of the case in my own way another time. I grieve, Monsieur le General, that by my skill and science I can be of no use. Before I go I shall do myself the honour to suggest something to you."

'He seemed thoughtful, and sat down at a table and began to write. Profoundly disappointed, I made my bow, and as I turned to go the other doctor pointed over his shoulder to his companion who was writing, and then, with a shrug, significantly touched his forehead.

'This consultation, then, left me precisely where I was. I walked out into the grounds, all but distracted. The doctor from Gratz, in ten or fifteen minutes, overtook me. He apologised for having followed me, but said that he could not conscientiously take his leave without a few words more. He told me that he could not be mistaken; no natural disease exhibited the same symptoms; and that death was already very near. There remained, however, a day, or possibly two, of life. If the fatal seizure were at once arrested, with great care and skill her strength might possibly return. But all hung now upon the confines of the irrevocable. One more assault might extinguish the last spark of vitality which is, every moment, ready to die.

'"And what is the nature of the seizure you speak of?" I entreated.

'"I have stated all fully in this note, which I place in your hands upon the distinct condition that you send for the nearest clergyman, and open my letter in his presence, and on no account read it till he is with you; you would despise it else, and it is a matter of life and death. Should the priest fail you, then, indeed, you may read it."

'He asked me, before taking his leave finally, whether I would wish to see a man curiously learned upon the very subject, which, after I had read his letter, would probably interest me above all others, and he urged me earnestly to invite him to visit him there; and so took his leave.

'The ecclesiastic was absent, and I read the letter by myself. At another time, or in another case, it might have excited my ridicule. But into what quackeries will not people rush for a last chance, where all accustomed means have failed, and the life of a beloved object is at stake?

'Nothing, you will say, could be more absurd than the learned man's letter. It was monstrous enough to have consigned him to a madhouse.

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'CARMILLA.'

He said that the patient was suffering from the visits of a vampire! The punctures which she described as having occurred near the throat, were, he insisted, the insertion of those two long, thin, and sharp teeth which, it is well known, are peculiar to vampires; and there could be no doubt, he added, as to the well-defined presence of the small livid mark which all concurred in describing as that induced by the demon's lips, and every symptom described by the sufferer was in exact conformity with those recorded in every case of a similar visitation.

'Being myself wholly sceptical as to the existence of any such portent as the vampire, the supernatural theory of the good doctor furnished, in my opinion, but another instance of learning and intelligence oddly associated with some one hallucination. I was so miserable, however, that, rather than try nothing, I acted upon the instructions of the letter.

'I concealed myself in the dark dressing-room, that opened upon the poor patient's room, in which a candle was burning, and watched there till she was fast asleep. I stood at the door, peeping through the small crevice, my sword laid on the table beside me, as my directions prescribed, until, a little after one, I saw a large black object, very ill-defined, crawl, as it seemed to me, over the foot of the bed, and swiftly spread itself up to the poor girl's throat, where it swelled, in a moment, into a great, palpitating mass. For a few moments I had stood petrified. I now sprang forward, with my sword in my hand. The black creature suddenly contracted toward the foot of the bed, glided over it, and, standing on the floor about a yard below the foot of the bed, with a glare of skulking ferocity and horror fixed on me, I saw Millarca. Speculating I know not what, I struck at her instantly with my sword; but I saw her standing near the door, unscathed. Horrified, I pursued, and struck again. She was gone; and my sword flew to shivers against the door.

'I can't describe to you all that passed on that horrible night. The whole house was up and stirring. The spectre Millarca was gone. But her victim was sinking fast, and before the morning dawned, she died.'

The old General was agitated. We did not speak to him. My father walked to some little distance, and began reading the inscriptions on the tombstones; and thus occupied, he strolled into the door of a side-chapel to prosecute his researches. The General leaned against the wall, dried his eyes, and sighed heavily. I was relieved on hearing the voices of Carmilla and Madame, who were at that moment approaching. The voices died away.

In this solitude, having just listened to so strange a story, connected, as it was, with the great and titled dead, whose monuments were mouldering among the dust and ivy round us, and every incident of which bore so awfully upon my own mysterious case—in this haunted

spot, darkened by the towering foliage that rose on every side, dense and high above its noiseless walls—a horror began to steal over me, and my heart sank as I thought that my friends were, after all, not about to enter and disturb this triste and ominous scene.

The old General's eyes were fixed on the ground, as he leaned with his hand upon the basement of a shattered monument.

Under a narrow, arched doorway, surmounted by one of those demoniacal grotesques in which the cynical and ghastly fancy of old Gothic carving delights, I saw very gladly the beautiful face and figure of Carmilla enter the shadowy chapel.

I was just about to rise and speak, and nodded smiling, in answer to her peculiarly engaging smile; when with a cry, the old man by my side caught up the woodman's hatchet, and started forward. On seeing him a brutalised change came over her features. It was an instantaneous and horrible transformation, as she made a crouching step backwards. Before I could utter a scream, he struck at her with all his force, but she dived under his blow, and unscathed, caught him in her tiny grasp by the wrist. He struggled for a moment to release his arm, but his hand opened, the axe fell to the ground, and the girl was gone.

He staggered against the wall. His grey hair stood upon his head, and a moisture shone over his face, as if he were at the point of death.

The frightful scene had passed in a moment. The first thing I recollect after, is Madame standing before me, and impatiently repeating again and again, the question, 'Where is Mademoiselle Carmilla?'

I answered at length, 'I don't know—I can't tell—she went there,' and I pointed to the door through which Madame had just entered; 'only a minute or two since.'

'But I have been standing there, in the passage, ever since Mademoiselle Carmilla entered; and she did not return.'

She then began to call 'Carmilla,' through every door and passage and from the windows, but no answer came.

'She called herself Carmilla?' asked the General, still agitated.

'Carmilla, yes,' I answered.

"Aye,' he said; 'that is Millarca. That is the same person who long ago was called Mircalla, Countess Karnstein. Depart from this accursed ground, my poor child, as quickly as you can. Drive to the clergyman's house, and stay there till we come. Begone! May you never behold Carmilla more; you will not find her here.'

CHAPTER XV.

ORDEAL AND EXECUTION.

As he spoke one of the strangest looking men I ever beheld, entered the chapel at the door through which Carmilla had made her entrance and her exit. He was tall, narrow-chested, stooping, with high shoulders, and dressed in black. His face was brown and dried in with deep furrows; he wore an oddly-shaped hat with a broad leaf. His hair, long and grizzled, hung on his shoulders. He wore a pair of gold spectacles, and walked slowly, with an odd shambling gait, with his face sometimes turned up to the sky, and sometimes bowed down toward the ground, seemed to wear a perpetual smile; his long thin arms were swinging, and his lank hands, in old black gloves ever so much too wide for them, waving and gesticulating in utter abstraction.

'The very man!' exclaimed the General, advancing with manifest delight. 'My dear Baron, how happy I am to see you, I had no hope of meeting you so soon.' He signed to my father, who had by this time returned, and leading the fantastic old gentleman, whom he called the Baron to meet him. He introduced him formally, and they at once entered into earnest conversation. The stranger took a roll of paper from his pocket, and spread it on the worn surface of a tomb that stood by. He had a pencil-case in his fingers, with which he traced imaginary lines from point to point on the paper, which from their often glancing from it, together, at certain points of the building, I concluded to be a plan of the chapel. He accompanied, what I may term, his lecture, with occasional readings from a dirty little book, whose yellow leaves were closely written over.

They sauntered together down the side aisle, opposite to the spot where I was standing, conversing as they went; then they begun measuring distances by paces, and finally they all stood together, facing a piece of the side-wall, which they began to examine with great minuteness; pulling off the ivy that clung over it, and rapping the plaster with the ends of their sticks, scraping here, and knocking there. At length they ascertained the existence of a broad marble tablet, with letters carved in relief upon it.

With the assistance of the woodman, who soon returned, a monumental inscription, and carved escutcheon, were disclosed. They proved to be those of the long lost monument of Mircalla, Countess Karnstein.

The old General, though not I fear given to the praying mood, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, in mute thanksgiving for some moments.

'To-morrow,' I heard him say; 'the commissioner will be here, and the Inquisition will be held according to law.'

Then turning to the old man with the gold spectacles, whom I have described, he shook him warmly by both hands and said:

"Baron, how can I thank you? How can we all thank you? You will have delivered this region from a plague that has scourged its inhabitants for more than a century. The horrible enemy, thank God, is at last tracked.'

My father led the stranger aside, and the General followed. I knew that he had led them out of hearing, that he might relate my case, and I saw them glance often quickly at me, as the discussion proceeded.

My father came to me, kissed me again and again, and leading me from the chapel, said:

'It is time to return, but before we go home, we must add to our party the good priest, who lives but a little way from this; and persuade him to accompany us to the schloss.'

In this quest we were successful: and I was glad, being unspeakably fatigued when we reached home. But my satisfaction was changed to dismay, on discovering that there were no tidings of Carmilla. Of the scene that had occurred in the ruined chapel, no explanation was offered to me, and it was clear that it was a secret which my father for the present determined to keep from me.

The sinister absence of Carmilla made the remembrance of the scene more horrible to me. The arrangements for that night were singular. Two servants, and Madame were to sit up in my room that night; and the ecclesiastic with my father kept watch in the adjoining dressing-room.

The priest had performed certain solemn rites that night, the purport of which I did not understand any more than I comprehended the reason of this extraordinary precaution taken for my safety during sleep.

I saw all clearly a few days later.

The disappearance of Carmilla was followed by the discontinuance of my nightly sufferings.

You have heard, no doubt, of the appalling superstition that prevails in upper and lower Styria, in Moravia, Silisia, in Turkish Servia, in Poland, even in Russia; the superstition, so we must call it, of the Vampire.

If human testimony, taken with every care and solemnity, judicially, before commissions innumerable, each consisting of many members, all chosen for integrity and intelligence, and constituting reports more voluminous perhaps than exist upon any one other class of cases, is worth anything, it is difficult to deny, or even to doubt the existence of such a phenomenon as the Vampire.

For my part I have heard no theory by which to explain what I myself have witnessed and experienced, other than that supplied by the ancient and well-attested belief of the country.

The next day the formal proceedings took place in the Chapel of Karnstein. The grave of the Countess Mircalla was opened; and the General and my father recognised each his perfidious and beautiful guest, in the face now disclosed to view. The features, though a hundred and fifty years had passed since her funeral, were tinted with the warmth of life. Her eyes were open; no cadaverous smell exhaled from the coffin. The two medical men, one officially present, the other on the part of the promoter of the enquiry, attested the marvellous fact, that there was a faint but appreciable respiration, and a corresponding action of the heart. The limbs were perfectly flexible, the flesh elastic; and the leaden coffin floated with blood, in which to a depth of seven inches, the body lay immersed. Here then, were all the admitted signs and proofs of vampirism. The body, therefore, in accordance with the ancient practice, was raised, and a sharp stake driven through the heart of the vampire, who uttered a piercing shriek at the moment, in all respects such as might escape from a living person in the last agony. Then the head was struck off, and a torrent of blood flowed from the severed neck. The body and head were next placed on a pile of wood, and reduced to ashes, which were thrown upon the river and borne away, and that territory has never since been plagued by the visits of a vampire.

My father has a copy of the report of the Imperial Commission, with the signatures of all who were present at these proceedings, attached in verification of the statement. It is from this official paper that I have summarized my account of this last shocking scene.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

I WRITE all this you suppose with composure. But far from it; I cannot think of it without agitation. Nothing but your earnest desire so repeatedly expressed, could have induced me to sit down to a task that has unstrung my nerves for months to come, and reinduced a shadow of the unspeakable horror which years after my deliverance continued to make my days and nights dreadful, and solitude insupportably terrific.

Let me add a word or two about that quaint Baron Vordenburg, to

whose curious lore we were indebted for the discovery of the Countess Mircalla's grave.

He had taken up his abode in Gratz, where, living upon a mere pittance, which was all that remained to him of the once princely estates of his family, in Upper Styria, he devoted himself to the minute and laborious investigation of the marvellously authenticated tradition of Vampirism. He had at his finger's ends all the great and little works upon the subject. 'Magia Posthuma,' 'Phlegon de Mirabilibus,' 'Augustinus de curâ pro Mortuis,' 'Philosophicæ et Christianæ Cogitationes de Vampiris,' by John Christofer Herenberg; and a thousand others, among which I remember only a few of those which he lent to my father. He had a voluminous digest of all the judicial cases, from which he had extracted a system of principles that appear to govern—some always, and others occasionally only—the condition of the vampire. I may mention, in passing, that the deadly pallor attributed to that sort of *revenants*, is a mere melodramatic fiction. They present, in the grave, and when they show themselves in human society, the appearance of healthy life. When disclosed to light in their coffins, they exhibit all the symptoms that are enumerated as those which proved the vampire-life of the long-dead Countess Karnstein. How they escape from their graves and return to them for certain hours every day, without displacing the clay or leaving any trace of disturbance in the state of the coffin or the cerements, has always been admitted to be utterly inexplicable. The amphibious existence of the vampire is sustained by daily renewed slumber in the grave. Its horrible lust for living blood supplies the vigour of its waking existence. The vampire is prone to be fascinated with an engrossing vehemence, resembling the passion of love, by particular persons. In pursuit of these it will exercise inexhaustible patience and stratagem, for access to a particular object may be obstructed in a hundred ways. It will never desist until it has satiated its passion, and drained the very life of its coveted victim. But it will, in these cases, husband and protract its murderous enjoyment with the refinement of an epicure, and heighten it by the gradual approaches of an artful courtship. In these cases it seems to yearn for something like sympathy and consent. In ordinary ones it goes direct to its object, overpowers with violence, and strangles and exhausts often at a single feast.

The vampire is, apparently, subject, in certain situations, to special conditions. In the particular instance of which I have given you a relation, Mircalla seemed to be limited to a name which, if not her real one, should at least reproduce, without the omission or addition of a single letter, those, as we say, anagrammatically, which compose it. *Carmilla* did this; so did *Millarca*.

My father related to the Baron Vordenburg, who remained with us for

two or three weeks after the expulsion of Carmilla, the story about the Moravian nobleman and the vampire at Karnstein churchyard, and then he asked the Baron how he had discovered the exact position of the long-concealed tomb of the Countess Millarca? The Baron's grotesque features puckered up into a mysterious smile; he looked down, still smiling on his worn spectacle-case, and fumbled with it. Then looking up, he said:

'I have many journals, and other papers, written by that remarkable man; the most curious among them is one treating of the visit of which you speak, to Karnstein. The tradition, of course, discolours and distorts a little. He might have been termed a Moravian nobleman, for he had changed his abode to that territory, and was, beside, a noble. But he was, in truth, a native of Upper Styria. It is enough to say that in very early youth he had been a passionate and favoured lover of the beautiful Mircalla, Countess Karnstein. Her early death plunged him into inconsolable grief. It is the nature of vampires to increase and multiply, but according to an ascertained and ghostly law.

'Assume, at starting, a territory perfectly free from that pest. How does it begin, and how does it multiply itself? I will tell you. A person, more or less wicked, puts an end to himself. A suicide, under certain circumstances, becomes a vampire. That spectre visits living people in their slumbers; *they* die, and almost invariably, in the grave, develope into vampires. This happened in the case of the beautiful Mircalla, who was haunted by one of those demons. My ancestor, Vordenburg, whose title I still bear, soon discovered this, and in the course of the studies to which he devoted himself, learned a great deal more.

'Among other things, he concluded that suspicion of vampirism would probably fall, sooner or later, upon the dead Countess, who in life had been his idol. He conceived a horror, be she what she might, of her remains being profaned by the outrage of a posthumous execution. He has left a curious paper to prove that the vampire, on its expulsion from its amphibious existence, is projected into a far more horrible life; and he resolved to save his once beloved Mircalla from this. He adopted the stratagem of a journey here, a pretended removal of her remains, and a real obliteration of her monument. When age had stolen upon him, and from the vale of years he looked back on the scenes he was leaving, he considered, in a different spirit, what he had done, and a horror took possession of him. He made the tracings and notes which have guided me to the very spot, and drew up a confession of the deception that he had practised. If he had intended any further action in this matter, death prevented him; and the hand of remote

descendant has, too late for many, directed the pursuit to the lair of the beast.'

We talked a little more, and among other things he said was this :

'One sign of the vampire is the power of the hand. The slender hand of Mircalla closed like a vice of steel on the General's wrist when he raised the hatchet to strike. But its power is not confined to its grasp ; it leaves a numbness in the limb it seizes, which is slowly, if ever, recovered from.'

The following spring my father took me a tour through Italy. We remained away for more than a year. It was long before the terror of recent events subsided ; and to this hour the image of Carmilla returns to memory with ambiguous alternations—sometimes the playful, languid, beautiful girl ; sometimes the writhing fiend I saw in the ruined church ; and often from a reverie I have started, fancying I heard the light step of Carmilla at the drawing-room door.

German Gymnastics in London.

If the truth be told, it was with a certain feeling of hesitation and despondency that we accepted the invitation of the German Gymnastic Society to witness their Annual Display in their Hall at King's Cross. In the first place, the locality, though doubtless accessible, is not precisely the centre of metropolitan civilisation; and in the second, we had an old-fashioned prejudice that athletic feats were, like amateur theatricals, considerably more interesting to the performers than to any one else.

This idea was, we admit, only prejudice, and was, we must further admit, as unjustifiable as prejudices generally are. Our evening at the Turnverein has corrected our somewhat hazy notions on the subject. We went northward, prepared to scoff, or rather perhaps to slight, and we returned southward, ready to appreciate and to praise. This is what we saw. A spacious hall, resembling more than anything else the head-quarters of an English volunteer corps, decorated with foreign taste, and designed with a continental eye to comfort. Around it raised seats, devoted principally to spectators of the non-athletic sex; above it galleries, used, and largely used too, for the same worthy object. When we entered the whole place was thronged, the seats and galleries as we have described, and the body of the place itself by some hundred and thirty young men, clad in the peaceful uniform of white flannel, and performing to rapidly-uttered words of command their unwarlike drill. 'One! two! three!' spoken with a German accent and with German energy, and out fly two hundred arms in unison, and with a precision that does Mr. Schweizer, the director of exercises, great credit. Then come out into play the two hundred legs, and then, in various inglorious combinations, the four hundred limbs that we have mentioned. Faster and faster does the drill-master run through the round of his magic numbers, until we get quite warm with watching the exertions of his snow-white band. Yet the movements remain as simultaneous as ever, and the clap of the hands, which recurs periodically, continues as accurate a volley as at first. This is the Mass Exercise, and capital exercise it must be for developing the muscles and the chests of city clerks, whose chief physical efforts would ordinarily consist of the manipulation of ledgers and the ascent of office stools.

As soon as the last of the athletes had filed away into obscurity in

the background, a chosen few re-appeared—this time provided with masks, wherewith to guard against the implements of destruction in their hands; for they were about to cut and thrust in that mimic combat which was once so necessary an element in the education of the gentleman. 'Enough!' and in less time than it takes to write it the hall assumed the appearance of a four-post bed without the posts, and minus legs; in other words, mattrasses covered the floor as if by magic, since not even your German gymnast cares to receive a throw on to the boards in a Cumberland wrestling bout. Need we describe the well-known features of that curious contest, how a big man seizes a little man, waltzes round and round with his burden in his arms, fails to deposit it except on its feet, and finally succeeds in depositing himself on his back?

Then came others who boxed each other blue in the face, much to their apparent relish; whilst some wielded heavy clubs as though they were walking-sticks, or jumped from the spring board so high that we really began to tremble for the roof. It is, however, on the swing, the bar, and the vaulting horse that our gymnasts came out with most effect, though criticism on these performances by the uninitiated is not, we believe, a profitable occupation. From what we could gather from the remarks of the intelligent, it seems to be a rule that the more nearly a young man appears to approach the end of his mortal career by an awkward fracture of the neck, the more certain it is that his feat is in reality as simple as is a conjuror's trick, when you know it. We were told that the real test of excellence was concealed in the muscles of the left arm, its powers in supporting the body in uncomfortable attitudes, and in positions like that of a flying angel who has broken one wing.

To us, we must confess, many of the individual performances appeared very admirable of their kind; but what was much more admirable than any such exceptional excellence was the high level of physical development to which the whole club is brought. *All* are able to do fairly well, and *all* have evidently undergone a careful course of intelligent training. As the whole class flies over the table like a flock of scared geese, in every possible style of vault that the mind of gymnast has conceived, one cannot avoid noticing the way in which the activity of all alike has been cultivated with equal care. In place of that *dilettante* athleticism which half kills itself one day with dumb bells at the club, and then for the next fortnight does nothing but amuse itself with monkey-tricks on the horizontal bar, it is evident that a regular course of thoughtfully-constructed exercise has here to be undergone. A distinct end is here set before the energetic young gymnast even in his amusement, and, thanks to a wholesome feeling of simple emulation, that end seems generally to be attained.

ERNEST A. BENDALL.

The Dog Guard.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

There are lonesome places upon the earth
That have never echoed a sound of mirth;
Where the spirits abound that feast and quaff
On the shuddering soul of a murder'd laugh;
And take grim delight in the fearful start
As their unseen fingers clutch the heart,
And the blood flies out from the griping pain,
To carry the chill through every vein;
And the staring eyes and the whiten'd faces
Are a joy to these ghosts of the lonesome places.

But of all the spots on this earthly sphere,
Where these dismal spirits are strong and near,
There is one more dreary than all the rest—
'Tis the barren Island of Rottenest.
On Australia's western coast you may,
On a seaman's chart of Fremantle Bay,
Find a tiny speck, some ten miles from shore;
If the chart be good there is something more:
For a shoal runs in on the landward side,
With five fathoms marked for the highest tide.
You have nought but my word for all the rest;
But that speck is the Island of Rottenest.

'Tis a white sand heap, about two miles long,
And say half as wide; but the deeds of wrong
Between man and his brother that there took place
Are sufficient to sully a continent's face.
Ah! cruel tales!—were they told as a whole
They would scare your polished humanity's soul—
They would blanch the cheeks in your carpeted room,
With a terrible thought of the merited doom
For the crimes committed, still unredressed,
On that white sand heap called Rottenest.

Of late years the island is not so bare
As it was when I saw it first, for there
On the outer headland some buildings stand,
And a flag, red-crossed, says the patch of sand
Is a recognised part of the wide domain
That is blessed with the peace of Victoria's reign.
But behind the lighthouse the land's the same,
And it bears grim proof of the white man's shame,
For the miniature vales that the island owns
Have a horrible harvest of human bones!

And how did they come there? That's the word,
And I'll answer it now with a tale I heard
From the lips of a man who was there, and saw
The bad end of man's greed and of colony law.

Many years ago, when the white man first
Set his foot on the soil, and was hated and curst
By the native, who had not yet learned to fear
The dark wrath of the stranger, but drove his spear
With a freeman's force and a bushman's yell
At the white invader, it then befell
That so many were killed, and cooked, and eaten,
There was risk of the whites in the end being beaten.
So a plan was proposed—'twas deemed safest and best—
To imprison the natives in Rottenest.

And so every time there was white blood spilled,
There were black men captured, and those not killed
In the rage of vengeance were sent away
To this bleak sand isle in Fremantle Bay.
And it soon came round that a thousand men
Were together there, like wild beasts in a pen.
There was not a shrub nor grass blade in the sand,
Nor a piece of timber as large as your hand;
But a Government boat went out each day
To fling meat ashore, and then sailed away.

For a year or so, this course was pursued,
Till 'twas noticed that fewer came down for food
When the boat appeared; then a guard lay round
The island one night, and the white man found
That the savages swam through the lowest tide
To the shoal, that lay on the landward side—

'Twas a mile from the beach,—and then waded ashore :
So the settlers all met in grave council once more.

That a guard was needed, was plain to all ;
But nobody answered the Governor's call,
For a volunteer watch : there were only a few,
And then wild young farms gave plenty to do ;
And the council of settlers was breaking up
With a dread of the sorrow they'd have to sup
When the unawed savages, for vengeance wild,
Laid wait in the woods for the mother and child.
And with doleful countenance, each to his neighbour
Told a dreary tale of the world of labour
He had, and said, ' Let him watch who can,
I can't,'—when there stepped to the front a man
With a hard brown face and a burglar's brow,
Who had learned the secret he uttered now,
When he served in the Chain-Gang in New South Wales ;
And he said to them, ' Friends, as all else fails,
These 'ere natives are safe as if locked and barred,
If you line that shoal with a mastiff guard !'

Then the settlers looked at each other awhile,
Till the wonder toned to a well-pleased smile,
When the brown ex-burglar said he knew
And would show the whole of 'em what to do.

About three weeks after, the guard was set,
And a native who swam to the shoal was met
By two half-starved dogs when a mile from shore,
And somehow that native was never seen more.
The settlers were pleased with the capital plan,
And voted their thanks to the hard-faced man.
For a year, each day, did the Governor's boat
Take the meat to the isle and its guard afloat.
In a line, on the face of the shoal, the dogs
Had a dry house each on some anchored logs ;
And the neck-chain from each stretched just half-way
To the next dog's house. Right across the bay
Ran a line that was hideous with horrid sounds
From the hungry throats of two hundred hounds.

So one more year passed ; and the brutes on the logs
Had grown more like devils than common dogs.

There was such a hell-chorus by day and night
That the settlers ashore were chilled with fright
When they thought : 'If that legion should break away,
And come in with the tide some fatal day!'

But they 'scaped that chance, for a man came in
From the Bush one day, with a 'possum's skin
To the throat filled up with large pearls he'd found
To the north on the shore of the Shark's Bay Sound :
And the settlement blazed with a wild commotion
At the sight of the gems from the wealthy ocean.
Then the families all began to pack
Their household treasures, and ask the track
That the bushman followed to strike the spot,
While the dogs and the natives were all forgot.
In two days, from that camp on the River Swan,
To the Shark's Bay Sound had the settlers gone;
And no merciful feeling did one retard
For the helpless men and their terrible guard!
It were vain to try, in my quiet room,
To write down the truth of the awful doom
That befell those savages prisoned there,
When the pangs of hunger and gaunt despair
Had nigh made them mad as the fiends outside.
'Tis enough that one night, through the low ebb tide,
Swam nine hundred savages, armed with stones,
And with weapons made from their dead friends' bones.
Without ripple or sound, when the moon was gone,
Through the inky water they glided on,
Swimming deep, and scarce daring to draw a breath,
While the dogs, if they saw, were as dumb as death.

'Twas a terrible picture! Oh God! that the night
Were so black as to cover the horrid sight
From the eyes of the Angel that notes man's ways
In the Book that will ope on the day of days!
There were screams when they met—shrill screams of pain,
For each animal swam at the length of his chain,
And with parching throat, and in furious mood,
Lay awaiting, not men, but his coming food.
There were short sharp cries and a line of fleck,
As the long fangs sank in the swimmer's neck ;
There were gurgling growls mixed with human groans,
For the savages drave the sharpened bones

Through their enemies' ribs, and the bodies sank—
Each dog holding fast with a bone through his flank.
Then those of the natives who 'scaped, swam back;
But too late, for scores of the savage pack,
Driven mad by the yells and the sounds of fight
Had broke loose and followed. On that dread night
Let the curtain fall—when the red sun rose
From the placid ocean, the joys and woes
Of a thousand men he had last eve seen
Were as things or thoughts that had never been.

When the settlers returned, in a month or two,
They bethought of the dogs and the prisoned crew:
And a boat went out on an ill-timed quest
Of whatever was living on Rottenest.
They searched all the isle and sailed back again
With some specimen bones of the dogs and men.

'From the Altar to the Bar.'

I am essentially an Anglo-Indienne. Born in Skandalore, educated in Asia Minor (to the uninitiated, Bayswater), 'finished' in Paris, brought out at Gupacamund, married in Falsehoodabad, set free at Westminster—no one will, I think, dispute my claim to the title.

This is the brief record of my married life, a state of being so well compared by a facetious writer to the condition in which we sometimes see two sulky pointers coupled together with a chain, each wishing to go in a separate direction. Nor could a more apposite simile be selected for the exemplification of my case. My marriage, like hosts of others in the present day, was a miserable affair—a fatal mistake. Two human beings of utterly opposite tastes and feelings are linked together in the bonds of matrimony, a few wretched years are passed in mutual endeavours to humiliate each other, and this horrible drama of domestic life terminates abruptly in that simplest, most effectual, acceptable, respectable law-court at Westminster where, between the disillusioning hours of eleven and four, matrimonial operations of the most complex nature are performed, conjugal pains and aches promptly afforded relief, and where, in cases of malignant moral cancer, the welcome law-knife divides in a trice the nuptial knot, thus sending forth once more unfettered, to the hunting-grounds of Hymen, two more silly flies who, singed though they've been, still hover round the flame, re-marry, and are again given in marriage. Such flimsy connections are not marriages. It is a shame to call them so. Though at the present day there is no lack of weddings, there are very few marriages. 'Matrimonial alliances' there may be; but they are no more marriages in the divine sense of the term than theology is religion. God made the one—the Devil made the other.

Although I spent many years in India, I never liked it. The conditions of life and social distinction which, even in England, have brought forth by degrees that social monster the 'Matrimonial alliance of the Ninteenth Century,' are there intensified and encouraged.

There is an artificiality about it all which has ever been distasteful to me. The complaints I have to make against its society are nearly all traceable, in due course, to one great blemish, viz., 'Precedence.' This social bugbear is continually threatening to prove a death-blow to all pleasant intercourse, for in the endeavour to imitate the grades and shades of society in England, the Anglo-Indian world not having, as a rule, the bases of birth and private fortune on which to found the social fabric, is forced to make the invidious substitute of Government salaries its standard. Thus the fortunate individual who happens to have a little interest in some member of the Government, is suddenly supplied with an appointment worth three or four thousand rupees a month, and in consequence henceforth assumes a social position above his less prosperous compeers, purely in consequence of his pecuniary advantage; and the insolence of wealth, untempered by that delicacy which a position independent of it (as far as a salary is concerned) nearly always induces, becomes—as all who have experienced it must admit—offensive and noxious. To be high up in the order of 'precedence' then, by means of a good appointment with a large salary, being in India considered as the *summum bonum*, it is not a matter of surprise that ambitious mammas and practical papas should impress upon their daughters to marry for love and money, if possible—but for money, anyhow.

And so many ill-advised marriages take place, in consequence simply of a passing whim on the part of the gentleman who, banished in his distant Mofussil station, sees but few English girls, and thinks the first simple face he comes across a prize to be secured at any cost. At any cost, indeed; for the unfortunate girl—with at the utmost, perhaps, a partiality for him when she marries—afterwards too often finds she is little better than mated with a clown who in a week destroys all her youthful visions of matrimonial bliss, and renders her life nothing more than a prosaic existence. It is just at this juncture that the climate, and as a natural consequence the mode of life, step in most unfortunately to do their work. The great heat prevents the wife indulging in many of the occupations resorted to by her sisters at home. 'It is too hot to sing.' 'It is too hot to read.' 'I cannot go in the garden.' 'Of course I cannot ride till five o'clock.' 'The only thing I can do is to sit under the punkah and see visitors—that is, amusing visitors.' 'Captain Finnesse is such an amusing man, and brought out all the latest fashions and music with him last month.' As the hot weather approaches, the doctor orders her up to the cooler climate of the hills. The husband cannot get away immediately (perhaps he doesn't want to), but says he will follow her afterwards. Captain Finnesse, however, has managed to obtain leave, and puts in an appearance the week after. It was some such combination of circumstances as these

that prompted the following leaves from my diary—written last year, upon revisiting the old familiar spots in which the following events took place, after an absence of five years.

Gupacamund; Oct. 28th, 1871.

'I am still lingering at Guppy. Memory is sweet; I mean to me it is—especially here. I don't find my waist so often encompassed now with a coat sleeve, that I need not look back with pleasure to those days when Mrs. Twinne's husband (who is supposed to have shot himself after his tenth pair had been ushered into this vale of tears. Some say he had had a great deal to try him), a man of substance, very hirsute, and by no means of a domestic turn, used to pretend, as we sat together after a picnic, in the remoter parts of the Algological Gardens, that he wanted to pick a rare flower just the other side of me; to obtain which, he had to pass his arm round me, and—as some would have said, though I didn't at the time—too often it remained there, naughty man, unable, as he professed, to pluck the blossom. Ah! happy times never to return! How savage Mrs. Twinne looked one day, for no other earthly reason than that she came upon us in the position above described! Ridiculous nonsense. As if a married man could possibly be expected never to kiss anybody but his wife! I should very much like to know how many married men have kissed me, when mamma had asked them to chaperône me because they were married men. It was just because they were married men that they kissed me. They seemed to think they had a sort of right to do so, because they all did it; some of course more paternally than others; but still they all did it somehow. Now the bachelors would have taken months, at least some that I remember would, to have arrived at the same climax, more especially as they would have been expected to follow up their victory by something more—in short by a proposal; whereas the married men—the wretches!—knowing they had already parted with their hands, if not their hearts, would have been regardless of this consequence; aware that they could not offer them again; or rather that it was not lawful for them to do so. So that they absolutely enjoyed the roses without being bothered by the thorns.

Mem. Let me see, I think it was one week after our marriage, that my husband observed that this was a 'consummation devoutly to be wished'—*wretch!* He and I, however, soon came to a mutual understanding on this point. We always made it a rule that at a picnic, a walking party, a ball, or anything else, we should kiss whoever we liked. (Sub-rosâ) of course, I like kissing! It is an accomplishment that few possess in any degree of perfection.

October 29th.

This is a capital place for Platonics; it offers so many opportunities for separating a man from his wife, and the men here seem to think it

part of their vocation to flirt with their friend's wives; they wouldn't be friends if they didn't, which, I admit, is more than can be said of some stations in this presidency. There is not even here, though, that entire abnegation on the part of the wives during their husband's platonics which I observed when at a fashionable watering-place in Yorkshire last year, and which I am surprised to find is not more universal. On the whole, however, they appear to me to be less troublesome here than at many of the stations I have been at. The little up-country places are the worst in that respect. Dear me! I distinctly remember when we were stopping once at Dullapore, that quite an unpleasant coolness sprang up between Mrs. General Grandame (as she invariably styled herself when unable to bring in 'my husband, the brigadier'), and Major McSycophant, because he allowed his wife to drive the dear old general about in his pony phaeton, when she was on the hills. Absurd! Of course the poor old man couldn't be expected to drive himself about; he was literally unable to; most generals in India are unable to, and accordingly the major, who I must say had great occasion just then to keep in the brigadier's good books, 'felt awfully obliged' to him when he offered to give Mrs. McSycophant, who he knew was very fond of driving, some practise with his ponies, whilst Mrs. Grandame was absent; he himself accompanying her in case of accident, as he knew the beasts and their antics well, adding that he was very sorry there was no seat for McSycophant, but that was unavoidable.

Mem. How very singular. I heard only last week, that soon after this occurred poor Captain Lovewell, whose young and pretty wife certainly treated the brig. very brusquely (she said it was simply keeping him in his place), lost his appointment, and Major McSycophant stepped in his place. Poor Captain Lovewell! I liked him so much. It was a great pity he stood so much in the way of his own interest. But there, he had only just married, and it is unfortunately almost always the latest bride in the station that the brigadier prefers.

October 30th.

This is the anniversary of my marriage-day, and no occasion could be more appropriate on which to make some record of that interesting event. This day, last year, my husband and I made a farewell excursion to the Crystal Palace. On the next, the law, through Lord Penzance, put us asunder. But I am anticipating. When I returned with my parents at the end of the Gupacamund season to Skandalore, after an unsuccessful campaign, I was a thorough proficient in that indispensable and graceful accomplishment which those uncouth Germans denominate by the unnecessarily harsh phrase 'man-hunting;' but which mamma, by a polite circumlocution described as 'looking out for a husband.' This is one of the most delicate and difficult of the fine

arts. Most men are entirely ignorant of its wonderful capacity for development; for though they themselves certainly sometimes 'look out for a wife,' and not only look out for her, but win her, fortune and all, with considerable adroitness, theirs is but a poor counterfeit of our speciality, in which, strange to say, many of them disbelieve; forgetting, the simpletons, that that which appears the simplest, most spontaneous, artless, charming and original, is more often than not the result of the closest observation, the most careful study, and the greatest tact.

Well, soon after we got back to Skandalore, my cousin, Major Graspall, came to stay with us. Mamma had repeatedly told me in an awe-inspiring whisper that he had twelve hundred a-year of his own, adding that his wife (whoever she might be) would be the chief lady in the station. Although, of course, he was none the less welcome in consequence of these qualifications, I was excessively glad at the time, for various other reasons, of his society, for Skandalore was frightfully slow. Nourished as it was by slander, and supported by Gup., a mere type of lots of other little up-country stations, where the society is, as a rule, quite as limited as on board ship, and where if the brigadier or other petty local tyrant happens to be of a spiteful turn, life is almost intolerable. The major and I did not get on together particularly well at first; indeed, for the matter of that our last state was rather the worst; but about a week after he arrived, the news came that dear old grandpapa had died at last, and wasn't it nice—left me 5,000*l.*, because I was his pet. By the following evening all Skandalore knew it. By the end of the week all the bachelors in the place had left their cards again, one enterprising subaltern coming down from Gupacamund on purpose, his journey being quite in vain, as will be seen immediately.

On the following Sunday morning, when I returned from church, the major, who had been wonderfully attentive, if not affectionate, during the previous day or two, informed me with an impressive shake of the hand, that he was glad to say it was all arranged, mamma having accepted him on my behalf an hour before, proposing that we should be married within the month. Everything having been so agreeably settled behind my back, there was, apparently, nothing remaining for me to do, except to get up the marriage service as correctly as possible, tell a dreadful story at the altar rails, and become as speedily as possible, to the envy of Skandalore and to my own eternal misery 'Mrs. Major Graspall.'

Oh! that miserable day; when for the sake of a few more silks and satins, an extra carriage, a higher seat at a dinner table, I consented to try and do the impossible—live blamelessly without affection, deaden my heart, strangle my passions, and become without a murmur the mere bondwoman, of a cold, cynical, heartless man of the world, twice my own age, and the hero of a hundred amours.

Well! the marriage was grand enough in all conscience. The curtain went up as usual gaily on the smiling landscape which opens these 'sensational dramas of modern life.' There were the guests, the bridal presents, the hollow good wishes—such painful mockeries—the pity of the similarly united, the innocent envy of the single. There was the usual breakfast, to drink champagne at which the bachelors seemed to think was the only object of their having been asked. There were the usual bungling speeches when my deeply-respected master made a sad goose of himself in the following style:—'It gives me aw-w great pleshore on this aw-w-auspicious aw-occasion to say a few words. Yas, a few words, aw-on this *most* auspicious occasion. It is not often on an occasion like the aw-w-w-w-w present auspicious occasion, that it would give me so much pleshore (terrific fumbling here with a small note-book under his napkin); moreover this is an exceptional and ecstatic moment at which the swelling pulse of man's aw-w-w-w inmost travelling bags—no aw-w-I-I-aw'—(but it was no use, he had in his excitement turned over two pages of his note-book, and hence the unfortunate mistake into which he had fallen. Here he loooked round to see if he could conveniently beat a retreat, but observing general attention, he made a great effort, in spite of the immense heat, there unfortunately being a hitch in the punkah-rope, and concluded as follows):—'Therefore I cannot aw-w conclude on this aw-occasion these few remarks better than by repeating that I firmly adhere and shall ever adhere to all the sentiments I have given utterance to on this aw-auspicious occasion.' But my marriage was altogether such a miserable farce, that I do not care to dwell over it. Let me to-morrow begin a new sheet, on which to record the bitter experiences that soon were mine, in consequence of the unhappy alliance into which I had entered.

October 30th.

Platonics! I didn't know what they were once, but I soon found out after my marriage. We went to Sorrowpore for our honeymoon; a dismal affair in very truth, and there I was initiated into the regular mysteries of this wonderful science.

It is an universally admitted fact, that where there exists a demand a supply will be forthcoming. Now these modern commerco-matrimonio alliances, although they are all very well in their way in that they effect their object of uniting capital to capital, nevertheless cannot help frustrating in consequence, in many cases, the natural and divine laws which control the human heart. In other words, though money may be joined to money, it does not follow that heart must be joined to heart, and as most hearts do long to be joined to other hearts at some time or another of their existence, it will be obvious that there soon arose a demand for a social novelty, which, while it supplied to a great extent,

the absent affection so ardently desired might, nevertheless, be known by a polite name of a vague harmless nature, which should at once be recognised as a permissible recreation for married people, whose hearts were manifestly out of joint—Hence, Platonics.

It was about three weeks after our marriage. Sorrowpore was a small but cool station. The major had already commenced to leave me all alone during the day. He used to argue in this way: 'He could not be mincing about from morning to night doing the spoon. Spooning was all very well in its way, but there might be too much of a good thing.' He used, therefore, to drive over to the barracks where the 115th Heavy Dragoon (Black) Guards were quartered every morning after breakfast, not returning till mess was over; so that my time was very cheerfully spent during that apology for a honeymoon. There was a good billiard table over at the barracks, and lots of subalterns with long purses, more especially as they had very little opportunity of spending money. So the major very kindly helped them to do so by winning it from them at pool. As he said to me the week after our marriage, 'We must get through this four weeks somehow, you know, so I'll just run over during the day and rook the boys of a few dibs, and be back in time for dinner.' He never was, but always sent me a message to say 'he was very sorry he was detained, but young Sinclair would insist upon having his revenge after dinner;' or 'Bertie Howard had challenged him to a game of pyramids, and it was necessary to check such presumption on the part of a junior officer.'

Well, the 115th, nevertheless, found it, as I did, awfully slow, and Captain Finnesse, very handsome, splendid weepers, and such black eyes, thought, I suppose from my looks, that I wasn't the sort of girl to mend the major's socks the week after my marriage while he staked my money at billiards, and accordingly he came to see me the first morning after my husband commenced his visits to the mess. He certainly knew how to shake hands; and I am positive he must have rehearsed his smile before the looking-glass for days beforehand. Oh! it *was* such a smile.

Well, the first thing he said to me was: 'How very sad you are looking, Mrs. Graspall; I sincerely trust you have received no bad news. Your husband! he is ill, or, more probably, you are feeling lonely, melancholy!' and then I heard him mutter as if to himself, 'Heavens, what beauty! How interesting! How young!' Of course I at once affected him after this, for I really was very pretty. As I have not yet recorded what I was like in those days, I will do so now. I was of the pink and white school. Dark-blue dreamy eyes, long lashes, arched eyebrows, classically curved mouth, cherry lips, pearly teeth, tiny lovely ears, golden hair down to my waist, and a complexion

of alabaster and light carmine that would not rub off. A small head of graceful form, with my hair bound back with a blue ribbon. My hands were small and exquisitely white; my fingers tapering. I wore only a beautiful turquoise ring in addition to my badge of office as a wife. I possessed what Finnesse described as a 'truly magnificent figure,' and I was, in short, what, on the sixth day of our acquaintance, he called 'a regular darling.' Upon my replying that I was certainly grieved that my husband had been called away so unexpectedly (I couldn't bear to admit that he had simply gone to swindle some unfortunate boys), he replied (though he knew perfectly well where the major had gone—indeed I subsequently learnt it was he who had advised him to go): 'Ah, gone on some legal business, I suppose. The lawyers in this country are so dilatory; climate affects the tape, I've no doubt; and when settlements are concerned, it is necessary to be continually keeping them up to their work. Poor Graspall! Well I know how he must feel these unfortunate separations.'

He knew very well also that he was leading me to think what a wretch the major was, and by the contrast of his ideas to those of my husband, how mean a man the major was compared to him.

'Do you know, dear Mrs. Graspall,'—and as he said this he gazed intently out of window as if quite unconscious of his impertinence, and continued: 'I have always thought that my poor mother was, after all, quite right when she used to say, 'One of the chief advantages of marriage to a woman is the independence it gives her of the world's opinion. She can then enjoy those little agreeable friendships, those congenial, platonic acquaintances which, if she had indulged in before marriage, would have brought down upon her the animadversions of the whole fashionable world.'

And again he brought that exquisite smile to bear on my eyes.

Glancing at my piano one day, which was open, and at which I had been playing when he came in as usual, he said, 'Do you not doat on music?'

'I am certainly very fond of it,' I replied.

"Ah, then, we do agree. How delightful! May I be so bold as to try your piano? A Broadwood, I see; also my favourite maker. What a charming tone, *dear* Mrs. Graspall."

As I was about to notice his constant use of this expletive, he ran his fingers lightly over the keys, and saying that he would just see if it was a good instrument for accompanying the voice, sang to a plaintive air—

Hopeless I love thee! Knowing too well
That thou art another's. 'Tis Heaven's dire will.
Thy beauty hath kindled in this desolate heart
Adoration unquenchable till death us do part.

Alas, thou art wedded. I must crush out the love
That is yearning towards thee, beautiful dove ;
The love that is quenching all earthly delight ;
The love unrequited, that life e'en doth blight.

Then pity me, desolate, loving thee thus,
Ah, sweetest of passions, forbidden to us ;
Can the bond of the altar cease ere in the grave,
Is there hope for the lover, unwedded, but brave."

This wretched doggrel concluded, he asked me, in the most complacent manner possible, if I 'did not think it pretty.' The music was, and I replied in the affirmative, though I believe he made up the words as he went along. He remarked, as he took up his topee to go, that the piano was very much out of tune, and with my permission he would come over the following day and see to it. Of course I could only thank him for his kindness, though I begged him not to take the trouble. Thus things went on. He came twice a day for four days afterwards, always on some pretext or other which at the time seemed sufficient excuse, but on the fifth morning, clever tactician as he was, he omitted to come, knowing that I should be likely to expect him, from the mere fact of his having been every day previously, for habit is, as we all know, second nature. I did miss him, left all alone by my unfeeling husband. His rattling talk, his exquisite performances on the piano, his agreeable remarks on my good taste and beauty, all were missed ; and when he sent round in the afternoon to say he was ill, 'he thought it must be a slight sun-stroke from having been out so much in the morning lately,' I really felt quite concerned, and as if I was partly to blame for his illness, and I looked forward to seeing him again that we might sing some more duets together. The next day he came I noticed a great change in his manner. He was decidedly distant and cold. I was most perplexed.

He said abruptly : 'Is it true, then?'

'True ! Is what true ?'

'That you ridiculed me cruelly to a brother officer yesterday ; that you said you disliked me, nay, that you despised me ;—in short, that you did not care for me, and this while I was on a bed of sickness ?'

'Certainly not,' I said, indignant at anybody having so hurt his feelings.

'You do, then,' he exclaimed, 'you do care for me. Oh, angelic Ada, say it again,' and in a moment he had encircled my waist with his arm and was passionately kissing me.

'Halloa !' cried my husband, who entered at this moment.

[*To be continued.*]

Oxford Reviewed.

PART I.

No keen observer of human nature can fail to be impressed, after a short stay in Oxford, with the peculiar air of unreality that pervades the place. From the cabman who has brought him from the station and managed to obtain double his fare without making any demand at all, to the enormously 'got-up' exquisites who saunter down the High Street as if their legs did not belong to them; from the staid University Don, who, with mien severe and books under arm, dodges about like a fitful spirit, to the athletic undergraduate, who, clothed like a mediæval sumpter mule, sniffs the air with all the eagerness of a broken-winded race-horse; from big to little, from old to young, all are unreal, all are artificial.

As there is no such thing as effect without cause, it may not be out of place, in 'The Dark Blue' to attempt to examine and enquire into the cause or causes of the characteristic of Oxford life that we have just described—a characteristic that we feel is but the outward symptom of a disease that is so deep and of such long standing that all who discover its existence, apparently appalled by its magnitude, either flee from it and disown it, or attempt by tin-pot measures of relief to restore that which is radically wrong.

In our opinion, the primary cause of this sad blot on our principal educational system is owing to the fact that Oxford is emphatically not a University at all, and is really nothing more than a highly respectable and antiquated institution, of which one cannot even say that it has conserved its original and proper purpose. Where are the crowds of students who once collected by the banks of the Isis to receive instruction from distinguished professors, and to pursue a course of quiet study? Gone—while their place has been taken by a generation richer in purse, though not in intellect, who excuse their utter indifference to study by asserting that their friends or parents merely desired them to go to college to be socially rubbed down, and not for the purpose of cramming their brains

with a mass of rubbish which will never stand them any stead in future life. Where are the professors and teachers who once drew even kings and princes to their feet to listen to their words of instruction and wisdom? Gone—while their place has been taken by men whose one object in life is ease and good living, and whose soul-chilling, enervating influence pollutes and even poisons such healthy intellects as may by chance stray among them.

A few men, indeed, may, and perhaps have, by a combined process of physical starvation and intellectual hot-housing, astonished the nation and the world by their eccentricity; but the fact remains that Oxford year by year does emphatically and distinctly fail to send out eminent barristers, medical men, historians, clergymen, literary men, in any number. There are, to be sure, certain political gentlemen who claim a connection with the University, and who are usually pointed out as the product of a grand system of liberal education, somewhat in the same way that itinerant vendors of fruit conceal the inferiority of their wares by covering them up with a little decent-looking but tasteless stuff that they have obtained elsewhere.

The men who work at all do so from compulsion alone. They are either compelled by the force of circumstances to make a living, and hence struggle with their fellows for the greatest share of the loaves and fishes, obtaining sometimes a certain ephemeral reputation which they soon take care themselves to dissipate by a life of subsequent inertion; or they are compelled, by such lax discipline as there exists in the place, to go through a modicum of work that will entitle them to take up a position of intellectual superiority through life, and will cause them to look back upon what they are pleased to call their University career as a period of great self-denial and intellectual exertion.

The whole system, with its tumble-down colleges, antiquated halls and chapels; its fellowships, proctors, and examinations; its athletics, restricted society, and bad food; its Jesuitical terrorism and utter license; its sanctity and body-worship; its clever tradesmen and eccentric philosophy; its renegade politicians and broken-down servants; its duns and poisoned drinks; its villanous tobacco and bad drainage; its mammon-worship and irreligion; its Stigginses and Micawbers—is a hydra-headed monstrosity, which is doing its best, backed up by certain other peculiarities of our glorious Constitution, to undermine and sap the little physical and intellectual health we possess.

As this article was undertaken from a conviction that an honest patriot will first expose a sore that he perceives is ruining his country, and will then proceed to find remedies for it, so we would draw aside the curtain and reveal a system we abhor, in all its hideousness, and then would suggest remedies, giving all their proper due

—remedies that we believe, with proper application, would transform this whited sepulchre, this charnel-house of old bones, into an earthly paradise, where the streams of knowledge would flow unpolluted by external influences, and giving healthful life to all who, entering in, would fain recline upon their verdant sloping banks and gently drink.

We will now proceed to investigate somewhat more definitely the principal causes to which the present degraded position of the University is due. We will enumerate them in the order of their importance:

1. *The system of election to Fellowships, or principal prizes of the University.*
2. *The system of examination, or means of granting degrees.*
3. *The system of credit adopted by the University tradesmen.*
4. *The system of University society.*
5. *The system of compulsory attendance at chapel.*
6. *The system of college expenditure.*
7. *The system of athletic exercise.*
8. *The system of Proctors, or University Police.*
9. *The system of physical nourishment, or food system.*

The above nine systems pretty well comprise the whole structure, management, and routine of the University, and in our opinion constitute the chief abuses. We will commence this portion of our article by investigating the

'*System of election to Fellowships, or principal prizes of the University,*' which we have placed first in order of importance because it is this system which, we believe, gives the principal tone to the University. A Fellowship is worth from two to three hundred, or even more, pounds per annum, and, with the exception that it disappears on marriage or necessitates the taking of holy orders, is untrammelled by any other condition except mere physical existence. Sometimes, but not always, a Tutorship is united to a Fellowship in unholy matrimony, the result being generally feeble, as is the case usually in all improper connections. We will now consider what class of men become Fellows, by what means they do so, and what becomes of them when they have done so. The class of men who become Fellows comprises, as a rule, most of the really clever and diligent members of the University—men who have made proper use of the opportunities placed before them, and have had, in addition, the good fortune or the morality to avoid the many pitfalls that beset their course. Generally these men have been impressed from their youth with the necessity of making their own way in life, and hence, pursuing a definite system, they strain every possible nerve to obtain as many of the chief prizes as possible. So far so good. But

when we come to enquire what use these men make of the prizes they have obtained, we find the result simply lamentable. Whether it be the system of competition by which they have obtained, not only their Fellowship, but even in many cases their education itself, or whether it be that intercourse with men who are dilatory and inert has enervated them; be it what it will, one cannot help confessing that the result is disappointing. For ourselves we are of opinion that the candidates for Fellowships—that is, men who from an early period work in the hope of obtaining such a prize—look upon it as the end and very object of their lives, promising themselves a certain amount of ease and competence when they have attained it, as an additional incentive to labour. Thus they utterly ignore and stultify the whole purpose of an University education, which they forget is intended to prepare a man for a future career of activity in life, and was never ordained to be a finality, which attained, one might rest and be thankful. The Fellows to whom we are now alluding are almost in all cases guilty of that dire crime, 'absenteeism'—that is, they draw their income from the revenues of the College where they obtained their Fellowship, and having signed a receipt for the money, or, in some cases, not even that, they consider that they have contributed their proper quota to the maintenance of the University. Of such, the College of Magdalen affords many distinguished examples; in fact, almost until lately, the number of Fellows was in excess of the number of resident Undergraduates. Some Fellows there certainly are who live away from Oxford, and yet sustain the honour and reputation of their University by pursuing lives of great activity at the bar, or in the world of letters.

Still even these are very few in number, and are almost all so well off that they could most easily afford to dispense with the income derived from the University. The other great division of 'Fellows' consists of the resident Fellows or Tutors—men who, to a very great extent, form the teaching establishment of the University. As a rule, these enter upon their new phase of life with some energy, with some desire to do their duty, and in some cases even with a hope of introducing reforms in places where they may deem such desirable. For a time they struggle and lead a most precarious and uncomfortable existence among their older companions, till, finding themselves in a most inglorious minority, they become content with theory, and avoid practice. This course they find most satisfactory. By saying much and doing little, they to a certain extent do not forfeit the good opinion of that mysterious body the 'College,' while they still retain a reputation for advanced thought and liberal opinion. This they support either by communicating to a select few—generally undergraduates—their opinions, under a faithful promise of silence; or they raise a fearful din at meetings of the Uni-

versity by proposing to alter 'ad haec' to 'ad hoc' in Statute XLVIII.; while, should they be in good spirits and confident of success, they have been known to summon up courage sufficient to propose that 'ad haec' be left out altogether. In time, however, the requisite energy for such stupendous administrative struggles fails them, and they join the drones, having learnt by experience that in an institution like Oxford 'to kick against the pricks' is not conducive to self-interest. Yet let us be just. There are a few—alas, a very few—who, by continuing to work after they have been elected to a Fellowship, show that they are in reality students; there are also a few—or rather there were, for the University has disestablished and disendowed them by some means or other—who have had both the moral courage and the energy to continue raising their voices against a state of things they saw clearly was rotten to the core.

The means by which men are elected to Fellowships, and what becomes of them after election, are questions that are most closely connected together. A notice is issued that College A or B intends electing a Fellow from members of the University who are properly qualified. On certain days duly announced beforehand, examinations are held by means of papers of questions, and according to the written answers one of the candidates is selected. At first sight, nothing would appear to be more fair, and no means possibly better calculated to ensure a satisfactory result. We have, however, to remember that the teaching establishment of each College is entirely composed of men elected to Fellowships in the manner we have described above, and we have also to remember that the ability of writing a good written answer does not always go hand in hand with the power of imparting the same information orally—in other words, with the power of lecturing. This is a fact, and a fact that is only too patent at Oxford. Let any man make a tour of inspection through the various Colleges, and he will find the lecturing power of the Tutors absolutely microscopic. Now, we hold, and we think rightly too, that a man, though knowing twice as much as another, yet able only to impart a third of his knowledge while the other can impart nearly the whole, is, as far as the purposes of tuition are concerned, the inferior man of the two. Let us suppose, however, matters as they are, and let us consider briefly the present work performed by the Tutors. Glance but at the list of College Lectures that hangs by the gate, and the facts strike you at once. You are astonished at the paucity of teachers for so many men, and at the same time wonder at the versatility of a Tutor who takes a class of Euripides from 10 to 11, and lectures on philosophy from 11 to 12. The average number of men assigned to one Tutor is about 25, while in some cases it is even more. At Exeter there is but one mathematical lecturer for the whole

College of more than 150 men. The evils of this condition are enormous, but as the condition itself is caused by the absurdly low standard fixed by the University authorities as sufficient for obtaining a degree, we will speak of them elsewhere. That one and the same man, and that man, by his very position, one of exceptional power, should be occupied in teaching not only the highest portions of any one form of study, but at the same time the very rudiments as well, appears to us absurd, except on the supposition that the highest portions have been engrafted in the system of tuition as an afterthought, and have as yet no truly-defined and satisfactory status. We may as well state here, before we progress any further, that the examinations for the pass degree at Oxford are a most disgraceful and disreputable farce, and that the social position occupied by men who have taken such a degree has most distinctly been obtained by false pretences. We will give only one instance of this. At one of the pass examinations for moderation, the mathematical examiner had after much reluctance consented to give a second paper to all men who obtained twenty-five marks out of a hundred. One man had only reached a total of twenty-one; procured by scraping together all that was possible. The examiner refused to give him a second paper, but enormous pressure was put upon him by the other examiners to pass the ignoramus. Luckily he remained firm, and the man was rejected. To point the story still more, it should be remembered that the examination alluded to is one that many intelligent boys of sixteen at a public school would pass with ease. If it must remain a part of the system that legions of the great unread are to find a temporary haven of rest at Oxford, to be again emitted after a period, like half-hatched chickens with but their heads and legs protruding from their shells of ignorance, then let the University be consistent and hire a gross or so of national schoolmasters, whose experience will best enable them to deal with this mass of intellectual incapables. In that case we shall not have our best classics dragging a class of men through thirty lines of Homer by main force, to the great trial of their health and temper, nor should we see a mathematical genius engaged in showing that $(x + y)^2 = x^2 + 2xy + y^2$; a fact that his audience, as a rule, forget on the morrow, being no doubt so over-weighted with knowledge that like with carriers' vans, little things will drop off occasionally. There can be no possible doubt but that the course pursued at present must exhaust the Tutors fearfully. It may be argued that change and variety are healthy, but surely not such change and variety. To jump from the highest to the lowest, or from the lowest to the highest form of study, as the College clock strikes the hour—for the men are very punctual in departing from a lecture—must be a mental strain that will in time considerably impair the intellect and of a surety ruin the temper. Of the latter result we are absolutely convinced. To

sum up this portion of the paper we would say that the Tutors are not selected properly. Secondly, that when selected, they are badly treated, and compelled by the noxious atmosphere of the University to pull with the majority, though it be to their own certain destruction. We would now, in conformity with the plan we proposed at the outset, suggest remedies for such portion of the evil as we have already laid bare.

I. No Fellow who does not become a Tutor should hold his Fellowship more than five years.

II. No Fellow who does not become a Tutor should be expected to work more than twenty-five years, after which time he should give up his Fellowship, and receive a pension from the College funds; or if they are insufficient from the University chest.

III. No Fellow should be compelled to take Holy Orders.

IV. The Junior Fellows should take the whole of the Pass work for a time till they become Senior.

V. The number of Tutors should be increased in every College.

As regards the first of the proposed reforms, it is self-evident that a man who is not a Tutor is engaged, or at any rate, ought to be, in some other occupation. If he be not engaged in some other occupation, there can be no possible argument for continuing his Fellowship longer, except it be that a spell of hard work has entitled him at the age of twenty-three to lead a life of reckless ease and inertion. Should he be engaged in some other occupation, he ought to be in a position by the end of five years to dispense with his Fellowship. He ought, either as a barrister, or as a doctor, or as an artist, or as a literary man, to be earning sufficient to be enabled to give up the income derived from the University. To say that a man might probably not have reached such a position is to beg the question. He most distinctly ought. Has he not, by numberless competitive examinations, been chosen the favoured child of the whole system; and if he has had the ability, energy, and moral courage to be successful in all these struggles at school and college, are we to suppose that he will not have the ability, energy, and moral courage to succeed in the struggle of life itself? There is one point that may perhaps be urged, and that occurs to us here—namely, that this long course of competitive examination has exhausted his energy and ability, and left him a hopeless, helpless wreck. If this is so, then the whole system is even worse than we thought. The mimimnm value of a Fellowship is two hundred pounds; if retained for five years, the sum received by the holder would be one thousand pounds—quite sufficient to start him in life—and at the same time not sufficient as a provision for the whole of his life; compelling him therefore to be active, and hence of further use to the State.

The second of the proposed reforms is one that should be introduced into all governing or corporate bodies. A man who has given the best portion of his life for a certain purpose, especially an educational one, ought, considering that in addition to the twenty-five years he has spent, probably twelve or fifteen in preparation, most certainly not be expected to drudge on longer. There is another great benefit which would result from this reform—namely, promotion would be quicker, and the periodical blocks caused by longevity would not occur.

We know well that it would be objected that neither the Colleges nor the University possess funds sufficient to pension off men after a service of a quarter of a century. That would be the objection; we are, however, of opinion that an enquiry into the income of the Colleges and Universities is not only absolutely necessary, but would also disclose the fact that classics, mathematicians, historians, theologians, scientific men and doctors generally, are certainly not those best calculated to manage money with any degree of satisfaction to anybody, except to those who get the money. But granted even that the resources are insufficient for such a purpose, which we much doubt, then all the members on the books should pay one pound annually towards the pension fund; this would provide sufficient for the object without being a burden to anyone.

The third reform is intended to abolish the nefarious practice of 'going into the Church' for the sake of obtaining all that can be got out of her. Surely no man, unless he feels a distinct calling, an unquenchable desire to be one of God's ministers, should be allowed to go through even so much as the ordination service. It is undoubtedly advisable that there should be a certain number of clergy in the governing body of each College for the proper maintenance of the services of the Church, but as regards any further purpose, we can see none, except it be a rather prevalent idea that a clergyman teaches far better than a layman, of the truth of which we are sceptical.

The fourth reform may be liable to some exception, on the score that men fresh from the schools are best able to teach the higher work of the University. We will not attempt to enter into any disquisition as to the relative merits of the Junior or Senior Fellows, except in so far as to admit that the exception is certainly worth consideration. All we would desire is that the best Tutors be not expected, as they now are, to waste their time and temper over the pass-men.

The fifth reform is a most desirable one, and one that would be followed by most beneficial effects. The Tutors would not be so hard-worked, the men would be better taken care of, a closer connection and greater sympathy would result between them and the men—in fact, the whole of the University would materially benefit by the change.

[*To be continued.*]

The Babinic Republic.

During the reign of King Sigismund Augustus II., an old estate, with the name of Babin, existed in the province Lublin of the kingdom of Poland, that looked so very shaky and dilapidated, that all the travellers who happened to pass it on their journeys could not help making puns on it in connection with its owner. This jocularity had its origin chiefly in the great similarity which the name of the estate had to the words *baba* and *babine*, the former of which means, in the Polish language, an old woman, and the latter, old-womanish. Psomka, the noble owner of Babin, who must very often have heard these jokes, did, however, not get angry, but invited several friends, and exerted his oratorical powers—for which he was famous—to the utmost in the cause of a brotherhood or order of wit, which he intended to institute. His persuasions seem to have been successful, for we hear that the order was founded in 1568, at Babin, under the name of the Babinic Republic, and that Psomka was elected first president. They then, evidently to get their order talked about, gave themselves titles, as if they were members of a veritable Republic, and state ministers, ambassadors, archbishops, chancellors, governors, field-marshals, and a host of other functionaries were elected. Their system of electing was as follows: If anybody in society—at a banquet, at a ball, or in fact anywhere else—said or did anything which was against common sense, truth, or manners, he was declared fit to enter the Babinic Republic, and had given to him a title which stood most in accordance with his faults. For instance: if a person boasted that he had been in the wars, killed numbers of the enemy, and talked about fighting and martial deeds in general, he was elected Field-Marshal of the Forces, or dubbed a Knight of the Golden Spurs; did he talk of metaphysics and other high-flown subjects, and was known to understand nothing about them, he was made an Archbishop; did he converse about state affairs, coufuse one thing with another, and contradict himself repeatedly, he was nominated to the post of Prime Minister or, may be, Secretary

of State for Foreign Affairs; did he ridicule the religion of the nation, he was made a chaplain; did he talk about dogs, horses, hawks, and foxes at unseasonable times, he was forthwith appointed Ranger of the Parks and Forests; did he defend the rights and privileges of the Church very hotly, and advocate the burning the heretics, he was considered best person for Inquisitor *hæreticæ pravitis;* and lastly, did he make puns, and relate things which had no sense nor wit, he was called a Court Jester. We hear that there was no position or rank in the kingdom of Poland that had not its nominal representative in the Babinic Republic.

When a person had been elected, and found willing to join the brotherhood, his patent was drawn up, the great seal of the Republic affixed to it, and handed to him by the proper officials with all the necessary ceremonies and formalities. If a person refused to join their order, which, however, not very often happened, he was persecuted with jeers, derision, and satire till his life was made a burden to him, and he had himself enrolled as a member to obtain peace. If a new candidate was proposed to the Senate, they deliberated for a long time whether to receive him or not. 'We must first hear him speak,' said they, 'that we may judge by his character and appearance what rank in the Republic he is most fit for. Long practice had made the superior officers of this order so skilful as regards human nature that, in the whole kingdom, there was not one who knew the passions of the soul better; no teacher of ethics who could explain more clearly the virtues and vices of man; and no physiognomist who could, by manners and external appearance, tell a person's character more correctly.

After a short time, the influence of this Order of Wit spread so far that either among the ministers, clergy, army, or other professions in the kingdom, there could scarcely be found a person who was not a member of it.

Eventually the king heard of it, and is said to have been highly amused. He asked some members whether they also had a king. Of course they had not, for their order was a Republic. But, nothing daunted, old Psomka, the president, who had a jovial appearance, and could at all times be seen laughing, replied, 'Distant be the day, most illustrious King, on which we shall elect another king while you live; you are, in our order the King." Sigismund Augustus is said to have been delighted at this answer, and to have laughed at Psomka till everybody else laughed too.

If a member spoke insultingly to another, or slandered him, he was expelled as being unfit to assist in governing the Republic. But the one who, without giving offence, made most puns or jokes on another was specially distinguished. Their place of meeting was called *Gelda*, which word

meant, in Danzig (at that time), an inn, or a tavern, but in Poland, a great noise, or a disturbance. As every vice or failing was made by them the object of their ridicule and satire, the order was soon feared and admired by the whole nation. Protected by the order, genius reigned supreme; the then existing coarse wit was refined; the abuses which had entered into the Government were completely abolished, with the help of the brotherhood's satires; the members interested themselves in things of which they formerly had spoken much but understood nothing; the one learnt from the other by the mutual interchange of ideas; and they had in their order the most learned men of the kingdom to refer to in cases of doubt or dispute.

Thus we see that at this time the Babinic Republic did some good. The president, Psomka, and the next in office, Petras Cassovius, are frequently mentioned as being, in their old age, universally respected and beloved for their good humour, intelligence, and wit. No banquet or wedding was thought to be complete without these two jovial patriarchs, and people came long distances out of their way for the purpose of conversing with them.

After the death of Psomka, some nobles, at a dinner, commanded a poet to write an epitaph, in which the first president's virtues and deeds were faithfully enumerated; but no copy of it has been handed down to us.

Long before the end of the Eighteenth Century not a member of the Babinic Republic existed. The original intelligent men gradually disappeared, and their places were filled up by low illiterate buffoons, who brought their Republic rapidly to ruin.

'So Very Human.' [1]

At the present time when so much flimsy writing is placed before the public under the head of fiction,—words founded on some case in a court of law; tales of domestic and often uninteresting life, spiced with sensational and impossible episodes; books with no purpose and no meaning; it is a relief to turn to an earnest work, such as 'So Very Human.' The author of this work is terribly in earnest, in exposing the vices, and we may add the crimes of the age. The pictures of life he draws are perhaps not very comforting, but no one who examines them carefully, can deny their truth, or fail to admire the manner of the painting. The cynic, the egotist, the rogue, and the lawyer are ruthlessly and powerfully exposed; and there is a fearlessness in the exposure, which unfortunately for humanity, finds its justification in truth and facts.

The book may indeed be called one of facts, for the genuineness of the characters cannot be doubted; and the incidents of the story are nearly all such as we either hear of or see in every day life.

The story, a very exciting and interesting one, is almost subsistent to the pictures of social life and character which are disseminated through the book, and in which the great power and observation of the writer are seen to best advantage.

The book opens with a graphic description of a rich parvenu's household, where Blanche, the heroine of the tale, is a governess. This wealthy self-made man is mercilessly shown as he mostly is, and not as the outer world, ever ready to admire success, sees him. He is 'grasping, cunning, ostentatious, and avaricious; brutal as the associations of his origin, unscrupulous as the means of his success.' His family are worthy of him in vulgarity, conceit, and ignorance; and Blanche, a lady by birth and education, has to submit to the torture which vulgar breeding and ignorance inflicts on the gentle and helpless. She, however, finds a deliverer in the person of Authur Aubrey, a man of fortune and good taste, but, as he proves, subsequently, a man without character or even common sense. They are married, and the reader is then introduced to fashionable London society.

[1] 'A Tale of the Present Day.' In Three Vols. By Alfred Bate Richards. (Chapman & Hall.)

The wits, the fools, the common-place folk, the jumble of puppets which constitute society, and dance to the wires pulled by the leaders of fashion, are here admirably described, and Aubrey's residence in Queen's Square is typical of its close. This chapter is one of the best in the book. It is drawn with almost vexatious correctness, and we can quite understand the host and hostess exclaiming after one of their fashionable drums, 'Thank Heaven! They are all gone.'

But Aubrey is fond of society, and although he may say to his wife, after a weary reception, when his guests have departed:

> They are all gone, all the vain and cold-hearted;
> The jewelled, and feathered, and dyed.
> Now the last smiling wretch has departed,
> Come hither love, sit by my side!

he is too heartless and feeble to eschew the society he moves in, and continues giving routes and fashionable drums, until he is hopelessly involved in pecuniary difficulties.

But this unfortunate result is not entirely caused by his recklessness and extravagance. The lawyers have a finger in this pie, and how these gentlemen assist Aubrey in demolishing his fortune, is minutely and graphically explained. We follow one of them to the 'Escurial,' a visit which leads to the introduction of 'Kitty Dareall,' one of the strongest characters in the book. She is at that time a forlorn being on the arid waste of London pavements, but still possessed of womanly feeling and a tender heart. How she reforms, becomes a celebrated actress, falls in love, obtains wealth, and eventually devotes her life and fotune to doing good, is admirably told, and the story of Kate Dareall's life is one of the best in the book. We cannot do better than quote the author's description of her, when at the height of her success on the London stage.

'Her form was slight but rounded; her head small, and placed on her slender throat with admirable poise; and her hands and feet, the latter cased in a small pair of white mocassins, embroidered with moose-hair by Indian skill, were of the most delicate proportions and shape. Her mass of light-brown hair, which was shot, silk-like, with a golden hue, was thrown off the face and formed into a roll behind, confined by a simple stiletto of gold, in a style which a sea-nymph's toilet could not have surpassed in perfect but unstudied grace. The expression of her large grey eyes were most peculiar. At one moment they had an almost animal-like vivacity and brightness, reminding the gazer involuntarily of a tawny pard; at another they had a soft and beseeching look, which might have been worn by Helen when she besought favour and forgiveness at old Priam's hands. Then there were rare moments, when an intense melancholy which shadowed her whole aspect, filled those grey orbs with an undefinable tenderness, so sympathetic and so sorrowful, that you could not help thinking of what Beatrice Cenci might have been had her young life been spared, when dreamily gazing in some conventual retreat at the dark cypresses and pines bordering her garden walk in the glowing sunset of an Italian eve. But these moments were rare indeed, and those who were privileged to witness them were few. Her general expression was one of extreme archness and gaiety, mingled with *mutinerie* and

daring. The shape of her nose was quite suited to give effect to this expression. It was a Greek nose spoiled for the purposes of classical sculpture by being slightly *retroussé*; but we can venture to say that no one would have wished it to preserve a severer regularity of outline. Her mouth too, was a trifle wide, at least so it seemed by the breadth and fullness of her lower lip. It was, perhaps, a slightly sensual mouth; but curved with the sweetest good nature. Her teeth were exquisitely pearly and regular; her brow wide, but by no means lofty. This arose from no want of intellectual development, but from the simple fact that her hair grew low. Her complexion was clear, but not dazzlingly white. If we were to search for a poetical comparison we should prefer calling it ivory rather than alabaster in its hue. But the colour of her cheeks, which never increased much, though it might and did vanish sometimes, leaving a forlorn wanness in its place, was like that of a winter rose, or the pink inside of a sea-shell. Altogether, we have been most forcibly reminded of her by one of those *statuettes en biscuit* which we see now so often in the shop-windows—one of a girl with head thrown back and arms stretched behind her; a saucy, provoking, mischievous, laughing demoiselle, infinitely more attractive than Joan of Arc, and other statuettes without turned-up noses, and bewitching coquetry of attitude and expression.'

No wonder Aubrey, like many others, is attracted by the brilliant actress, and allows infatuation to carry him so far as to drive her down to Richmond in his carriage, an indiscretion which one of the characters takes an opportunity of commenting on within the hearing of Mrs. Aubrey, who has become blind. Wounded love and jealousy lead Blanche to despair, and she determines on taking a desperate and fatal step, namely, that of committing suicide. She finds her way, blind and despairing, to Westminster Bridge, and throws herself into the river. But she is saved from the death she had sought by the courageous exertions of the Downy Cove, a quite original, but a good-hearted, well-intentioned fellow. An Arab of the streets, but not a snob; ready to risk his own life to save others, willing and anxious to serve others, and doing good in his own humble way to all except himself.

The Downy Cove is a pleasant 'bloke' to meet, and plays a not unimportant part in the story of Aubrey's life. After the rescue Mrs. Aubrey finds herself in the hands of Kate Dareall, who tenderly cares for her. She recovers her sight, and lives to become a renowned singer. In after years, while stopping at an hotel near the Westminster Bridge, a fire breaks out in the house and she is rescued by a wretched being, himself on the point of committing suicide, who is no other than her husband.

Arthur Aubrey's character is exceedingly well drawn. He is weak in character, though kind-hearted and well-meaning, and irresolute to the last. Even when on the bridge and determined to end a useless and miserable existence, his purpose is altered by a cry of 'Fire!' and he rushes off to the conflagration, where indeed he finds his wife, and loses his eye-sight.

Aubrey is not the only weak man we meet in the course of the story.

Mr. Richards delights in showing up the feebleness of the so-called sterner sex. Sir Harry Luckless is good-natured but weak, and even the flinty old lawyer has a soft corner which, however, is only known to a certain person who inhabits the 'Groves of the Evangelist.' The women on the other hand, are nearly all fine and admirable characters. But all the personages are drawn with photographic minuteness. The contrast between light and shade in the pictures is always strong, perhaps too strong sometimes, yet everything that is said is true, and very human. We have society shown to us without the superficial gilding of humbug, with which we delight to cover it, and we have human hearts and minds with human motives and feelings. Not that humanity is shown as altogether bad, for there are bright pages radiant with kindness and goodness; but some among the social crowd are painted in dark, very dark colours.

We do not think the police, especially the London police, deserve quite so much correction as Mr. Richards seems to infer. He has not always minutely weighed the amount of error, but whenever he has found grave abuse he has denounced it with a relentless and powerful hand.

Mr. Richards is not, however, without a vein of humour, and some of his pictures are as comic as they are real. For instance, what more perfect could be said of the genus 'butler,' as represented by a pompous individual of that class who had fattened on the best of aristocratic crumbs, than the following:

'It was curious how he quartered himself, as it were, on the shields of the great families with whom he happened to be successfully identified in pursuing the duties of his profession. On these occasions, when speaking of their heraldic pretensions, he would say: "We bear a cock rampant on a chevron gules," or, "Our motter is 'Nomen et numen,' though what new men has to do with it I don't exactly see." Or, "Our fammerly came in with the Conqueror." Or, "This house is of Scotch extraction. We are lineally descended from the Haggis of Haggis, twice hintermarried with the well-known barrownites of Brose." There was something sublime in this elevation to heraldic blazonry and genealogical lore on the part of Bigsby, when we consider that he was liable at any time to be compelled to provide himself with a new coat-of-arms at a month's warning.'

'So Very Human' will stand as a book to be consulted hereafter as a description of the state of society in the days we live in. Powerful diction, wide grasp of subjects, and accurate descriptive power, are some among the many qualities of the writer. Not that the book is free from blemishes or faults. It would not be 'so very human' if it were. It wants in polish at times, and artistic taste. The materials are clumsily, though strongly, put together, and the structure is rugged and rough. But when we examine it closely, we find that all the elements used in the construction are sound and durable. Above all, it is an earnest book, and whatever its failings may be in an artistic point of view, the feelings expressed are those of a generous and chivalric mind, ready to

support the down-trodden and do battle for the weak against the strong. The author may be a little severe at times; but if his criticisms are merciless, they are directed against the strong and unscrupulous. The weak woman or poor street Arab are comforted with words of charity and mercy. Speaking of the poor, we quote the following:

'What are the enjoyments of the poor? None, literally none; save those which are blistered by Sin and Shame, and breathed on by Death. You, legislators and Pharisees, who take such a morose delight in worrying with over-legislation those who have so little to solace the toils and miseries of life, what is it that inspires your selfish aims? You would ruin the trade of the respectable licensed victualler by robbing the poor man of the means of refreshment and necessary sustenance, through the iniquitous restriction of your arbitrary laws. You make his Sunday a day of morose impiety, a day sacred to drink and blasphemy; drink within legal and stated hours for drunkenness, and blasphemy throughout all, from haggard morn to ghastly night. You carefully and piously close every institution that could possibly instruct and divert his mind, while you loll in your clubs and carriages, quaff your claret at any hour of the Lord's day, indulge in swinish gluttony, and finish with cards or a "little music," which the most decent or hypocritical sinners among you call "sacred," with an effrontery which makes your servants grin and your sons and daughters smile over the hollowness of your hearts. The very waste in your kitchens would provide all the hungry wretches in your cities with a meal; yet you deny it, and give it not. Lo! on your palace-roofs and house-tops brood vast phantoms of vengeance, sitting darkly with closed wings, until the hour arrives, as vultures await a feast, after the encounter of armed hosts.'

The book will be read with deep interest by all classes of readers, who will find in its pages many incidents of vivid reality, and numerous amusing anecdotes amid the serious chapters about serious things. The pictures of life are so true that, in closing the book, the reader will exclaim, as we do, '*How very human!*'

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'ZILLAH.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

APRIL, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION II.

ISRAEL TORRIANO stood on the Neapolitan shore, looking into the darkling night, and catching eagerly at the sparkling flashes of spray, which the fitful gleams of the rising moon created on the heaving waves. The slightest manifestations of beauty in the natural world attracted him, and for it would he at any moment forget that other world which *man* has created on earth; a world in which he is momentarily, hourly, and daily wringing with the divine for human existence; even in its utilitarian aims is a constant fusion of earth and heaven; of love and hate; of selfishness and devotion; of despotism and equalisation! For all these moral struggles there existed little sympathy in Israel; they appeared to him paltry, egotistical, and frivolous; while he could embrace in thought the heavens, and wander among those starry existences there beyond; yearning to know the intentions of the Creator. Faugh! what had he to do with the creature? His own creature-necessities were abhorrent to him, and to be got rid of at the easiest. Could men and women not walk the earth in the spiritual guise of beings whose very longings reach into the infinite; for dream they not of a life beyond? Then why such gross preparation here for that life?

Israel had forgotten himself; those streaks of pale golden light were drawing him away from the earth.

'Per bacco, Señor; non potete vedere?' called some one to him, stumbling over Israel towards the shore. 'Hoi, qui, qui—Jacopo, sei surdo?'

Israel gathered up his bodily self, and clutched at the intruder.

'Eh, eh, che volete? Amico mio, lasciate mi, presto, presto.'

Israel was in the first actual encounter in his life; human pugnacity would have its way. He shook the other, a tall big man, and sent him sprawling a couple of yards off.

The very moment Israel regained however his serenity, he walked towards his unknown foe, and helped him to rise.

The man said not a word, but hurried to the sea, where a small coasting vessel lay alongside. Three other men jumped from it; something was handed to Israel's antagonist, who rushed off back inland with it.

Israel went up to the three; they looked daring and odd; not quite like the Neapolitans he had seen, but of duskier colour, as far as he could observe in the struggling moonlight.

'Where do you go to? Do you stop here?' he asked in his odd Italian.

'Oh! no, get away as quick as possible; all along by Sardinia and the Balearics; we go to Spain.'

'Will you take me with you?'

'Where's the pello?' meaning the money.

'Here—is this enough?' He reached them four gold pieces.

Their eyes sparkled, not because it was enough, but because where it came from their might be more.

'Bene! bene! Señor.'

They helped him in; Israel was evidently inclined to leave the little luggage he had brought to Naples, behind.

The sound of footsteps was approaching; the men let go the rope hastily and the little craft drifted out into the world of blue waters. What cared Israel Torriano, the great eastern banker, if they were respectable people or not, with whom he was; they were in his eyes better a thousand times than those detestably fussy folks on the regular steamers whose belongings were their gods. Anyhow, in this smuggling-boat, there were no boxes, no baggage, no arrangements, no calls and orders; he lay down in the bottom on a coarse woollen coverlet, and indulged in the delicious sense that he had got rid of every-day life among men, and could think, speculate, and gaze as he chose. The three men, and a boy they had with them, crouched at the other end, handling their light shell with the ease of clever mariners.

The boy began a Spanish barcarola, and one of the men joined him; the rich mellow sounds swam away into the air, and gave Israel a dreamy idea that he was being carried to some haven of rest out of the world. There he lay, his wide open eyes staring up into the moonlit skies, his soul entranced with anxious longings for that beyond, where alone he

would find the life of his 'Master,' where alone he could mingle his own existence with that of other higher existences, where the body would not for ever be the prominent portion, asking loudly to have its wants supplied, and subduing the spirit by its demands.

And poor Rebecca? Ah! while Israel Torriano imagined only himself in connection with the infinite, he forgot the finite; he forgot or did did not even think of the beautifully formed cousin, whose heart, brimful of the images of rich Italian poetry, had had a glimpse of that earthly heaven, 'love' between the sexes. Poor Rebecca leant on her window sill, and sent her heart's desires after that image that had risen before her in such exquisite manly beauty, and had vanished as quickly. The whole world seemed dark to her; Sarah called in vain, her father rebuked in vain; Rebecca sat on through the night, and in that night a new life, a new hope, a new rest struggled within her, and the shut leaves of her soul-life, gently, gently unfolded and discovered as rich a calix as ever was owned by mortal. Sweet holy Rebecca; a grace granted but to few was being given to thee!

* * * * * * *

Israel had fallen asleep in his boat; the air had become stifling and sultry, vapours had risen, as coming from volcanoes underneath, and had impregnated the atmosphere with sulphurous particles. The moon hid away, the stars glimmered but here and there, and man's wicked moods were in the ascendant.

The men in the craft whispered to the boy, who slid dextrously to the young Jew's side and rifled his pockets; from it he brought a purse, which they counted.

'Not enough to take and throw him overboard.'

What then? Who was this handsome man? Suddenly, the boy jumped up; a paper, on it was written, 'Israel Torriano to Anton Torriano, Paris.'

The boy eagerly said to the men:

'I know who he is; they expected an Eastern rich man in Naples, where my uncle steals when he can, and where my cousins beg, at the Jews in the villa. It is he! It is he! Maestro it's a prize; let us pinion him.'

'No, no, restore the purse, we shall see. Santa Maria madre sia benedetta, una tella fortuna!'

'Ah! I like the gipsies best, they don't praise their gods when they rob or murder; they do it quietly, business like. Bah! I'm cleverer than you three, I'm half a gipsy, tho' my father is the privileged beggar at the Monastry of Guiseppe, and my mother the fortune-teller of the great ladies in the Toledo. The padrone and the padrona spend it be-

tween them, and I have to shift for myself. But *I* don't call upon Santa Maria madre—bah !'

Israel moved uneasily; the men and boy drew away from him, and by the time the young Jew opened his eyes not the slightest trace was left that he had been undergoing an examination at their hands.

And the boat passed along over those Mediterranean waves, that have seen the birth of the greatest ancient nations, and have borne on their eternally crested waves the Phœnician navigators, the Greek colonists, the Carthagenian merchants, the Roman world-conquerors, the Moorish armies, the crusading knights, the Venetian and Genoese ships of commerce, the Popish subsidiaries, the Spanish gold-laden vessels, the French Republican forces, the English men-of-war, and the last phase of national development, the floating flags of 'United Italy.' In what great human revolution have those Mediterranean waves not had a share? What tales of joy and anguish can they not tell? And now, while bearing along Israel Torriano, they carried on their billows one of the few originally thinking minds of modern times, a mind daring enough to look for principles in teaching forms, for truth in carrying them out, for purity and equalisation in the relations of life. Ah, for those much dimmed humane lessons of Jesus the Nazarene!

It was so easy for Israel to satisfy his wants, that his pocket mostly supplied them; he rose, as the morning breeze was wafted towards him, and regardless of those near him, stood up in real adoration, stretching forth his arms to the great spiritual power whose signs men ignore, though they can perceive them daily and hourly for their enlightenment; though they shine brightly in the faint morning flush, and softer in the evening's dusky red.

The day wore on; it became hot, and still the boat was swiftly borne along by eastern winds. The men had evidently altered their course; they held aloof from all signs of land, and were steering round the southern points of the island of Sardinia; here they calculated whether their provisions were sufficient for a certain number of days, and then communicated with Israel. Would he share with them? They had bread, figs, salt meat, onions, and wine. Israel looked at the bread and the figs and turned from the rest, but necessity sways the universe, and before the day was out his insufferable thirst had made him taste for the first time in his life the fermented liquor of the Spanish grape. His milk, dates, and bread were gone, and he had humbly to own that it is a duty to maintain existence!

The winds were propitious, and the small vessel fled towards Spain. Israel had resigned himself to the hospitality of the mariners, and now and then, what with Italian and Spanish, entered into conversation with them.

He found they were smugglers, hardy, uncompromising rogues, to whom a small business in the matter of doing away with a few specimens of humanity was nothing; who understood little of his visions when he expanded on the loveliness of the sea view around them, and who were devoid of all other religious or moral knowledge, but that of devoutly crossing themselves before an image of Santa Maria madre. The boy, however, pressed close to him, and looked up into his face confidingly, the natural cunning of his mind giving way before a genuine touch of greatness.

Days passed; they ran at last into a small creek in the south of Andalusia, not far from Malaga. Violent consultations had been going on in a jargon Israel did not understand. The boy had taken no part, he had only listened attentively.

In the grey of the morning the party stepped on Spanish soil; with a rush two of the men threw themselves on Israel, pinioned and gagged him, and thrust him back into the boat. The boy was sent off somewhere at full speed. It was not very comfortable to be in such a position, but Israel, though in actual pain, bore it resignedly; to him recurred for ever and ever greater sufferings, more exquisite tortures. What was he, that his life should be free from them? God's sky was still above him, consoling, refreshing, and inexpressibly charming in its mute, infinite expanse. The whole hot day the rich Jew lay at the mercy of some Spanish smugglers, exhausted by thirst and hunger; towards night peculiar prolonged whistles were heard. Suddenly the boy ran up and was immediately followed by a posse of odd looking —Spanish gipsies.

Again consultations, angry whisperings, finally complete understanding. Israel was carried off on a litter. The boy slipped from his masters and suddenly joined the group. He went up to the litter, stroked Israel's hands, wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and drew the gag from his mouth slily, making a sign to him not to speak. Then he passed some pieces of bread dipped in wine between his lips, and, under some strong emotion, kissed the pinioned hands. Such a look rewarded him! The boy put his finger on his lips and hastened to the side of the bearers, who were just bawling out what he was doing there. He remained, however, master of the situation; a threatening movement with his fist showed that he knew too much to be treated badly.

It was complete night; they had traversed hilly ground, that became wilder and more romantic in appearance as they proceeded.

A long low whistle, once, twice, thrice; they broke upon a gipsy camp. What a characteristic scene! Half-a-dozen loosely raised tents, under the shadows of almost tropical trees; large chestnuts, a few date

palms and olive copses shrouded the camp from view. Big aloes and cactuses stretched their prickly arms like an entertwining hedge around it, and the scent of a thousand sweet heath plants and wild flowers impregnated the air. Low glimmering fires burnt here and there; dusky groups of children and women stood about, and men lay negligently by the fires, smoking and sulkily chatting together. The procession was received quietly enough, and Israel taken to one of the largest tents; it had evidently been prepared; there was only an old woman crouching on the floor within.

'The blessed child of Israel is come,' she crooned; 'but he has sorrow in his horoscope, sorrow for others, for the women wherever he goes.'

'Hold your noise, mother,' broke out the most important of the men, 'and attend to business. This man wants looking after.'

'May I do it?' said the boy, who had pressed with the others into the tent. 'Come now, let me do it; I gave the information who he was, I have a right to it.'

'Threaten, you young braggard; be off, or I'll chuck you in the well.'

'No you won't—remember Zillah.'

'Wretched, insolent little brute! I'll not let you come here again.'

'Who'll do the smuggling information?'

'Imp!' the man walked away, but turned round again; 'Mother, let Pedro be with thee?'

'Pedro is the right hand of the tribe—young, sly, and wily, Pedro—the Neapolitan serpent. Pedro, thy horoscope is entangled in his,' mumbled the old woman.

'I knew it.'

'How?'

'Something here,' laying his hand on his heart, 'gave a big jump, when I saw him; I knew he would be my master and I should be his slave.'

'Great is his name, great is his soul, great is his power—Pedro, greater still is the evil he will cause to the women—till the last will be like the first and he will be no more a snare to them. He is the chosen one of a race, not our own, but I see him in my big horoscope. He is none of us, he will bring sorrow here, tell them to take him away.'

'But, mother, the money for his ransom.'

'Never mind, take him away; evil is coming, hot, red hot; take him away, he is holy, he'll curse our camp, our tribe; he'll bring sorrow, murder, and death—away!' The old woman rushed from the tent howling hideously.

'She's mad again; all the better. I can attend on him. Oh, he's fainted. Master, sweet master; I'll wait on you, never, never, never to leave you.'

The boy gently and softly nursed Israel, and at last heard a sigh; Israel opened his eyes; felt his loosened hands, saw Pedro kneeling before him, and with an inward blessing laid his hand on the boy's head. That moment bought the boy's soul.

'Señor, happen what may, your life shall be safe. Teach me about Him whom you call the Nazarene. Oh, keep me with you.'

'I will.'

Israel Torriano, the man whose word could have cast kings down, made the money-market in the world fluctuate; altered the price of corn, and starved millions; stopped the work in innumerable manufactories, works and mines; whose frown could have beggared homes; sent men to suicide and women adrift, perhaps to infamy, as knowing nothing better to do; driven children to refuges, asylums, and workhouses—Israel Torriano lay in the Spanish gipsy tent at the mercy of a gipsy boy!

Capital, thou mover of human and mechanical forces; thou despot of mankind; what art thou in the abstract? Nothing without application, the application of the energies thou can'st buy. A medium thou art, and wilt be for ever, whatever man may make of thee now. Thou art not a primary force, not original power; only that which will buy both and set them going. Art thou much? art thou little? Little in thyself, incomprehensibly great in thy application, thou hast become the arbiter of the fates of men! Did he who invented thee, dream that thy power would once reign absolute over the civilisation of mankind? And wilt thou ever dwindle back to thy insignificance, making room for something more real, more moral, more substantial—the combined, not the bought action of hundreds and thousands?

The answer is hidden in the womb of time.

Israel rested a day, nursed by Pedro; the old woman did not appear again; but now and then the same middle-aged man who had given the boy leave to stay, put in his head to see that the two were right, and that the rich prize was there.

For hours the next day Israel slept soundly; watched over tenderly. Pedro had washed his wrists with sweet oil, and had brought fresh figs, dates, new milk, and cakes. In the evening Israel sat up, and was nearly himself again.

Pedro had gone, evidently to make inquiries in the camp. Suddenly he rushed in flushed and excited.

'Maestro, wilt thou see Zillah? she dances to-night.'

'And who is Zillah?'

'Our queen, our beautiful queen. When she dances the stars shine brighter, for they want to grace her dance; the moon hides herself, for Zillah is sweeter than she; the air is full of soft sounds, to praise her;

the camp is gathered around; the men are shouting, the women applauding, the children clap their hands; and I, poor Pedro, the gipsy spy, I feel that Zillah is a beauty, and that a beautiful woman can make one mad?'

'Why Pedro, thou dreamest.'

'No, I do not dream, but I could cry.'

'Cry?'

'Yes, cry; for when Zillah dances the Tarantella my brain swims, my heart beats, I could fall at her feet and say, "I am thy slave." Save me, maestro. When you speak of *Him* up there, I forget Zillah. Oh, do come to-night, and tell me what it all means.'

'But you say I must not stir; that they have taken me prisoner here.'

'Ha, ha,' laughed Pedro; 'Why, maestro, you may come into the camp when you are well. You couldn't stir if you would; every outlet is watched, every path sure. You'll have to be ransomed. Hush, here he comes.'

The man put in his head: 'Mayest come out when thou wilt, stranger; we'll talk to-morrow.'

Israel's feet were not yet steady, and his gait a little uncertain. The long days in the cramped boat, the little food he had taken, the weary yesterday; when pinioned tightly, he had been carried on the litter by the gipsies over rough unknown roads, had had some effect on him; but once a few steps out of the tent, and his natural independence returned.

The assembly was ready, and the gipsies were holding their *séance.*

'Come along, there at the back under the tree, you can see her. Don't go close to her, you might frighten her.'

Zillah was dancing with her castagnettes gracefully and slowly; she began in measured rounds, every movement told on those around her, every sweep of her figure, every step of her feet sent the men into ecstacies; she bent low, she rose up, she swept backward, she leant forward; the castagnettes sounded, her feet quickened—her arms aloft, her long tresses hanging almost to the ground, her svelte figure in a curve, she was the image of impassioned grace—her face smiled, but alone bore no trace of passion. She danced to please others, not herself; that wild, mad dance had awakened no echo in her heart; she danced it unconsciously, and understood not its power over others. Quicker, madder, quicker, madder, round, up, down, low, high, backward, forward—quicker, quicker, quicker; with a bound she twisted round, leant back her head and caught sight of a stranger's dark figure, and a quiet, mournful, noble face.

She dropt her castagnettes and hid her face—it was dyed scarlet.

The man who seemed to be most powerful, rose from the ground and touched her.

'Art ill, Zillah?'

'No, no; why have strangers here?'

'Where?'

'Below there, under the tree.'

But Pedro, panting with excitement, had hurried up to Israel: 'Come away to the tent,' he said, and dragged him on; Israel was gone, no stranger was found.

* * * * * * *

'Zillah wants to see you to-night,' said Pedro to Israel next morning. 'I'll take you, talk to her as you talk to me—she is very good. And the old 'un will be here soon. Look you, maestro, he will want much money, for I told him who you were before I knew I did wrong; don't be angry with me. Will you take me with you when you are ransomed?

'But I shall never be ransomed.'

'Not ransomed; not you, the rich Jew? But here he is.'

The man in authority entered.

'Sit down, stranger,' he said; 'we want few words. What wilt thou pay to be released? we have treated thee well, but thou art prisoner all the same. We know that thou art rich; very rich. Thou mightest not know Spanish money, put it in French—say two hundred thousand franks.'

'Why tempt thee with so much? I'll be thy prisoner. I'll stay here.'

'Oh, you Jew, no Christian would say that.'

'Art thou a Christian? Dost thou know what the word means?'

'No, and don't care; but he would pay.'

'Why?'

'To be free.'

'I don't care to be free; freedom is everywhere, if one likes.'

'But thou art expected in Paris.'

'How dost thou know?'

'I do.'

'Very well, what then?'

'Man, thou must know thy worth. Thou art made of gold, precious gold. Thy very name is gold—they breath is gold. Thou art wanted for thy gold.'

'And if I am?'

'Why let them know thou must have money.'

'Never. I'll ask no man for money.'

'But it is thine.'

'I know nothing of it.'

'Suppose we kill thee?'

'Do.'

'Dost not fear death?'

'No.'

'What art thou? Jews fear death; we had one before, he paid up jollily.'

'I am a Jew, a Nazarene.'

'Then thou art not of the faith, I know; something new, I suppose. Art thou a branch of us, of the Zincalo, the Gitano, or the Manusch? Man alive, thou drivest me mad. Rich, rich, rich, till you may wallow in gold; young and handsome, and doesn't care to be free, doesn't even care to live! What dost call thy faith?'

'I am a Nazarene.'

'They must be odd people; what do they do with their money?'

'Their Master said it was no use for earth and worse than useless for heaven. Give it to the poor.'

'Then give me thine.'

'Thou dost not want it; and, besides, I own nothing.'

'Israel Torriano owns nothing?'

'Oh, thou knowest my name. Look at me; here I stand, as thou sayest, Israel Torriano; say, what do I own? Nothing but a body for this life, and a soul for the other.'

'A soul, what's that?'

'I'll stop and teach thee; better than the ransom.'

'Better than two hundred thousand francs, never. There, thou art a wheedler; why my tribe will think me a fool. Think of it by to-morrow, hard times may be coming.'

'Let them.'

The gipsy left the tent, shaking his head and mumbling: 'A soul better than a ransom; wonder what it is. Pedro, Pedro, come here.'

Pedro came. 'Look, thou Neapolitan vagrant, don't get taken up with the Jew's fancy for a thing he calls a soul, in his funny Italian talk. Thou wert always a dreamer and a spy, and I'll hang thee to the next tree if I find thee at tricks. The Gitana-mother doesn't like thy eyes.'

'Pray, Señor Grandezza, and when didst find Pedro napping? Who brought the Jew? Bah, must grow wiser before thou threaten Pedro. I'd get the lot into prison if I liked, but for Zillah.'

'Wretch.'

'Same to the Señor.'

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The Andalusian night lay stilly on the earth; the tropical air was filled with wonderful rich essences, that distilled through the luxurious vegetation, and enslaved men's senses; big fire-flies hovered over the dark foliage and sward, the cry of the rapacious southern night-bird was heard, as he swung himself from his layer up into the dark vaults of the heavens, looking for prey; beyond, on the brows of the lower

ranges of the Sierra Nevada, and in their fastnesses, the hungry howl of a lonely wolf could be discerned, and here and there a few wild Andalusian horses, mules, and goats would troop by to enjoy their freedom from taming restraint. The South claimed its right to natural beauty, enriched as it was by the vivifying power of strong solar influence. The sun called here forth a higher generative power in the earth, from the earth arose the exhalations of this exuberant vegetation, and back again they fell in dew and shower, fructifying by their own changing evaporation.

Pedro had crept to the tent of his protegé, who was lying quietly before it, unstirred by any emotional thoughts; the past and future of his own life were blanks to him, his imaginative powers ever concentrated themselves on present contemplation. Perhaps there passed just slightly through his memory the noble figure of Rebecca, as he had seen her last near her window. Certainly Jerusalem and its surroundings were incorporated with his ideas; but all remembrance vanished before this glorious Andalusian night.

'Señor, Zillah waits; come talk to her, I have told her all about you and the Nazarene.'

Israel and Pedro softly went across the heath to a spot Pedro indicated; there, on a little knoll behind protecting cactuses, at her feet a small gurgling rivulet, sat Zillah, the admired Gipsy Queen.

'Comest thou to a Gitana?' she said in broken Italian.

'Why not, the Gentile was dear to our Master?'

'Who was thy Master?'

'He who taught my Jewish race the way of love, of sympathy, of mutual hundredfold forgiveness; He who said that chastity lives in a thought, and godliness often in undeclared purpose; He who judged us according to our acknowledged faultiness, not by our own righteous standard; He who in prophetic words spoke to the multitudes from Mount Olivet, by the Galilean seas, near river Jordan, on the wayside to the Samarian woman, and lastly from the cross to the thief; He who is distorted by men that profess to own Him, who is unknown as yet to millions that may know Him one day; He who loves you, and me, and all, all sinning, faltering humanity. Oh, Gitana, lovely as thou art, dance that dance no more; it is sin, it is unchaste thought! Come now, listen to me.'

'Thou makest the tears come into my eyes; what am I that I should do other than my own? Pedro knows that I love the sun, the moon, and the stars, and that we sit and speak to the rivulet. Pedro knows how I am watched, how simple is my life; and *thou* sayest I do wrong when I dance to amuse my people. Who is thy God? mine is all about me,—He who created my own fair country, my Spain.'

'You are right, Zillah; God, both mine and thine, is in all around us; but if we cannot imagine the Creator beyond His creations, then we draw Him down to us. Come, sit down, both of you. I will teach you.'

Israel took the place on the knoll, Zillah and Pedro sat below him at his feet, and both, half-bred Spanish and Italian gipsies as they were, listened earnestly to every word.

What a teacher, this Israel Torriano, the great eastern banker! Teaching a gipsy girl and boy, making them know God in His works, and comprehend His living kindness in having sent the Nazarene to give us the greatest lesson of humanity. The higher the theme went the more impassioned became Israel, until he rose in his excitement, and towering above his hearers, sent forth poetic sentences of adoration to the southern skies.

'We must go,' said Pedro.

'Already?' answered Zillah. 'I shall dance the Tarantella no more, good Israel; come here to-morrow and teach again.'

'If you wish it.'

'Yes, yes,' answered Zillah, with a sigh.

Pedro and Israel retired first; Zillah followed them slowly and reluctantly. Suddenly she was stopped by the Gitana-mother.

'Where hast been, birdy?'

'In the night air, to catch the breath of life.'

'Take care; wolves are about, human wolves, with fine faces to devour fair maidens. Remember, remember thy bethothed, the Hungarian Cinganno chief is coming. Remember thy bond.'

'I own no bond to any man.'

'What! Rebellious already.'

'The stars teach me to own only Him who made them, as master.'

'Send him away! send him away! It's coming, the blood-red sorrow! Go in, Zillah, the breath of the stranger is scorching thee!'

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Strange to say, the Gitana-mother fell ill, hurling most fearful execrations against someone in her delirium. The head of the tribe, the one who had bargained with Israel, had disappeared on a mysterious mission. The young Jew, waited upon by Pedro like a shadow, was allowed to roam about freely, but whenever he had wandered a little too far, a gipsy would abruptly stand before him, emerging from some hiding-place. Israel knew he was watched; what of it? If he was to go forth from here, well it would be done; money should never buy him off.

He brought the gipsy children around him, and spoke to them kindly, talked gently of the Great Spirit, and made their big black eyes dance with delight at his tales of the far off country. The children would rush to him:

'Mother thrashed me, because I would not fetch the fowls of the Alcalde in the next village,' whimpered a big boy one day.

'Why would'st thou not?'

'Because you said, what other people owned was their property, and I must ask them to give it. I did ask the Alcalde for the fowls, and he would not give them, but threw a stick at me, so I rushed home and told mother.'

'Dost thou see the beautiful sky?'

'Yes, it's very blue to-day.'

'It smiles because thou wert good and would'st not sin against the law.'

'Do men—others in the towns—never take fowls from Alcaldes?'

'They do, fowls and other things.'

'Does the sky not thunder then?'

'Do you know what thunders? A little voice in there, in their breasts, that shakes them, because they have not dealt by their neighbours as they would be dealt by; that voice would speak loud, but they won't listen. Don't take what thy neighbour has, but give what thou hast.'

'That seems funny to Gitana children, who are just taught the other way. But I like you much; you have soft eyes and a beautiful face, and art never in a passion or cross. Dost thou come from the spirits?'

'I wish I did.'

'Queen Zillah says you are her God's child, and He will take you up to live with Him.'

'Queen Zillah shouldn't say so. Our God had only one child, and He lives with Him now.'

'Oh tell us about Him.'

Then Israel would sit under the shade of the big southern chestnuts, and have a score of gipsy children around him, telling them of the Nazarene, who walked about the foreign country healing the sick, pardoning the evil, and loving little children. They would press to him and often whisper:

'Teach mother, she scolds if I do not run and hide in the village to take the things. Mother will learn, too.'

But the mothers and fathers fought shy of Israel, they would not learn; they had tasted the unwholesome sweet fruits of wild wilfulness.

Zillah was at the trysting-place, sitting below the knoll, for that was sacred to Israel. The Gitana's colour came and went, her hand played tremblingly with a massive gold chain she wore, her eyes were moist, her foot kept faint measure to her quick, shifting thoughts. Zillah, betrothed somehow to the great Hungarian Cinganno Chief, revolted at the idea to be his wife, to dress smartly for his pleasure, to dance grace-

fully for his delight, to be the show-piece of the tribe. The earnest words of the stranger tingled in her ears, his persuasive teaching had opened a new world in her soul. Oh, why was she a poor untaught Gitana girl? She had never known father and mother; the powerful elder mother of the tribe took authority over her, but even she dared not say much. Everyone in the camp looked upon Zillah as something beyond their ken, as somebody to be loved, fondled, and respected. Zillah had been spoiled; rude had been the awakening from such indulgence to a real life of thought, idea, religion, and hopeless affection!

Israel, Israel, and Israel again, was before her, morn, noon, and night. Might she have touched his hand, might she have smoothed his hair, might she have kissed the hem of his garment! Like a loving child she thought. Zillah, it was as something else, thou wouldst have done it. What was the use of the new teaching if it made her so unhappy? Why should she know the Great Spirit and His crucified Son, if they could not help her to another outward life? Oh, it was misery, to have longings she could not satisfy. It was misery to live out of herself. Rebecca, the Jewess, had speedily found an inner life, approaching to a solution of her doubts and aspirations, but poor Zillah, there was no foundation to build on, and like a wayward reed, Zillah, the Gitana Queen, swayed backward and forward in the stormy atmosphere of unanswered love.

Israel came; Zillah rose, as if obedient to her master.

'Zillah, why so smart to-day? Why that gold chain?'

'The mother made me wear it.'

'The mother? Hast thou not a father?'

'No, no, no, Israel, thou kindly teacher, teach me no more; thou wilt go away some day, away into the great world, seeking thy mate in person and spirit. I, poor Zillah, shall be left here with the vast sky and the big trees, with the cry of the night-bird and the howl of the wolf. I shall have no one to tell my thoughts; may be my betrothed will drag me to the other country. Oh, leave me an ignorant Zingara, as I have been, dancing the Tarantella.'

'Not dancing the Tarantella, Zillah, it is wicked.'

'Why? I am not wicked.'

'Because it makes men think wicked, unholy thoughts. Why shouldst thou be the cause of them? Zillah, thou art chaste, remain so; give thy heart to the Spirit, adore Him, find your new life in your own self, and flee the ways of men.'

'How can I? Shall I go with thee?' she said, hesitatingly and under her breath.

'How canst thou? I am an errant being, going here and there

seeking my Master's children on this earth, and if I cannot find them? Ah, then——

Pedro ran up: 'Oh, here you are; come maestro, he, the head, has returned, and wants to confer with you; quick, quick, before he finds you; and oh, Zillah, with him has come the great Cinganno Chief from Ungaria, to take thee away: come after us slowly. In an hour they will be all drunk at the welcome feast, come back then, I have much to say to you both.'

* * * * *

Israel was in his tent; the chief put in his head:

'I've been in Paris; I've seen the rich Torriano. I've told him thou art here. He would not believe me unless thou didst write. He said thou couldst travel like a monarch, thou couldst not fall into the hands of the scum of the earth, the gipsy; but if thou wilt send word he will pay the money. Write, I want to go back; I have friends here who need me. I have treated thee better than I should have others, only the Gitana mother made me.'

'I shall *not* write, I shall *not* pay; whenever I leave this camp I shall leave it as I am.'

'Thou never wilt, we'll kill thee first. What, have a prize and no ransom? Where would be the sense and reason?'

'Dost thou think thou dost right?'

'What is right but every man's advantage? I know the Jew, I know the Christian; they do no other, only they colour it over by fine talk and cunning ways.'

'Dost not know the Great Spirit?'

'No, and I care not for Him; but I know thee to be a wily, stingy Jew. Here?' Two men rushed in, Israel was thrown on the ground, pinioned, and left like a dog.

In the dark, long after, someone crawled into the tent.

'Maestro, let me cut the cords; come, quick, to say good-bye to Zillah.'

Pedro unpinioned Israel; both went softly from the tent, round at the back of the camp, where the drunken gipsies were carousing in honour of the Ungaria Cinganno; the two came to the knoll, near which poor Zillah sat.

'He has come, Israel. I wish he had come before, or *thou* hadst never come. Israel, Israel, what shall I do? My soul is thine, how shall I give it to another? How shall I give my body without it?' Zillah's tears came fast and thick.

'Zillah, do *not* give thyself; remain as thou art. Be thy people's teacher, thy people's good genius; the children want thee. Adore the Spirit, and die a maiden!'

'Israel, must thou go and leave us?'

Zillah, for the first time, took hold of his hand, and looked imploringly at him, just as the moon cast faint rays over them.

Steps were approaching; sly, treacherous steps; as Israel gently stroked Zillah's hand to quiet her, a great deep shadow came upon them.

'Jew, infernal serpent, thou darest touch my bride? Thou miserable wretch, who hast taken the gold of the Christian to become rich. Off, off the earth, away with thee—I'll murder thee in cold blood, and send thee to thy own hell.' The big shadow fell upon Israel, and with one single, powerful thrust, dealt sideways, drove a dagger into his breast. Israel Torriano lay bleeding on the ground.

'Come away, thou false Zillah.'

'False, yes false, for I was never true in my heart; I detest thee; flee, or I curse thee. He whom thou hast slain, he was a child of the spirit, he was noble, he would not have taken me, had I asked; Israel, Israel, come back; I will do as thou hast said! Oh, Israel, let me hear thy voice; art thou dead, so cold, so cold—Pedro, Pedro, where art thou, where hast thou been?'

Zillah lay on Israel's body, moaning pitiously. They dragged her away.

'That hound may be buried to-morrow,' growled the chief.

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The moon shone on Israel's pale blue face, on the blood as it trickled from the wound over his white shirt, on the hands that had clutched the grass in the struggle between life and death.

Next morning, when they came to bury the Jewish dog, anxious as they were after this murder to shift the camp and expatriate themselves to Hungary; next morning, the body was gone and Pedro the Neapolitan spy was nowhere to be found!

[*To be continued.*]

Government and Equality.

By the Right Hon. Earl of Desart.

To those who seek in the past lessons to guide them in the future, and to those who read history as something better than a mere collection of facts, one thing must be evident beyond all disputing; that is, the necessity of every society of men, let them be called sects or nations, to have something that they may set up above them to reverence and obey. From the atheist to the church-goer, from the savage to the highly civilised republican, one and all are unable to exist unless this condition is fulfilled: and fulfilled, therefore, it always is; and, as far as we may know, it always will be. Equality and fraternity are brave and alluring words. But they are no more than words, as the history of the world has shown us a thousand times. They no doubt may become realities some day, but it will not be on this earth, and it could not be here unless we were able first to attain to absolute perfection. Two very different classes of men are perpetually insisting upon the possibility of their attainment—philanthropical dreamers, and ambitious malcontents: the difference between them being that the former class believe what they aver, and the latter class know that they are propounding an absurdity: but it is an absurdity that may possibly fill their pockets or satisfy their cravings for fame or power. With the former it is useless to argue. They resemble the gentleman who will bet that the earth is flat, but will not pay unless a perfectly flat piece of it is found to test it by. With the latter class the only argument to be used is one not addressed to them, but to those whom they are trying to persuade by specious but spurious arguments.

The easy rejoinder of shutting a few of these gentlemen in a confined space to live together, with perfect equality, and allowing them to see how long the equality lasted, would probably not satisfy them. The impossibility of equality, even in the most favourable circumstances, might be shown by a reference to a married life. Even in a community self-made, of two persons, one must govern and the other be governed. So we must see what a glance around us and a reference to a few

indisputable facts, will do towards convincing those who believe in the possibility of equality before the millenium. We shall not have to travel far away, either as to time or space, for our arguments come readily to hand.

France, after her great revolution, was pehaps as ready as any nation has ever been for the purifying efforts of the equality-mongers. There were no religious scruples, no class strength, no vested interests, to stand in the way. She was free, absolutely and entirely free, in the hands of the people to shape her future government as they would. But what was the result? Having escaped from mismanagement and incompetency under a king, she willingly placed her neck under the bloody feet of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre; and, when such a yoke of horror had become unbearable, when once more the reign of equality seemed at hand, she willingly cast herself and her grand destinies into the power of the most tyrannical of all despots, a military despot. Be it remarked too, that in those fiery days of iconaclasm, the religion of God was scarcely trampled under foot, before arose the religion of Jean Jacques. Again, in later days, when the country seemed once more to be on the point of governing itself; when no one man, or one party, or one religion, appeared to be uppermost in the State, so-called tyranny was again preferred to so-called freedom, and the fair land of France invoked Cæsarism to her aid. There too, where atheism has made its firmest stand; the men who fear 'No God and no man' are obliged by instinct to raise something above them to worship, and they invite with the fervour of religionists, an apotheosis of Atheism, or of Republicanism, or of Liberty (that red-capped vixen), and set it on high. As to the result of the experiment now going on at Versailles, it would be rash to speak. M. Renan, in his 'Questions Contemporaines,' published in 1868, says: 'The people who can support . . . the inequality of classes without envy, the people who still respect and defend their national dynasty, are the most virtuous, the most enlightered, and will end by being the most free. . . . That small jealousy which is the essence of our boasted love of equality, is powerless to effect great things. Great things are only accomplished by knowledge and submission.' But this much may be said, that the true idea of 'Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,' is very far from being the idea of M. Thiers, or indeed of any but a very small minority of the Chamber. If France is free to-day, she has been more than free for the last twenty-years, and the Republicans have lost by the dethronement of Napoleon III.

America, that land with the never-enough-to-be-praised system of government, to which all our budding Republicans turn their eyes, has placed, and wisely placed, more power into the hands of one man than is enjoyed by any ruler in Europe, except, perhaps, the Czar of Russia.

And the existence of the Senate, which has much greater powers than are enjoyed by our own House of Lords, sufficiently shows that the beautiful notion of equality in governing has not had very much to do with the formation of Washington's model Constitution. In the disgraceful Erie and Tammany swindles too, which we hope and believe would be impossible in this country, we see again the inherent disposition of the masses, educated or uneducated, to put some man or men above them for worship.

If it could, and we are sure it could, be proved that equality is impossible in America, what chance can it have in form-fettered Europe?

The idea of an Irish Republic has always been the idea of a Republic with a king. The Irishman is a hero-worshipper by nature, and would die for a *man*, when he would not cut a shillelagh for a principle. He is perpetually on the look out for a more bellicose O'Connell, or a more courageous Smith O'Brien, and we fear that neither Mr. Martin nor Mr. Smyth will be able to develop into the man he is in search of. If there should exist anyone who believes in the possibility of an Irish Republic lasting six months, let him read the accounts in the American papers of the pleasant way in which the embryo article over there gets on as to its internal arrangements.

Spain, where there exists a strong body of believers in Republicanism, is avowedly obliged, for sheer existence, to have a monarch. So urgent, indeed, is this need, and so universally acknowledged, that the proudest nation in the world has cheerfully consented to place a foriegner at its head; a man in whose veins runs no drop of Castilian blood. A wonderful instance of the impossibility of equality in Government.

Hungary, not long ago the Poland of Austria, is transformed into a nation of loyalists by having a king to itself, given it by a pleasant and facile fiction, and a constitution which is no whit more in favour of equality than that of Austria. The present writer was at Pesth for some time during the struggle for independence, and can bear witness to the fact that for one Hungarian who thought of the object of that struggle, twenty only thought of the triumph of the man deified for the time—Herr Deak.

The Protectorate of Cromwell, the restoration of Charles II., and the calling in of William and Mary, showed the same spirit of wanting a *head* in this country. And, curiously enough, the London 'Hole-in-the-Wall' Republicans, before having decided upon one single principle of the Republic that is to be, have already busied themselves, to the extent of angry disputations, as to the president thereof! We are still ignorant whether 'Citizen Gladstone,' 'Citizen Dilke,' or 'Citizen Bradlaugh,' is the coming man.

If, therefore, from these examples, which could be multiplied very

greatly, we may be held to have established the fact that it is necessary to every community of men to set up something or somebody on high to worship, thereby naturally evading the so-called law of equality, it must follow 'As the night the day,' that the paramount duty falls upon those men raised by birth, accident, or ability, to high places, to direct the general longing for reverence into the right channel. And also when a nation plunges in its madness from one form of government to another, perhaps with blood between them, it is not the fault of the nation itself, but of those few men raised to the surface, its legislators, statesmen, rulers, or—and the word exactly expresses the right meaning—tutors. Just as every battle is decided, not by the good moves of the victors, but by the bad ones of the vanquished, so every popular result is primarily instituted, and eventually carried out, not by the strength and boldness of the revolutionists, but by the weakness and timidity of the party of order. A very slight knowledge of the recent history of Europe will confirm this fact.

The first crime then of a statesman (and in this term we include the before-mentioned ones), is to be weak; and it is also his last crime—unpardonable, and always unpardoned; and one of the weaknesses that ruin constitutions is that of allowing the people, which always means a small blatant section of the nation, to lead instead of their being led. Just as two clever men add double cleverness to the consideration of a subject, so do two ignorant men add double ignorance. And if you could pick individuals at random out of a howling crowd, and converse with them, you would probably find either quiet ignorance or shrewd sense. The intelligence of the vapidest country boor is wisdom compared to that of a mob in which perhaps there may be men of sense and knowledge. Nothing communicates itself from man to man so quickly as ignorance, when in an active form, while knowledge is always secretive and slow to be imparted. A statesman, therefore, who permits himself to be led by the people instead of leading it, commits a crime, or what has been called worse than a crime, a blunder. We have used the word *tutor* as one name for a statesman, and perhaps the term needs some explanation.

Those who have lately written or thought upon the subject of government, may be divided broadly into two classes—those who look upon the legislators as the tutors, and those who look upon them as the servants of the nation. Although a tutor and a servant are both stipendary officials, they differ from each other in the fact that one has authority and the other has none. The nation, when it engages its tutor, has of course the right to dismiss him at its own caprice, but while he is in office it would be a farce to snap fingers at his needful authority. If, however, the legislator is a servant, all legislation must emanate, as all authority does, from his master, the nation; and in this

case the nation is responsible for every fault of its paid servant. Let anyone imagine a household in which the children were allowed to disobey their tutor, or of which a servant was the ruler, and they can imagine the state of anarchy and confusion which the making dominant of mob opinion would engender in this country. It is true that American legislators are accustomed to speak of their 'millions of masters,' but they do so with, as it were, their tongue in their cheek, and mean it as much as 'Your obedient servant' at the end of a letter means its apparent meaning.

If, therefore, it may be conceded that the duty of a statesman is to make use of the power of leading put by Providence into his hands—and to abdicate this right in favour of the people would be to ask his cart to drag his horse—it must follow that one of his first duties is to analyze carefully the meaning of all popular cries, and, instead of valuing them according to their loudness, to value them solely for what right and sense there may be lurking in them, to bring out that right and sense without fear, favour, or affection, and without care as to *change*, and boldly to sweep away with pitiless logic all the frothy nonsense and pernicious falsehood that often wholly composes, and always much encumbers, every popular agitation.

When legislation is originated or hurried by popular outcry, one of two things must be the case—either the legislators have failed to appreciate the necessity for some change at its right moment, or they have violated their duty by making one which they knew to be unnecessary. It is utterly impossible for the 'People in their thousands' to be better informed by stump orators on difficult points of political knowledge than those men whose ability has raised them to the duty of thinking and legislating for the nation.

Having thus demonstrated the paramount duty of a legislator to lead, the next question is, in what direction is he to lead the people? And perhaps the best answer is that he should teach them loyalty, and for that purpose explain fully to them the large meaning of that much abused word.

Loyalty, as we read it now in an Englishman, means fidelity to his country; and as this is too vague a description of it, it resolves itself into fidelity to the thing which has made and which keeps his country great and prosperous, namely, the Constitution; which one thing may be divided again into three things—Sovereign, Lords, and Commons. Of course it is possible that in his heart a legislator may be a Republican, but until he has not only made sure of the superior advantages of a republic here, but also of the certainty of its being accomplished without bloodshed or injustice, his duty is simply to guard and improve the existing Constitution, and thereby, as much as lies in him, to create a general

respect for it. When a statesman takes office, he virtually promises to do his best in this direction; he swears fidelity to the Constitution as it stands, and he has no more right afterwards to speak of making fundamental alterations in it than a newly-joined ensign has to object to obey the colonel set over him.

That there are now statesmen (nearly meriting the epithet 'great') who are ever ready to stoop to the gutter for popular applause, is the great scandal and misfortune of our day.

It is simply mischievous to the cause of the Constitution to put the demand for loyalty to it upon the high grounds which have been sometimes urged of late, and which were, even in their best days, only artificial and word-built.

'Divine Right of Kings,' 'Sanctity of Royalty,' 'What is, is Right?' these and their modern equivalents, are cries that do harm and not good now-a-days. And, though as we said before, no argument will reach Republicans in England, it may be worth while, for the sake of those who waver, or for those who, like Mr. Osborne, have come into money since they joined the Hole-in-the-Wall Club, to make a few remarks designed to show that radical change is not the physic wanted for the Constitution of this country. We premise, if such cure be necessary, that we do not for a moment design to hold up this Constitution as one which cannot be bettered, or as one which we should write where a new State had empty, uninscribed tablets. It is very easy comparatively to commence a Constitution in which there shall be nothing bad. The difficulty is to make the most of the machinery you find, and not to dream of changing it until a better is shown and is *proved to be better.*

The arguments—so called—which serve agitators to establish a foregone conclusion, are so flimsy that there is no taking hold of them, or replying to them. The best way, therefore, in dealing with the subject of the House of Lords in the present paper, is to take Professor Fawcett's article in the 'Fortnightly Review' for October, as expressing the views of the great body of enlightened Radicals, or Advanced Liberals, as we believe they prefer to be styled.

'The House of Lords is a constant encouragement to violent political agitation.' This is seriously given by Mr. Fawcett as one of the principal reasons for abolishing the hereditary house. On this principle we should at once abolish the Dublin Police, as they are a 'constant encouragement' to Fenian police-murders. Were there no police they could not be murdered. Were there no Upper House there could not be any outcry against it! But the argument, such as it is, leads us further. There is violent agitation against the Contagious Diseases Act; so, of course, the most loathsome malady known to man must be set free to work its will. There is violent agitation among the thieves (as

large a class as the Republicans), against the Habitual Criminals' Acts, so they must be repealed, &c., &c. It is scarcely too much to say that any twenty unscrupulous and agile men, with money, can raise a 'violent agitation' against anything they please; and to use such agitation as an argument is to attempt the emptying of the sea with a tea-cup. Public opinion—that vague, mysterious article, servant to all parties—is never in these days of cheap newspapers and increased literary facilities, shown by mob-meetings, and we may be sure that the cause is weak that has to make continual appeals to the 'great heart of the people.'

But besides the House of Lords and the Sovereign, is not the House of Commons too a constant encouragement to agitation? When popular agitation has a meaning, what does it mean? Why, simply to alarm the Lower House into compliance with the 'popular' demands. The speakers at mob-meetings speak *at* the House of Commons, and every unsavoury measure which is forced into that House gains entrance through the fears of members for their seats if they say 'No.' If everything that encourages agitation is to be swept away, we shall soon be left without any means of Legislation, or indeed any institutions, at all. That some active and ambitious peers may dislike their present position, as Mr. Fawcett says, is possible, but has nothing to do with the question at issue. Perhaps there are some members of the Lower House who would not object to translation. But all this is somewhat beside the question. The main argument of the enemies of the Upper House is this:—'What right to govern,' they say, 'can birth, an accident, give to a man? If we are to have a Second Chamber, at least let us have one where we have a chance of seeing a body of men whose opinion we may respect, who have earned their position, *and* who are amenable to us, the people.' If a man, utterly ignorant of our history, were brought to England, and the Constitution, as it stands, were explained to him, there is little doubt that his intelligence would revolt at the idea of hereditary government. But let the past of the Constitution be explained to him, let him be shown what a vast and complex machinery has been required to build it up, how years have modified and shaped it—now adding, now taking away, now polishing the whole: explain to that man how the Sovereign represents our loyalty, the House of Commons, our honest, headstrong, English *work*, and the House of Lords our prudence and calm statesmanship, and he will exclaim 'Pull down all this for an unknown better? It would be madness!' We pass over the fact that the man who succeeds his father in the ownership of a factory carries out the hereditary principle when he takes into his hands the virtual government of his late father's workpeople. We are, indeed, all of us the workpeople of the State: and our wages are protection in our various callings, justice in our relation to each other, and the blessings of enforced civilisation; the repudiation of the hereditary

principle would mean a total change of every social custom and of every law we possess, for it is an undoubted fact that the abolition of that principle in the House of Lords is only to be the first step towards its abolition in every relation of life. The wild dream of the *Internationale*, which in the Paris blood-storm got as near fulfilment as it probably ever will, is that no man shall succeed to or inherit anything. Our Upper-House-haters are on the same road, although as yet far behind. The scorn and ridicule cast by these gentlemen upon a man's inheriting a share in the Government, are thrown in a minor degree upon his right to inherit anything; and the one strong reason why what are termed 'popular' meetings will nearly always be found hostile to the Upper Chamber, is that the principle involved in ruining it is to their mind (and the pupils often outstrip the tutors), only a bit of that which shall ruin all property-holders, landlords, and capitalists. See a letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of December 8th, signed 'Trutz-Baumwoll the Second,' in which the writer, speaking of the working classes, says 'All their clubs and leagues are more or less infected with the ideas of the *Internationale*,' and that 'whatever they declare to be their present object, their ultimate aim is to withdraw both land and capital from private owners.' Further on he says, 'It seems never to have struck Englishmen that they have had a Republic already, and that they got rid of it again as soon as they could. The whole question of "Monarchy *versus* Republic" was exhaustively discussed by the Parliament which invited William of Orange to accept the English Crown.' Mr. Fawcett, and many like him, would, we have no doubt, scorn to avail themselves of such insidious assistance, did they understand it as we do; but the great mind of the people is hard to read, and it is generally interpreted by a politician to agree with his own.

When Mr. Fawcett proceeds to substantiate his statement that the relations between the two Houses are 'most unsatisfactory,' he commences by quoting the University Tests Bill, and assuring us that one of the restrictions which the Lords' influence retained in that bill is 'indefensible, pernicious, unjust, mischievous, and miserable.' Strong language, but weak argument—or rather, no argument at all. Then he goes on to mention the Army Bill, and the use by Mr. Gladstone of the Royal prerogative, which he most rightly deplores, although his reason, that a Tory Premier might one day use it against the Radicals, is a somewhat narrow one. This tells against the Peers, because their doing what Mr. Fawcett says many Liberals considered to be right, drew upon them the wrath of the Premier in a form which jeopardizes the Radicals should they ever be placed in a minority, for it gives a precedent that might end in a mixed education in Ireland receiving a blow 'from which it could scarcely recover.'

The proceedings of the Peers with regard to the Irish Church Bill are also set against them, and we are told that a 'distinguished member of the cabinet' defended a change in the bill by saying it would 'grease the wheels,' and that *The Times* did not like the change.

Mr. Fawcett's indictment, therefore, against the House of Lords is—

1.—That they retained a clause in the University Tests Bill which Mr. Fawcett thinks pernicious.

2.—That they opposed an absurdly incomplete Army Bill rightly, but thereby gave a Liberal Prime Minister cause to do an act which may possibly prove harmful to the Radicals.

3. That their influence caused a change in the Irish Church Bill, which *The Times* thought 'corrupt and corrupting.'

And these are the reasons for which we are asked to make a revolutionary change in the Constitution!

A progressive Conservative and a Radical may be defined as a man who wishes to do right, and a man who wishes to do *something*. The latter, had he been placed in the Garden of Eden, would have cut down the forbidden tree at once, to ascertain the quality of the wood and to improve it. If he had the whole world, he would live in a diving bell or a balloon. Like a child, he wishes to cut open the doll to ascertain what is inside; and also, like the child, he has no idea of how to repair the silly mischief he would do. Just now, the Monarchy, the House of Lords, the Church, are the playthings which he thirsts to examine internally, and which it is the duty of his nurses to keep intact for children after him. The simile in this case is not so inapt, as youth is always the period of revolutionary ideas. Sir Charles Dilke, some ten years hence, will groan over the folly he has lately enunciated.

Even had the House of Lords no other merit, then it is clear that at present it is a target for professional and amateur agitators to shoot at—an useful plaything for youthful revolutionists. As Mr. Fawcett has told us, the Liberal mind, having reformed one thing, scans the horizon far and wide for something else worthy of its attention. If, therefore, we can keep this aristocratic bugbear before the democratic eye, and keep that orb concentrated on the 'nest of hereditary tyrants,' we are doing good service to the nation by giving breathing time to our legislators to effect some unpolitical but very necessary improvements, uninterrupted by the necessity of raising any more banners of revolt for the People's agitators. The process is reversing that of the boa constrictor, for here the victim fascinates the intending devourer.

The sketch of a Second Chamber which Mr. Fawcett gives us, in case the Commons' House should not be made good enough to act alone, is so entirely a sketch, that to criticize it would be to break a butterfly upon the wheel. It has nothing of the hereditary principle in it; but as he

quotes as true Mr. Mills' remark, that the present Upper Chamber could not be abolished without a revolution, and does not predict a revolution, we are at a loss to see the use of propounding an impossible plan of proceeding. If he has conceived a scheme—such as permitting sons of sitting Peers to have their seats, but not *their* sons, who would be eligible for the other House—for gradually destroying the hereditary principle, it would be better to give us that now, as the forming of the ideal Second Chamber will come, if it ever comes, when all of us, monarchists and republicans, religionists and iconoclasts, have given up politics for ever. No doubt in theory it is easy to draw up an apparently faultless Constitution; but, like our dreams of confusedly lovely places, the moment we begin to analyse, the whole fabric falls to pieces. Were we to begin again, and were the present Liberal party to be our instructors, there can be no doubt that our form of government would be one under which education, law, and freedom would flourish; but these three things, however good in themselves, are not sufficient towards a State's well-being. For that are also required, religion, power of obeying, possibility of contentment at least; and these three things are abhorrent to a real advanced Liberal of the day. It is not forward that the model modern go-ahead looks, it is askance. Everything the man—the being of yesterday, to go to-morrow—has not made himself, he would destroy. With patriotism on his lips, and a longing for notoriety at his heart, he will set his puny strength against the work of Time, chipping bits off the old rock called the Constitution, with all the satisfaction of a cockney tourist.

To say that the House of Lords is unpopular in the country is untrue. It is of course unpopular with the section of men whose wishes it at the moment thwarts; but this itself brings to it popularity with those who differ from the said section. And with the large majority of the nation, the people who wish for peace and order, who are contented to be governed and do not strive to govern, it is, from its position as a drag upon the wheels of rash and hasty government, and from the traditions inseparably attached to its members, most firmly popular. The House of Commons represents and interprets the wishes of each majority as it comes uppermost on the subject of the day, but the House of Lords represents the general feeling of the country upon all subjects, a feeling that but for the Peers' calm repression of haste and carelessness of vituperation, would never be known at all. And besides, one great point in favour of the Upper House is, that its members come to a subject as a jury are supposed to approach a trial, without prejudice, and also without those trammels of hustings promises which often make a member of the Commons vote 'Aye' when he feels 'No.'

To take the Contagious Diseases Act as an instance:—Can any sane man suppose that a M.P. who, to save his election has promised

at the last critical moment that he will vote for its repeal, is as competent to decide upon the merits of the question as a Peer, whose sole object can be (in a non-party question like this) the doing what is best for the community? Where questions are non-political, the advantage is most certainly with the Peers' House, and this admits of no disputation.

Comparisons are well known to be odious, but if people will insist on comparing the worth of the two Houses, they should bear in mind that the improvement of either (if improvement does not mean destruction) can only be effected by respecting the fundamental principle of each House; in the Upper House hereditary succession, and in the Lower, election by the people. If the zeal for education which is spreading over the land should take the form of requiring our legislators to pass a qualifying examination, we have no doubt that there would be no objection on the part of the Upper House, and we do not think that House would show badly when the results were made public. It is nonsense to speak of our having no guarantee for the Peers being even commonly educated men, when we know that they are and always have been next to the clergy, the best educated class in the country.

Party feeling runs much less high in the Upper than in the Lower House; we scarcely ever read of 'derisive cheers,' 'ironical laughter,' 'divide! divide! divide!' in the debates of the former; they look at a question simply as itself, and not as embodysng the opinion of any man or men; and while the Commons are howling, coughing, and 'divide!'-ing down Mr. W——, the poor Peers are often calmly sitting listening to the lucubrations of the Marquis T——. Party feeling and party impatience are great stumbling-blocks to legislation. To our minds it would always be better for a Tory constituency to elect an honest, experienced Liberal, than a man—(such as we have seen elected)—of whom they only know that he has a long purse, that the Carlton backs him, and that he enunciates Tory views. If two parties in the House are absolutely necessary, it should be the endeavour of the constituencies to make as little of them as possible, and the practice of declaring for a man—as inexperienced speculators on the turf sometimes back a certain jockey's 'mounts' for the year—is utterly subversive of all political efficiency and honesty. Of course constituents have a right to demand an explicit answer from their candidate on the great questions of the day, but to reject a man otherwise proved to be a fit representative, because he thinks the Bible shonld be read in a school-room, or because he objects to set free a loathsome disease, is touching the limits of absurdity.

The new attempt to convert representatives into simple delegates, will, should it succeed, very much narrow the present fairness of representation. A member now, though he votes in accordance with the views of

the majority of his constituency on all the great questions of the day, will very probably sometimes vote in accordance with the views of the minority on other and smaller questions; but one of the new ideas of the present political era is that a member only represents those of his constituents who voted for him, and not the whole constituency. An error which cuts to the root of all legislation by representation. If this theory is right, thousands of Conservatives in Scotland (for example) are entirely unrepresented, and have no share whatever in the government of their country. This leads us to touch for a moment on a gross scandal the perpetuation of which it is very difficult to understand. We allude to the position of Liberal Irish and Scotch Peers. The former not only have no chance of ever being elected as Representative Peers, the majority of electors being overwhelmingly Conservative; but are also debarred by law from seeking the suffrages of any constituency in their own country: while the latter, the Scotch Liberal Peers, in addition to the fact of their having no chance of a seat in the Upper House, are actually incompetent to sit for any constituency at all. So that they are completely disfranchised. No word of defence has, to our knowledge, ever been offered for this incomprehensible state of things, which to expose should be to remedy; but unfortunately the Irish and Scotch Peers without English titles are not a powerful, or as a rule a wealthy class, and power and wealth are the only things that could aid them; not possessing of course the sympathy of the nation. So many complaints are constantly being made of the bad attendance in the Upper House, on ordinary occasons, that the addition of these anomalously situated Lords, would be a benefit to the legislation of that House, and in many instances which it would be invidious to distinguish by name, real addition of strength in debating power, and in utility and knowledge of business, would accompany their admittance. Perhaps when we have universal suffrage our legislators will realise the fact that a class of educated men is as much excluded from all share in political life as a gang of convicts. To return, for a moment, to our comparison between the two Houses; we may ask whether there is not more of what is called 'class legislation' in the Lower than in the Upper Chamber? While every possible subject of legislation may affect some one class of a member's constituents especially (and that perhaps the most powerful class among those constituents), nine out of ten of the subjects that come up for discussion in the House of Lords can only be regarded by that House as questions to be decided simply on their intrinsic merits. What possible object except doing his duty could have a Peer who voted for a Contagious Diseases, or a Mines Regulation Bill, or against a Licensing Bill? While on those subjects each member of the House of Commons, would have a dozen different interests tugging at his coat-tails,

and refusing to allow him to legislate in peace as his conscience tells him.

Class agitation, if not class legislation, is now, however, the order of the day. In the old times (called *corrupt*) the men of '32 agitated for a Reform Bill, not as necessary to any one class, but as necessary to the good of the country at large. But now we have changed all that. An amusing instance of this may be found in the address of the Workmen's Peace Association to the working men of Great Britain and Ireland. It begins grandly:—'Fellow Workmen! We are not fanatic dreamers: We are not utopian theorists. We share with you that common inheritance of our race, the practical mind, which is not willing to attack an evil until it has well considered how to attack it, which refuses to destroy until it is ready to construct. Hence we recognise that it is not enough for us to denounce the evil of war, and to paint its thousandfold horrors. You acknowledge the evil. You have been nauseated by the records of its atrocities. . . . .' After a few thrilling sentences descriptive of the horrors of war, we come to the head of the first paragraph 'We therefore ask you to consider (in capitals) the suffering that war inflicts upon' — not upon the world, upon men and women, upon this nation — but, 'upon *The Working Classes!*' This class selfishness and narrowness of vision is really more excessive than it seems, for *The Working Classes*, according to many whose familiar names we read in the list of the Council of this Peace Association, means only that part of the working classes that sympathises with the views of the extreme Radicals and Republicans. If each member of the *Council* were to give his private views on the subject of war, they would probably be that Mr. J. Babbs, print colourer, objects to it because people don't have so many coloured prints in war time; Mr. J. Bailey, tailor, because dress is less thought of by a nation at war. Mr. J. Ball, carpenter, because his trade suffers by war; and so *ad infinitum*. This Peace Association might indeed be called a fortuitous concourse of atoms of self-interest, bound together for the time into one great lump of class selfishness.

So much has been said and written within the last few weeks[1] upon the use of the Crown, both politically and socially, that it is scarcely necessary here to enlarge upon the subject.

If any persons, after the late outburst of feeling, think it advisable to do away with the head-stone of the Constitution, we can only say that they must be either lunatics or Frenchmen. The agitation, in short, has become contemptible, and words are wasted upon it.

But, however contemptible, the position accorded to a Member of

[1] This was written in December last.

Parliament renders it necessary that a very strict account should be taken of his public proceedings. And it would be impossible to leave this subject without a word as to Sir Charles Dilke. Between the reports of the newspapers and his re-publications of his speeches, there is some confusion; but it appears to be allowed on all hands that, if he did not himself accuse the Queen of 'malversation,' he quoted approvingly a pamphlet which did, and that he avowed himself a Republican. This being so, it is instructive to remember the wording of the oath taken by Sir C. Dilke before becoming actually a member of the Legislature.

'I do swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria; and I do faithfully promise to maintain and support the succession to the Crown as the same stands limited and settled by virtue of the Act passed in the reign of King William the Third, intituled, "An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subjects," and of the subsequent Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland; so help me God!'

So help me God! And this young politician has broken both parts of this oath; the first by attacking Her Majesty; the second by avowing himself a Republican. If the Republic comes, of what value will Sir Charles Dilke's oath of allegiance to it be?

There is so much of the comic in the hare-brained speeches and trimming apologies of this young gentleman, that we should only laugh did we not recognise the fact that he represents, to a certain extent, that extreme party whose creeds our present Prime Minister nearly always, after a decent dallying, adopts. While that man who, despite a certain growing unpopularity among a section of his supporters, is still a wonderfully powerful minister, insists on mistaking his impulses for his convictions, and in supplying a want of sincerity by earnestness; while he denies to us in his numerous speeches one utterance which shall tell us that with him, *as yet*, the Constitution is safe, we are compelled to take an interest in even the most ridiculous crotchets of those persons, whom experience has shown us to be the pioneers of Mr. Gladstone's path. Let him once prove to us that he knows how to lead as well as to follow; that he can be earnest in well doing, even when it brings no party cry, no blessings from change-drunk reformers; let him shake off the trammels of extremity that he has wound around him for the sake of some cheap popularity, and there is no Tory in the land who will grudge him that power which his intellect and his activity alike entitle him to.

The faltering fear of giving offence, which he has shown in his dealings with the Fenians, with the Americans, with the Ultramontanes, and

with the Republicans, raises of itself a thousand new forms of danger to the Constitution.

'For boldness prospering makes e'en cowards bold.'

The rule of King Mob comes upon us quickly enough without help from within, and it is hard to find a name sufficiently bad for the traitor who opens the gates to the enemy. One thing is certain, that the whole strength of the Conservative party should be brought to bear before it is too late against this movement towards so-called Equality—against this parrot-cry that the people are the best judges of how they should be governed. Revolution, gradual or sudden, means tyranny; that is, of course, when the revolt is not against tyranny or injustice; and the very speeches of the Republicans, by their being allowed, show that here there is no pretence of tyranny; while such injustice as reformers believe to lie in our present distribution of the suffrage can be combated and done away with by the Parliament. Such injustice as property and the right of inheritance will exist as long as there exist men to hold property, or to inherit it. We have named Sir Charles Dilke as the principal exponent of Republicanism, but we are aware that there are others as logical and more violent than he—men who incline us to exclaim, with Dryden,—

'Never was patriot yet but was a fool.'

'Eheu! Fugaces.'

An old man sitting in church, and praying with all his breath.
An old man waiting alone for the life that comes of death;
As the parson tells the well-worn tale of heaven and earth.
Of the life that is only death—of the death that is only birth!

Aye, he could patter it all by heart, as a school-boy hale;
But the old old words are telling a new and a welcome tale.
For the seal of death is set on the old man's wrinkled brow,
And words that once meant little are fraught with meaning now.

Dead in a pauper's grave, long 'ere next Christmas-day,
Here is the end at last—and it seemed so far away!
A careless wilful lad with many an idle plan—
A reckless headstrong youth—a cold indifferent man.

Much such a man as a dozen in every thirteen are;
Day in the fields at work, and night in the ale-house bar.
Nor better nor worse than others, though oftener wrong than right:
He worked with a will in the week, and he fought on Saturday night.

Yet he was often at church, where he made believe to pray,
For the rector furrowed the land for many a mile away:
And the rector's smile meant work, and a home with plenty crowned.
God help the fellow on whom that terrible rector frowned!

And often at church (for the parson proved a useful friend)
He listened perforce to the oft-told tale of the bad man's end,
With a sulky frown on his face as he shuffled a restless limb:
He was young and merry and strong—such words were never for him!

At times the turn of a hymn, or a simple Bible tale
Chimed with the voice of his soul—a low half-stifled wail—
And roused the frivolous man to a sense of sorrow and pain;
But the long dull sermon always hardened his heart again!

The sermon's just as dull as it was in the days of yore;
But it bears a meaning now which it never possessed before:
The words are strange and long, but he knows their upshot well,
'The good will go to heaven—the wicked will go to hell!'

No scholar was he at his best, and his eyes are dim with age,
But the Book of the Earth is his, and he reads its open page,
Though rarely glanced at once, no longer idly scanned,
But there's little remains to read, for the end is close at hand.

In every silent page he finds a parable now;
In the plough that furrows the land—in the seed that follows the plough—
In the snow that covers the grass, and crackles under his tread—
In the grass that covers the mould—in the mould that covers the dead.

W. S. GILBERT.

My Cousin James.

By E. Lynn Linton.

I daresay I was a cross to them at home. I can understand it now on looking back, though at the time I suffered quite as much as they did from the terrible want of harmony between us. But how could I help it? There was I—a tall, strong, healthy girl, full of life and energy, longing for something to do, yearning for the right to feel, the power to *live;* and there were they—my father, a confirmed invalid; my mother, a nervous woman whom I never remember in a good temper, and who found even our quiet life so full of pains and troubles and anxieties she used to sit down and cry over them, when she did not scold; my sister Nora, twelve years older than myself, nearly as delicate as my father and quite as nervous as my mother, besides holding it as a canon of faith immutable that to be lady-like a woman ought never to show feeling or energy, or any form of excitement—that, in fact, she ought to be as wooden as a doll, and about as lifeless; so it is easy to understand what a dreadful creature I must have seemed to them all, and how unsuited we were mutually to each other.

I stood five feet six, was strong armed, and largely built altogether; more like a boy than a girl in my tastes delighting in dogs and horses; and boating and crag climbing (we lived among the dear old mountains), and utterly unable to sit in the house like other women for a quiet afternoon's embroidering strips of muslin, or reading trashy novels, which were the chief pleasures of my mother and Nora. They scarcely ever went out, even in the summer; and always had the blinds down, and the windows closed. They used to shudder at me when I came into their neat, twilight drawing-room, bringing great clumps of snow on my boots, or patches of mud, or bits of hay and straw, or bark, according to the season; and when they heard my step come striding through the hall, they used to sigh plaintively; and I have often heard them say, in their injured tones: 'Here comes Ida again; she walks just like a man!'

And I daresay I did. But they did not know, and would not see, how often I used to try and walk gently, and take little short steps, like

Nora. To be sure, I could never keep it up, and was forced to go back to the old swift strides natural to me. But I tried; which was something in my favour, if they would but have acknowledged it.

I often thought in those days that I could not be papa's or mamma's child, I was so utterly unlike them, and unlike Nora too. Papa and Nora were both small and dark; mamma was fatter and larger than either, and fairer even than I, for her hair was pure flaxen and mine is very nearly red—a dash more and it would have been really red hair—as it is, I believe it is auburn; but I was as unlike mamma as I was unlike the others. And if papa had not had a brother, to whom he said I bore the most wonderful likeness—a brother who had gone out to California when he was quite young, and had never come back again—I think they too, would have believed that I had been changed at nurse, and that I was a stranger to their blood as I was to their sympathies. As it was, the Californian brother saved my dear old Mary's credit; but certainly he did not make my parents any the better satisfied with their unlikely daughter.

So I lived till I was seventeen, practically without any control or education, but always in disgrace, always trying to win their favour but never succeeding because I never knew when I offended; wondering why I was such a black sheep among them, and trying to feel that I was naughty and abominable and that I deserved their displeasure; but somehow I never could quite get to it. I knew that I wished to please them, but as my strength and health and size were my offences, it is not difficult to understand why I did not attain my wish. 'You are so big, Ida!' they used to say reproachfully; and oh, dear me! how many tears my large thick boots, and gloves at seven and a quarter, have cost me; how many tears my appetite! Yet I really could not eat less than I did; and I was always hungry as it was, for they used to give me such little bits I was ashamed to ask so often for more. They were all more or less invalids, and as they never went out, or took any exercise, of course they eat like birds; but I was always in the open air doing something that gave me an appetite; and besides, I was growing fast, and I had superb health, so naturally I did eat an enormous quantity compared with them; and that used to vex them. In fact, my whole manner of being, the person that I was, used to vex them, and there was no remedy for it anyhow.

When I was seventeen the first great change came to our quiet household. Nora married. I was thunderstruck when she told me, which she did only the week before. I was a great goose, I fear, for though I was dimly conscious of something going on in the household, I had not an idea what it was; and as I had been accustomed to be shut out from all family confidences, and taught not to ask questions,

I had not troubled myself much with what did not concern me. I thought Nora was joking when she told me. She had always declared she never would marry, and I had believed her. And then she was so prim and staid, and to my insolence of youth she seemed so infinitely old—nine-and-twenty; and she looked forty. It was all incredible to me, look at it how I would. However, I soon found it true enough; she married; and of all men in the world, the one I most hated, the Reverend Alexander Tagart—a pale, thin-lipped, austere man of about fifty, whose whole code of righteousness lay in the denial of everything natural and healthy. He and I had never got on well together, the antagonism between us having been pretty well pronounced from the beginning, so I was naturally not over pleased at his entrance into our family. Things had been bad enough for me before, I knew they would be worse now. And the sequel proved I was right.

Nora's marriage killed poor papa. He had been in bad health to begin with, and the excitement, quietly as the wedding was managed, was too much for him. And then he fretted for her. They were so exactly alike in everything that he felt as if part of himself had gone; at least, he used to say so, and he fretted so much that in about three months after she left he died. And was it not cruel?—they would not let me see him when he was ill! They said I was so loud and noisy, and so big, I should disturb him. This was Mr. Tagart's doing, I am sure; and when I cried about it to mamma, and complained of the cruelty, she only said peevishly: 'It is your own fault, Ida; you should be gentler and more affectionate than you are, and obey us when we tell you anything, and then perhaps you might have seen papa.'

Soon after his funeral poor mamma died quite suddenly, of heart disease—fat about the heart, the doctor said; but Mr. Tagart always insisted on it that I killed her. We were at dinner, she and I; and I had been for a long ramble by myself over the fields, and I certainly had come in awfully hungry. It was a brisk, clear, frosty day, and I had been out for five hours, and had walked and scrambled full fifteen miles. Mamma was not well that day, and would not eat; and I remember we had a large piece of roast beef; and I remember too, her horrified look at me when I asked for a second plateful. I shall never forget it.

'What! *more*, Ida?' she said, in a reproachful tone, as if I had done something wrong.

'Yes please, mamma dear I have had such a long walk, and I am so hungry,' I said.

She cut the meat I remember quite passionately—cut me off a huge bit—a *chunk* fit for a plough-boy, and quite flung it on my plate; and she looked very angry; then she gave a deep sigh and sank back in her chair. I was too much ashamed to look at her, so I eat my meat in

silence; and when I had finished I asked if I should ring the bell? She did not answer, and she looked so pale and strange that I was frightened, and rang loudly for Jane: and Jane sent for the doctor at once; but when he came he said she was dead, and had been dead for more than half-an-hour. Poor mamma! I don't like to think of that moment!

'See what your unruly appetite, your selfishness and greediness have done!' cried Mr. Tagart, when he heard how it all happened; 'you have killed your mother!'

I was left by my father's will under the guardianship of Nora and her husband until I came of age, when I should have about five hundred a-year of my own, through my grandfather. Nora, as the eldest, had double that; for papa had left all his fortune to her, and she had, through mamma's father, the same as I. So as soon as the funeral was over, I went back with the Tagarts to Cracroft Vicarage, which was henceforth to be my home; at least for the next three years and a half. 'Not a day after,' I said to myself by way of promise and consolation; 'I will bear it for three years, because I cannot help myself, and I will bear it as cheerfully and good-temperedly as I can; but after then—not an hour.'

So you see I did not enter on my new life with any expectation of happiness, nor with any cordial feeling on my own side to sweeten what I knew to be Mr. Tagart's dislike and Nora's disapprobation. I was tired of trying to win favour I could not feel I had deservedly lost; but I meant to make the best of everything, and I was not an ill-tempered girl.

Had I been misunderstood at my own old home? I soon learned to look back on my life there as one comparatively rich in sympathies and love. I had suffered in my large, noisy, healthy childhood in a house of nerves and sickness, but it was all as nothing compared to the torture of my brother-in-law's rule. Heaven forgive me if I speak of him too bitterly, but I cannot think of him calmly even yet; and the less so because all his cruelty, his evil temper, his tyranny and injustice, were in the name of religion and for the honour of God and Christianity. He set himself to tame me, he said; he would not continue the mistake which my father and mother had made—the mistake of indulgence—and let me run riot in my godless and unfeminine career; he had undertaken to subdue my proud defying spirit, God helping him, and he owed it to his own character to succeed, and to bring me into a state befitting the household of a minister of the Word.

All this was right enough, so far as it went; but we split on the question of what was wrong, and what was unbecoming in a clergyman's family. He made out that almost everything was wrong. I was not to ride; neither he nor Nora rode, and they would not let me go alone or

with only a groom. This last, Mr. Tagart said, was 'dangerous,' but I really could not see how, and I could never get him to explain. I was not to take long walks, not indeed to go out of the garden alone, and I had no walking companion. I was not to dance, even if I had the opportunity, which was not likely at Cracroft; but even if a dance had been got up among the girls I should not have been allowed to join in it, for Mr. Tagart always said that dancing was the direct road to hell. I was not to sing, except Calvinistic hymns which I did not like; and it was the same with music. All that I might do without rebuke was, at the first, to teach in the Sunday-school under the superintendence of the teacher of the first class, a tailor's daughter with correct views on baptismal regeneration, and to take a part in what he called parish-work. But he soon forbad me even that, because, he said, I taught unsound doctrine and sowed tares. This was because I once said that the very strict and narrow people seemed to think themselves consecrated to the task of putting God's work to rights. Mr. Tagart was so angry with me for saying this!—and punished me by praying at me, and not speaking to me, for more than a week.

You can understand now something of what my life must have been. I think that even Nora was sorry for me; but I never knew. Her husband had so completely dominated her that she seemed afraid of having an opinion of her own; and if he had put a pair of handcuffs on me she would not have dared to take them off. I used to be sorry for Nora, however, whether she was so for me or not. I don't know if I threw away my sympathy, for she never complained, never said she was unhappy, though certainly she never said that she was happy. I think she held it sinful to be very happy, and unlady-like as well; but I fancy that she had got rather more than she had quite bargained for in her husband, and that he made even her, frigid and narrow as she was, feel cramped and chilled.

I had no female friends of any value at Cracroft; indeed there were none to have. There was only one family with whom we could associate on equal terms, the Lawrences, of the Hollies; and they were not very fascinating people. They were just common-place country girls who took a tremendous interest in all the village gossip afloat, and to whom the every-day affairs of domestic life were of more importance than the most stirring events of current history. Whether the jam was to be made to-day or to-morrow was of far greater moment to the family at the Hollies than whether the Prussians or the French would beat; and a change of servants outweighed in their esteem the rise or fall of empires. I used to wonder at their want of sympathy with all outside their own circle; and they used to wonder at me for feeling so much as I did about things in which I was not personally interested. When bad

news once came over about the Commune, and I could not keep the tears out of my eyes in speaking of it—for I was an ardent republican, and believed in the Commune—I gave them occasion for a week's amusement, and my brother-in-law occasion for a sermon on the damnable sin of rebellion, which lasted over two hours and made my head ache; this was what he called preaching the Gospel to me.

There was a brother however at the Hollies, who used to come down at vacation time—he was at Cambridge, in his last year—with whom I fraternised more than with any one else. He was not quite like the rest, being broader and more liberal-minded, and he seemed to understand me better. He helped me with my studies too; for I was too energetic to live in idleness, and too real to be satisfied with dreams; so, as Mr. Tagart had cut me off my usual amount of physical energy, I was forced to fall back on books and hard study as my resource; and Guy Lawrence helped me.

I should have liked Guy much better than I did had he not been going into the church. But I had taken such a horror to the profession since I had known Mr. Tagart, that I at times included Guy himself in my antipathy, when I thought of him as a clergyman. Poor Guy! my best, and indeed my only friend! I did not always dislike him, you know. In general I liked him very much; but when I thought of him as a clergyman—solemn, austere, unnatural, tyrannical, as I felt sure he *must* be—I used to almost hate him. Poor fellow! he must have been immensely puzzled by my changeful ways towards him; but he was always the same to me, always good and kind; and really, for a man who was not my ideal of a man at all—who did not ride, or hunt, or shoot, or do anything I thought a man ought to do—I liked him very much. And then he was so clever! He knew all about everything, as it seemed to me; and more than this, I was grateful to him for liking me as he did, and letting me think as I liked and say what I thought, without telling me I was going to perdition and that I was prompted by Satan, as Mr. Tagart used. One gets to this almost craven gratitude for tolerance and sympathy when one has been kept long enough in an atmosphere of repression and antagonism.

Time went on, and my life at the vicarage became even harder. I would not give way under it—else what was the good of being strong and healthy? But it was a hard fight to keep up and not let myself become either peevish or crushed. But I think the better I bore it and the more cheerful I remained, the more angry Mr. Tagart was with me, and the more determined he was to break my spirit. One day we had a tremendous quarrel. We seldom quarrelled, because I would not. I never answered him when he was insolent and abominable, but to-day he was so outrageous that I was forced to defend myself. It all began

about a mere trifle—a handful of wild flowers I had brought in and had left on the sideboard; but it ended in an explosion of wrath on both sides, and bitter words that were anything but trifling. I scarcely remember now what I said, but I do remember that he said I was accursed, and a child of the devil, and that God had forsaken me and given me over to the vile imagination of a reprobate heart; and a great deal more of the same kind. When it was all over, I went down into the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, to get myself cool and think out my position calmly. And I had not been there long before Guy Lawrence came in. Guy had never seen me so cast down. In general I used to keep my troubles to myself, and show a bright face under them all. I was too strong and healthy to fret. But to-day I was utterly undone; and when my only friend came in I fairly broke down, and at his first word of kindness burst into tears, like any silly school-girl. The poor fellow was in an awful state.

'Don't! don't, Miss Beecham! Oh, what is the matter? Don't do that; pray don't!' he kept saying.

But I could not restrain myself. It had been a hard matter to bring me to this; but now that I had failed, I failed entirely. So I wept and sobbed as if my heart would break, and took no heed of the fact that poor Guy was kneeling beside me, with my hand in his, which he was alternately kissing and crying over. Or rather, I did take heed of it; but it was so soothing to my bruised nature that any one should show me affection—any one care for me—that I could not repel it. And thus, partly in despair at my present miserable position, which seemed to my exaggerated fancy interminable—for had I not two whole years to wait?—and partly for gratitude at finding myself loved by any one, I let Guy Lawrence keep my hand, and I promised that I would be his wife. I knew that I did not love him as I felt I could love; but I did not expect ever to see my ideal, and I had a very tender regard and respect for him. So, desperate and self-deceiving, I gave him my promise, and repented of it the instant after. Mind, I do not wish to exonerate myself. I did wrong; only I did not know at the time *how* wrong.

Strange to say, Mr. Tagart did not oppose my engagement with Guy. On the contrary, he approved of it with a certain grim satisfaction which struck me at the time as meaning more than it expressed. I have often thought since that he saw how entirely unsuited a shy, reserved, sensitive student like Guy Lawrence, was to such a girl as I, and how the restricted life of a country clergyman's wife would have told upon me. I think he saw in it a life-long punishment for me, which he was glad I had inflicted with my own hand. He might have looked upon it as a means of grace; he said he did; but I had learned by now the real

meaning of his religious phrases. However that may be, he spoke of my engagement everywhere; and there was something in his manner in speaking of it that made me feel as if I had put myself into chains which he had padlocked. My sister said very little. Only once she looked at me rather anxiously, and said in a kinder voice than usual: 'Are you quite sure of yourself, Ida? quite certain that you love him as you ought? You are very young!'

To which I answered cheerfully, 'Oh yes, it is all right! I like Guy Lawrence better than any one I know, and he has always been good to me.'

So no more was said; and my engagement was the recognised fact of the neighbourhood.

I think I told you that papa had a brother in California?—a man who went out when he was quite young, and who had married and settled there. We used to hear of him occasionally, but we did not know much about him. We knew that he had married a half-caste, and that he had a son James; and that was all. You may imagine our surprise then, when the post brought a letter to Nora from uncle Rowland, telling us that we should see his son James, who had taken a fancy to run over to the old country—James himself, our cousin, adding a few words of his own, saying that he would be down at Cracroft to-morrow, having been in England a week.

I never saw Nora or Mr. Tagart so angry. I do not know what they expected to see; but they spoke of cousin James all that evening as a 'savage;' and really, if he had come in a wampum belt, and with a row of eagle's feathers round his head, brandishing a tomahawk and uttering a war whoop, they could not have expected anything more dreadful by the way in which they spoke. As for me, I was glad. Whatever my cousin James might be, he would be a relief to the monotony and deadness of our lives. So the evening passed; they breaking out into angry lamentations at this unwelcome advent, and I trying to look at the matter cheerfully—till I saw I made them worse, and then I held my tongue.

The next day I was in the garden, on the lower walk, when I saw, coming along the lane at the foot of the meadow that skirted the garden, a tall, singular-looking man. It was a cool but pleasant day in June, but the man striding along the road, with a longer step and quieter movements than are usual to Englishmen, wore a velvet coat belted round his waist; his hat was one of those soft felt things which take all manner of shapes, and was drawn close over his eyes; his dark hair was long, and curling on to his neck; he wore over-boots that came up to his knee; and he carried a huge knotted stick. As he came along, apparently half lazily in reality very swiftly, he looked up at the house

and then at me; then he strode across the fence that divided the field from the road, and came right up the meadow to where I stood by the hedge. I knew at once who it was.

'Guess you are one of my cousins?' said the stranger, in a rich, full, flexible voice, but with a decided American accent, and a short, abrupt manner.

'Are you cousin James?' I asked; and I felt my cheeks grow hot.

'Sure as life,' he said. 'And who are you?'

'Your cousin Ida.'

'Cousin Ida, shake hands.'

I held out my hand across the sweet-briar and privet forming the hedge, and he grasped it heartily. Then he quietly strode over the garden hedge as he had before surmounted the meadow fence, and looked about him curiously. But he looked most at me.

'I like the looks of you,' he said, with his abrupt manner. 'Sit down awhile; I'm tired walking; tell me about yourself and the others. I don't know one darned thing about my British relations, and I want to be posted up before I meet the old one.'

'There is no old one to meet,' I answered; and I began to tell him about poor papa and mamma; but he interrupted me, and said, not rudely nor impatiently, only with the frankness of a man accustomed to the simple truth: 'You needn't tell me about that. I know it all. I want to hear about your sister; Nora, ain't she? *She* must be pretty old, I reckon.'

'I don't think she would like you to call her so,' I answered, laughing.

But he did not seem to see there was anything to laugh at. He was evidently a grave man, and laughter seemed to come but seldom to his lips. He only repeated, with a kind of insisting manner, 'She is thirty-one; older than me by four years; and that is no chicken, I guess.'

Then I told him about Nora and Mr. Tagart; and I thought I spoke very guardedly about them both, but especially about him; but cousin James, who had been looking at me from under his broad-leafed hat brought close down over his eyes, suddenly said: 'You don't love that brother-in-law of yours?'

'Love him! no, I certainly don't *love* him,' I answered, lightly and evasively; 'but I did not say I disliked him.'

'I didn't say you did,' said cousin James quietly; 'but you don't like him, anyhow.'

And to this I made no answer.

'Never you mind, then,' said cousin James, laying his broad hand on my shoulder, and still looking at me with eyes that seemed as if they saw right through me. 'While I'm here none of them shall hurt you, cousin Ida. I'm glad I've come. I'm glad I've seen you first. You

and I are to be friends, you know.' He took my hand in his, laying it on his palm and looking at it. Then he kissed it, and passed his finger down the veins, saying, 'What a pretty, strong hand! That's the hand I like. You are a grand creature, cousin Ida!'

'I think we had better go into the house,' I said, a little disturbed, and with my face on fire.

'I think so, too,' said cousin James gravely.

So we went up the garden, neither of us speaking; but when we came to the door he laid his hand again on my shoulder, and said, in a lower voice than he had used before: 'We are friends, cousin Ida; that's a fact, ain't it?'

And I, looking up at him as he stood, tall, erect, and with such a fearless and yet such a tender expression in the handsome face that looked into mine, so far above me tall as I was, answered hurriedly, 'Yes.' But it seemed as if both of us had said a great deal more.

If Nora and Mr. Tagart had disliked the idea of cousin James, they disliked the reality ten times more. It was quite painful to see their horror of him, only because his clothes were cut differently from ours, and because he was not up in all the minor matters of etiquette to which we attend. I had never thought either of them very profound observers, but I certainly did not expect to find them so shallow as they were. They saw nothing of cousin James's goodness, nothing of his bravery, his uprightness, his truth, his self-respecting nobleness of nature; they only knew that he spoke with an accent, said 'I guess' and 'I reckon,' used odd words and not always impeccable grammar, kept his hat on in the room—and his hat itself was a sin—tumbled the antimacassars which he called 'darned rags,' disregarded gates and doors and went over hedges and out of windows if it suited him to do so; that, in fact, he was as they said 'a savage,' and to be despised accordingly. And it was just this 'savageness'—that is, this truth and unconventionality—that charmed me. It seemed to me as if I had never known a real man until now. And we were such friends! He had such a quiet, unconquerable way of doing things that even Mr. Tagart was subdued. And when he proposed that I should go for this walk or that ride with him, how much soever Nora and her husband disapproved and were annoyed, they had to give way. Cousin James would listen to no objections. You see they had no hold on him. I don't know how it was done, but with the most absolute unselfishness he was utterly uncontrollable, and did exactly as he liked. I think a quarrel to him was something so serious he had no idea of the small ill-tempers in which my brother-in-law and Nora indulged, and so he really did not see them. He had that large kind of allowance met with only in the very strong—in men and women who can afford to be generous. He was graver than most men, more

silent, but not sad; it was more a kind of serious earnestness, as would be natural to a man who had always lived in a certain amount of danger, in the midst of a larger, grander nature than we have in England—and in solitude. The best description I can give of him is that in Joaquin Miller's noble poem, 'With Walker in Nicaragua.' It is so like my cousin James that you must let me write it out for you. When you have read this, and what follows, you know all about my cousin:

'He was a brick, and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
A Texan tigress in her lair,
Or any lion of anywhere;
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,
And true of soul as the north pole-star.
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same alway,
And never moved at anything.'

Oh, indeed he was grand! How glad I was that I had such a cousin! And then the relationship was so delightful. Though a stranger, he was of my own blood; like a brother, whom I must treat with just a little formality but whom I might love as much as I liked, without harm. How unlike that dreadful so-called brother, Mr. Tagart! Here was my true brother! my dear, dear friend! my perfect man! How I delighted in him! how glad I was he had come!

Guy Lawrence was not at home at this time. Of course, cousin James knew that I was engaged; Mr. Tagart told him so before he had been half an hour in the house, and really I thought he might have left my private affairs alone. I could have told cousin James myself. He never spoke about this engagement to me after the first time; but the look and tone with which he took both my hands in his, and said; 'I will wait till I see this lover of yours, cousin Ida,' did not pass from me quickly. What did he mean by waiting? He would wait to do what?

He could not mean wait at the vicarage, for he was always running off in the oddest way. He used to come down to breakfast and say that he was going away that day to the Isle of Wight, or the Highlands, or Cornwall, or Wales, or Paris, or Ireland, as if he was going out for a walk; and places that we should have taken weeks to see he would do in a couple of days, and speak of them as 'pretty little rat holes' afterwards. Nora and Mr. Tagart used to be furious with him when he did so; but he made me laugh; and I could understand how a man used to the Sierras and the Cordilleras, and those great rolling prairies and pampas, should find our finest scenery in England small and tame in

comparison; but Nora and Mr. Tagart would not see things in this light. They used quite to scold when cousin James laughed at the pretensions of Black Gang Chine to sublimity, and when he said that Skiddaw and Scawfell were only 'mole hills of a respectable elevation.'

Well, one day—the day when Guy was expected home—cousin James came into breakfast with his velvet coat and his knobbed stick, and his hat over his eyes (he never carried any luggage) and announced that he was going to Holland, and would be back again presently. He never asked about times or trains when he started off like this. He used to swing himself down the garden, and over the fences, as if he could walk over the whole island in a day; but I found out afterwards that this was not peculiar to him, but that all Americans, when they come over to England, wander about like wild things in a cage, and crumple up distances which are severe to us into absolute nothings. I went down the garden with him, and I felt so wretched I could scarcely keep the tears out of my eyes. It seemed as if I should never see him again. He was unhappy too, I think; and when we parted, he pressed my hand till he nearly made me scream.

'I am going now for your good, my girl,' he said in an undertone. 'When I come back we shall know more how we stand. Good-bye; I think I know you.'

All very enigmatical, but somehow I was a little comforted by what he said; perhaps rather by what he looked; for he did look at me very kindly. Then he went; and as he turned the corner of the lane and I lost sight of him, it was really like the sun going out of the sky.

When I went back into the house Nora and Mr. Tagart both attacked me for going down the garden with him; and they both ridiculed and abused him most unmercifully. I fired up in his defence, but something in Mr. Tagart's cruel face took all the blood out of mine, and all the courage from my heart, so I ran away to my usual retreat, the summer-house in the garden, half-ashamed and half-frightened; I do not know what I felt, my whole being was in confusion and distress.

Presently Guy came. Good God! had I been blind or mad? I had never thought him very handsome or manly-looking, but to-day it was as if he or I had been transformed since we met last. Small, nervous, shy, diffident, with his lank thin hair falling in a tattered, faded wisp about his bloodless face, his pale blue eyes weak and quivering, his hesitating tremulous voice, his singular uncomfortable manner—he was too strong a contrast to the lordly cousin who had come into my life like an ideal realised, and whose absence I was then lamenting.

'Dearest Ida,' said poor Guy, with such a painful mixture of timidity and pleasure; 'this is joy indeed, to see you again.'

'How do you do, Guy?' I said as kindly as I could; but my own

voice struck on myself as harsh and constrained; and I held out my hand.

'Are you glad to see me, Ida?' he asked, and he began to mumble my hand, sighing and trembling.

'Why of course I am,' I answered, trying to laugh; but the touch of his lips on my hand made my flesh creep, and I drew it hastily away. I could not bear it; it felt like sacrilege.

But he was a good soul, patient and humble and unsuspicious; and I believe he would have let me walk over him if it would have given me any pleasure.

Formerly it had been my greatest comfort to be alone with Guy. I never let him make love to me, and there had been something very soothing in his kindness; besides, I used to make him read to me, or explain what I had been reading, so that his companionship had always had something profitable and elevating in it. But now I could not bear it; it was maddening; so I got up and said 'Let us go to the house, Guy,' in quite a wild way, for indeed I scarcely knew what I said or did. I only felt I should go out of my mind if I remained there alone with him, and he treating me as if he had a *right* to be kind to me.

Underneath the little table in the summer-house lay a spray of jasmine; I remembered seeing my cousin James with it in his coat last night; when Guy took it up, and in his nervous way began breaking it to pieces. I do not know what possessed me, but I do know that I shrieked quite loudly, and snatched the flower from his hand.

'My darling!' he said in a frightened tone; 'I thought I had hurt you!'

I blushed, and stammered out 'It is a piece I wanted to draw,' as I thrust it into the bosom of my dress.

'I will pick you one much prettier,' said poor Guy innocently; but I turned away and pretended not to hear him.

What a hypocrite I was growing; and why? I could not understand myself. Guy's coming had been like a revolution into chaos of the cheerful cosmos I had once called my soul. Oh! if only he would go away again, and my cousin James come back! How much more I cared to listen to adventures with grizzlies and wild Indians than to hear 'Cowper's Sofa' or 'Pope's Satires!'

Days passed: two, three, four days—a week—a fortnight—and no tidings of cousin James; not even a letter; which Nora and Mr. Tagart said was 'only what might be expected from a savage as he was.' They sometimes made me almost mad by the way in which they spoke of him; but somehow I never dared to defend him—Mr. Tagart's hard, cold eyes, used to *hold* me. I had never known such misery as I was enduring now. I cried all night and I moped all day. I, who had never let myself

fret in my life, who had always shaken myself free of my sorrows, and smiled and carried a brave heart and a high head through them all, now was as nerveless and hysterical as a mere miss; and the worst of it was, I did not know why I was so dreadfully unhappy. Mr. Tagart was horrible, as usual; but he was no more horrible than usual, when I came to think of it—he only seemed so. My sister Nora was no colder than she had always been; but her coldness hurt me more. Guy, poor Guy, was kinder than ever; but his kindness, which was once such a comfort, was now an absolute torture. Good heavens! how had I ever promised to be his wife! I must have been dreaming; I must have been insane; I could not marry him; I would not; I would go away to my uncle in California; I would be free, natural and happy; I would leave this narrow and conventional life for one where I might breathe; I would go away for ever, and never come back to the thraldom, the shams, the tyranny of England! I had no home here—no one who cared for me—my uncle should be my father, and cousin James, ah! cousin James should be my brother, and I would be his faithful friend and sister. But these two terrible years, until I come of age? What should I do! what could I do! and there was no one to help me, not even cousin James; for I could appeal to him as little as I could appeal to Guy Lawrence himself.

What anyone knew or noticed of me at this time I neither asked nor cared. I was not myself, not my own mistress. It was shame and grief to me that I had broken down so helplessly: but so it was, and I could not retrieve myself, I could not call back my lost cheerfulness, my vanished self-command. But in the midst of all this despair and agony I saw from my bed-room window—where I generally sat now straining my eyes to the south—I saw crossing the bridge that tall, commanding figure my eyes and heart were aching to see. There he was—the slouched hat drawn close over his eyes, the velvet coat belted round his waist, the knotted stick, the air of proprietor of all he saw yet stranger to all we valued; and had he been a god, as he was my hero, he could not have been more welcome, more glorious to me. Why not? Was he not my only friend? I saw him coming with his quick movements and swift Red Indian stride across the bridge, down the little turning, and along the path that skirted the meadow by the garden. I was in my own room, as I say, when I first saw him; but before he had left the bridge behind him, and while he was still in the little lane, I was down by the hedge, waiting for him in the sunlight.

The wind took my hair and blew it in waves and wreaths about my head and across my face; it took my purple dress and eddyed it into light gauzy clouds; it was refreshment to my parched lips and feverish cheeks; and when, as on the first day, he crossed the meadow to the

hedge, I, too, as on that first day, reached out my hands to him over the sweet briar and flowering privet; but I could not speak, my heart was too full; I could only hold out my hands and look down; I could not look at him for more that just that one glance.

In a moment he had leaped the hedge; in a moment I felt his heart beating against mine, as he took me in his arms.

'You love me, Ida?' he said, in his full rich voice; 'and as the Lord lives, I love you.'

I do not need to die to know what heaven is—I knew it then.

It was all done in the open air, and the drawing-room windows looked on to the lower terrace where we stood; but I thought of nothing; I cared for nothing; I was in cousin James's keeping now, and I felt that I was safe. He would let nothing harm me, and no one take me from him.

Suddenly I was pulled violently, and I heard Mr. Tagart cry hoarsely: 'Shameless, abandoned girl! do you dare to carry on your abominable intrigues before our very eyes?'

The next instant he was on the ground. One blow from cousin James's strong arm had laid him there.

I had been content to keep my hands clasped together and resting on my cousin's breast, but now I threw my arms round him as far as they would go, saying, 'Do not let them take me from you, cousin James! do not let them take me away!'

'They shall take my life first, I guess,' said my cousin in a low, concentrated voice.

Presently Mr. Tagart picked himself up.

'You will hear of this again, sir,' he said with a scowl.

'Expect I shall,' said cousin James; 'and you have not done with me yet.'

'I have done with you so far that I forbid you to enter my house again, where I can and will keep Miss Beecham safe,' said Mr. Tagart. 'The law gives me that power.'

'I don't care a curse for your old laws,' said cousin James; 'Ida is mine, and I mean to keep her.'

'We shall see about that,' said Mr. Tagart; then turning to me he added authoritatively, speaking as if I had been a dog, 'Go into the house, do you hear? go in this instant, I say!' He put out his hand as if to take hold of me.

'Do you want to feel the earth again, you mean cuss?' cried cousin James, striking down his arm and my brother-in-law shrank back.

'You are aware of the penalty for assaulting a clergyman?' he faltered, trying to bluster but in reality very frightened.

'I neither know nor care,' said cousin James; 'but if you touch her,

I'll do it again. Now, Ida, my girl, listen to me. You know after this I can't go to your house again; but I'll take lodgings in the town and look after you. I'll trust you and you'll trust me, and all will come right. And as for the coil you've got into with the man you've promised, you must tell him you have made a mistake, and that you are coming to me as my wife; and I'll tell him so, too.'

'I will, cousin James,' I said.

'I am sorry to disturb your pleasant little arrangement,' said Mr. Tagart sneeringly; 'but I am your master, Miss Beecham, till you are of age; and until then I absolutely forbid all intercourse whatsoever with your cousin James. You have engaged yourself to Mr. Lawrence, and I warn you I will use all my influence over him to hold you to your bond.'

'I know Guy too well for that!' I exclaimed. 'He will give me up the moment I ask him.'

'For yourself perhaps he might; *I* would, if I were in his place,' said my brother-in-law;' 'but your money may be useful. Apparently more than Mr. Lawrence thinks so.'

My cousin's bronzed cheek flamed at this insolence, and he made a stride towards Mr. Tagart, with a look on his face I did not like to see. I laid both my hands on his arms, and placed myself in his way. 'Do not touch him, dear,' I said imploringly, 'we can afford to let him rave.'

'Ida, it is hard,' said my cousin, between his teeth; but he obeyed me, and turned his back abruptly on my brother-in-law.

I knew it cost the quick, hot, Californian blood something to subdue itself to our tamer manners; but cousin James was too brave to be a brawler, and if he might not strike he would not condescend to wrangle; so he left Mr. Tagart to himself, and took me away to the summer-house, where my brother-in-law was obliged to leave us in peace, having by this time become nervous and alarmed.

Here we made our plans; plans, indeed, they were not; only that we were both to declare ourselves to Guy, and to remain faithful to each other and hopeful, until cousin James should see his way to my effectual deliverance from what we both knew would be a tyrannous bondage. And when the evening had come I tore myself away—I going into prison, while cousin James stood motionless on the terrace, watching me to the end. And when I got into the house he was standing there still; but I was in the power of my brother-in-law and guardian.

And now my trial began in real earnest. All that could be thought of to break down my love, my pride, my resolution, was put in force; but I stood firm. Guy was induced—Heaven knows by what shameful misrepresentations of my cousin!—to refuse to see me, and to maintain his claim on me. He wrote me a long letter, and I was not unjust enough

not to see the real love and tenderness in it. He held me for my own good, he said, and until my madness had subsided; if, in the future, when I had grown calmer and could see things as they were, I still wished to break off my engagement, I should; but for my own sake, as matters were now, he must keep me to my word. So there was no hope there; and as I was kept a close prisoner in my room, denied every kind of liberty, I had nothing for it but to be patient, to rely on circumstances, and to hope: and not to believe what both Nora and Mr. Tagart told me, which was that cousin James had left Cracroft, and that no one knew where he had gone or what had become of him, and that he had probably washed his hands of the affair altogether and returned to California, or been lost among the mountains, and was now lying dead at the foot of some precipice. I did not believe either one or the other story; but it is not easy to keep up one's courage when one is in such a position as mine—an absolute prisoner, and unable to hold any kind of communication with any one but one's jailers and tormenters.

It was a wild autumn night. The rain was falling in torrents; the wind was howling through the trees; the waterfall at the back of the vicarage roared and rushed as though it would tear the very roots of the earth away; and I sat in the dark, in my own room, listening and waiting.

It was past midnight, and all the house had gone to bed; but I sat by the window, looking out into the darkness. All I could see were the outlines of the trees and mountains, and sometimes the white sheet of seething water in the distance, by the lightning that streamed across the sky. Suddenly I heard a muffled kind of noise against the side of the house, and then a gentle tapping against the window; and I thought I saw by a vivid flash the figure of a man standing dark against the pane. I was frightened at the first, but I soon recovered myself. When you are very miserable, even a danger comes as a relief. The tapping was repeated, softly, and I cautiously opened the window. Light and supple as a panther there sprang into my room—something; in the darkness I did not know what or who it was. I only felt a large wet mass of velvet; then two arms that took me up from the ground bodily; and a warm bearded face that kissed mine.

'Ida!' whispered a voice. And then I knew what my heart had already told me. It was my cousin James—my beloved, my deliverer!

'Can you brave the night?' he said.

He did not ask, could I trust him? He knew that.

'With you? Yes, I could brave anything!' I answered.

'Put on your hat and cloak, then, and come,' said my cousin. 'Never mind what you leave behind you; you shall have double all you lose.'

'I have no things,' I whispered. 'They have taken away everything

except what I am wearing. No hat, no cloak, no boots!' And I tried to laugh.

My cousin swore between his teeth.

'The night will kill you,' he said. 'Oh, the damned cruel tigers!'

Just then a driving gust of wind and rain shook and deluged the room. The lightning flashed brighter and more frequent, and the thunder roared with more tremendous power. I clung to my cousin. Even I, strong-nerved as I was, shrank from the idea of facing such a storm in a thin muslin dress, and with only bed-room slippers.

'You are afraid, my darling, my beauty!' he said, very tenderly.

I trembled as I clung to him. I was cold, only half-clad, and I had been for a fortnight so poorly fed I was more than half starved; besides, the moral anguish I had gone through had shaken me; so no wonder I trembled.

'I cannot even ask you in such weather,' he went on to say, soothingly. 'We must bide our time and wait for a fairer opportunity; but I have a carriage at the foot of the hill, the ship sails to-morrow, and our passage is taken.'

'I will go, cousin James,' I said, lifting up my head. 'It is only one trial, and then I shall be safe.'

He pressed me to him rapturously. 'I thought I knew my brave girl!' he said. 'One effort, Ida, and you are free!'

Quick as thought he wrapped me in his velvet coat, and buckled it round my waist, so that it did not inconvenience me; then he stepped out into the darkness, holding my hand, and softly telling me not to fear. I followed him, and groped my way on to the ladder that was placed against the window; and in a few seconds I was on the gravel walk—slipperless! But I did not tell him this. We felt our way in the dark through the garden to the gate by the summer-house, where, at the foot of the hill, the carriage was waiting. Turning back to look at the vicarage for the last time, I thought I saw a small red flame flicker out of one of the windows. I looked again, and saw it more distinctly. Another and another; then came the smell of burning wood, then the hissing of the rain as it fell on the rapidly increasing flames, while wreaths of red smoke wound up into the air and were lost in the blackness of the night. There was no doubt now; the house was on fire.

'We must go back and save the poor cusses,' said cousin James, quietly. 'My darling! we will not be parted even for this.'

He kissed me, and rushed back to the house just as the flames were licking up to the floor of my sister's bedroom, and I saw him disappear into the smoke and fire. I could not stay where I was. Like a wild thing I too rushed up to the house, but the heat drove me back. I called to my cousin. Above the din and tumult of the fire and the

night, my voice, flung up with the shrill sharpness of agony, reached his ear. He was then carrying down the insensible form of my sister, Mr. Tagart clinging to him, crying; and as soon as he had placed them in safety he came back to me, saying cheerily, 'Here I am, Ida! not a darned hair the worse!'

He did everything so coolly, so much as a matter of course; but though he said he was no worse, there was a great gash in his strong arm, and the blood was streaming from it.

'Tie it up, my beauty,' he said to me pleasantly, as if it were a mere scratch; 'let me see if you are fit to be a Californian's wife.'

And when I had tied up the wound, which I did as bravely as I could, for I knew that would please him more than sympathetic tremors and tears, he kissed me tenderly, and said, with such love in his voice that my very brain reeled for joy, 'God bless you, girl! I thought you were clear grit all through, and now I know it.'

Oh, you great heavens, how I loved him at that moment!

By this time the fire had become seen from the town, and the place was alive. But cousin James, having done all he cared to do—saved Nora and Mr. Tagart, and assured himself that the servants too were safe—took me aside, and in the confusion we were lost and made our escape without attracting notice. The next day we embarked on board the boat bound for California, and a clergyman on board married us. And as he read the service I looked up with a strange sensation, and—do not think me absolutely insane?—I declare to you, on my word of honour and as I hope to be saved, I saw Guy Lawrence, beautiful as a glorified angel, and as if floating in mid-air, gazing down on me with a tender but well-pleased smile. As I looked, the vision faded away; but I saw him as distinctly as I see you now, and I knew in my heart that he was dead.

And so he was. When we got to California we found a telegram to arrest my cousin and me on a charge of arson and manslaughter; though I don't know how they made that out exactly. But it seems that poor Guy, hurrying to the burning house, and not able to find any tidings of me, dashed headlong into the flames, calling out my name, and—I cannot end the sentence! Poor Guy! poor loving, faithful Guy! I wonder if I *am* a wretch, as Mr. Tagart says.

It was a poor kind of reward however, to my hero for his bravery in saving my sister and her husband from such an awful death, to be arrested the moment he set foot on his native land. But California is not quite like England, and cousin James made it right somehow with the Consul and the Judge; and to make assurance doubly sure, he took me away the next day to a solitary ravine among the mountains, where no one could find me, and where we lived absolutely in the wilderness

till everything had blown over, and I was my own mistress and of age. Up to that time Mr. Tagart did not cease to persecute me; but we were too far off to be touched; and when cousin James told our story, the popular feeling went so entirely with us that it would have been more than a man's life was worth to have attempted to molest us.

So here I am, at last LIVING—free, blessed, and beloved; and though sometimes my heart turns back to dear old England with love and yearning, I have only to look at my Hero—only to take my boy, and his, to my heart, and I forget then everything but that I am cousin James's wife, and the happiest mother in the whole of this bright, beautiful, grand New World!

German Troubadours and Master-singers.

By Karl Blind.

The German nation, which is not a political product of to-day, as some appear to think, but which was knit together nearly a thousand years ago, in a union far more efficient than the incomplete one at present existing, has, like its western neighbour, enjoyed an early literary development. A rugged, heroic poetry, and some religious chaunts, which have come down to us in a fragmentary form, mark the most ancient time. Between the twelfth and the fourteenth century, Germany has had her *minne-singer*, or troubadours. After that, a school of *meister-singer* flourished in the towns, until that gigantic cataclysm occurred—the Thirty Years' War, during which the nation's life-blood ebbed out whilst its soul was panting for spiritual freedom.

Then the 'princes,'[1] who by law were mere provincial governors, but who had for some time past aspired to sovereignty and endeavoured to set up particular dynasties, began to tear the Empire to shreds. The popular forces which in the various Republican (*Eidgenossen*) Leagues, and in the War of the Peasants during the Reformation movement, had sought to reorganise the nation on a democratic basis, were no longer in the field. The princes thus had it all their own way; and Germany who once had undoubtedly been an indivisible union—not a mere confederacy of sovereign states, but a real Union—became split up into a medley of petty principalities over whom merely a shadow of Imperial rule flitted, until that shadow, too, was formally done away with in 1806, when the Corsican conqueror lorded it over Continental Europe.

During the colossal misfortune which befel Germany in consequence of the terrible struggle of the seventeenth century, it seemed for a while as if her intellectual light were extinguished. Her very language, with

[1] *Fürsten*, which originally did not mean sovereign rulers, but simply the first or foremost of the high aristocracy—a meaning that word still had at Luther's time.

its combined strength and aptitude for musical development, became barbarised. It sank down to the level of a rude dialect. Only gradually, our literature, which had had so promising a beginning, recovered the lost ground, but at last attained once more a development the extent, beauty, grandeur, and richness of which is now universally acknowledged even by a nation in which an unapproachable poetical master-mind has risen.

There is a great break between the Master-singer epoch and the literature of which Goethe and Schiller are the foremost representatives. Yet, Goethe was, as he himself confesses, deeply indebted to that particular poet of the Master-singer school who is best known by name, though not by his works, namely, to Hans Sachs, the much-vilified 'shoemaking rhymester' of Nuremberg. 'In order to find a congenial poetical soil on which we could plant our foot, in order to discover an element on which we could breathe freely'—says the author of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*—'we had to go back a few centuries, when solid capabilities rose splendidly from a chaotic condition; and thus we entered into friendly intercourse with the poetry of those bygone ages. The minne-singers were too far removed from us. We would first have had to study their language; and that did not suit us. Our object was to live, and not to learn. Hans Sachs, the truly masterly poet, was nearest to us. A genuine talent, although not in the manner of those knights and courtiers; but a quaint citizen, even as we boasted of being! His didactic realism agreed with our tendency; and we used, on many occasions, his easy rhythm, his facile rhyme.'

So Goethe, who, moreover, in his 'Poetical Mission of Hans Sachs,'[1] has fervently sung the praise of the citizen poet, uttering strange curses against 'the folk that would not acknowledge their master,' and condemning them to 'be banished into the frog-pond,' instead of dwelling on the serene heights where genuine bards throne in glory.

If a Goethe could thus speak of a master-singer, that often-despised school of town's-poets may, after all, merit some notion. The proper judgment of the rise and origin of the Meister-singer is, however, generally obscured at the very outset by the unduly sharp division made between their early representatives and the chivalric Minstrels of Love. Minne-song and Master-song are reckoned to bear their antagonistic difference in their very appellations. Yet, the apparently distinctive name of 'Meister' was applied already to poets in the period in which we generally assume that the German troubadours flourished. On the other hand, the word 'minne-singer' is of quite recent date. It was Bodmer who first used it in the last century: and this comparatively new word

[1] Hans Sachsens poëtische Sendung.

then gave rise to an over-strained division-line which is detrimental to a proper understanding. Grimm at least, the great authority, has decidedly laid it down as his opinion that the Troubadour-song and the Master-song in Germany are not only not to be thus divided, but that they have a close affinity in their essential points. Docen and von der Hagen have upheld the contrary view. 'The Minne and Meister-song,'—Grimm says—'are one plant, which at first was sweet; which in its older age developed into a degree of acerbity; and which at last necessarily became woody. But unless we go back to the days of its youth, we shall never comprehend the branches and twigs which have sprouted forth from it.'

Even the usual separation into 'chivalric' poets and 'civic' poets must be accepted with some caution. Among the crowd of lyric bards whose songs have been handed down to us in that famous collection attributed to Rüdger von Maness, the splendid manuscript of which is still, in spite of the Peace of Frankfort, retained by the French, there are not a few singers of humble descent and calling. We there meet with a clerk, a schoolmaster, a fisherman, a smith, and other mechanics—even a poet of the much persecuted race of the Hebrews, namely, the Jew Süsskind, of Trimberg. That which we possess of him, is poetry of a more abstract, philosophical character, a kind of Solomonic wisdom, not untinged with melancholy. In the midst of priestly fanaticism, he sings of the freedom of thought. 'Thought penetrates through stone and steel; Thought travels quicker over the field than the quickest glance of eyes; Thought rises high up in the air above the soaring eagle.' No doubt, this Jewish Marquis Posa had, as he himself relates, at last to leave the poetic art, finding little favour among its noble patrons. In bitter disappointment he complains that he is travelling on the fool's high-road (*ich var ûf der tôren vart*), and says he will give it up, grow a long beard of gray hairs, live in the manner of the old Jews, clad in a long mantle, with a capacious hood, walking along with lowly gait, and trying to forget that he had ever sung at courts.

The vast majority of those whom we now call minne-singers were no doubt of noble descent. Some of our emperors were befriended by the muse. Even Henry VI., that iron ruler, is reckoned among the troubadours; his lay: '*Ich grueze mit gesang die suezen, die ich vermîden niht wil, noch enmac*' is one of the most touching:

I greet with song that sweetest lady
Whom I can ne'er forget;
Though many a day is past and gone
Since face to face we met.

Frederick II, too, another German ruler of the Suabian house of Hohenstaufen, struck the lyre; but as he composed in the Italian

tongue, he cannot be included among our own troubadours. Great depth of feeling marks his song: '*Di dolor mi conviene cantare.*' An excellent English translation, under the title of 'My Lady in Bondage,' is to be found in 'The Early Italian Poets, from Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alghieri,' by G. D. Rossetti. Some have fancied to see in this song of the free-thinking German emperor an allusion to the captivity of the Church, a symbolisation of religious ideas. This view is undoubtedly a most erroneous one; Frederick's lay has as much to do with the Church as the Song of Solomon has.

But though king-emperors, dukes, princes and counts, had a slight part in the literary productions of that age, the main strength of the minne-singing brotherhood resided in men of less ambitious descent, who had sprung from the lower nobility, and who were generally gifted with very small worldy goods, if with any at all. Uhland, in his otherwise so beautiful Tale of German Poesy *(Mährchen)*, which describes the different periods of our literature in a charming Dornröschen allegory, calls German poesy a 'princely child,'[1] and a 'princess.' The great connoisseur of our ancient literature, who knew better when he wrote in prose, allowed himself, in his 'Tale,' to be beguiled into this mis-statement by the seduction which the Dornröschen myth naturally offered. The truth is, the mass of our early lyric bards were, in rank, only removed a degree from the generality of freemen. Some of them pass even wrongly

[1] Zwo mächt'ge Feen nahten
Dem schönen Fürstenkind;
An seine Wiege traten
Sie mit dem Angebind ....

Und als es kam zu Jahren,
Ward es die schönste Frau,
Mit langen, goldnen Haaren,
Mit Augen dunkelblau ....

Viel stolze Ritter gingen
Der Holden Dienste nach:
Heinrich von Ofterdingen,
Wolfram von Eschenbach.
Sie gingen in Stahl und Eisen,
Goldharfen in der Hand;
Die Fürstin war zu preisen,
Die solche Diener fand.

Von alter Städte Mauern
Der Wiederhall erklang;
Die Bürger und die Bauern
Erhuben frischen Sang.

as members of the nobiliary order. For instance, it is by no means sure that Walter von der Vogelweide was of aristocratic origin; the contrary is more probable in fact. Again, as I have above remarked, there were, among the poets of that period, not a few whose civic character is beyond question. These circumstances have to be mentioned, in order to show how difficult it is to draw a strong line of demarcation between *minne-singer* and *meister-singer*, at least in the intermediary stage during which they blend, whilst afterwards no doubt a change occurs—imperceptible at first, and only later of the most pronounced kind.

The master-singers regarded themselves as the continuators of the old poetry. Among the 'Twelve Masters' who, the legend says, founded the poetical schools in the cities, Frauenlob, Klingsor, Walter von der Vogelweide, the Marner, and Reinmar von Zweter are named—all undoubtedly troubadours, although by no means all belonging to the nobiliary order. I need not say that this alleged formal foundation of a master-singer guild is as much a myth as Arthur's Round Table. Chronologically, the Twelve Masters could not have acted together; nor could they have done what the fable relates, in the reign of Otto the Great under whom the event is said to have taken place. Nevertheless, even that myth shows that the Meister-singer felt some contact with their predecessors. And indeed there are, among what are now called the Minne-singer, several who are remarkably like some of the later didactic, sententious master-singers. Again, among the towns'-poets, especially among those who are reckoned as precursors of the school, some by far excel, in fervour and chivalric colouring, their aristocratic prototypes. The master-singers called their own art '*die holdselige Kunst;*' an appellation reminding us of the '*science gaye*' of the Provençal troubadours, among which latter however—in the words of Görres—'the ardent breath of Moorish poetry is felt,' whilst among the minne-singer, and still more among the majority of the meister-singer, a colder tone prevails.

Territorially also, the Master-song coincides with the Minne-song. It extended from the Upper Rhine, from Alsace, then a very cradle of German culture, into Franconia, Bavaria, Thuringia, and partly also Lower Germany, or Saxony, as it was then called. It was mainly the South and the West on which both forms of poetry grew up—the one sprouting forth from the other. At Toulouse also, as Grimm remarks, the last remnants of Provençal poetry, the *jeux floraux*, lingered on the same spot where they had flourished of old.

And even as the later master-singers composed their lays according to set rules, so we find 'rules' and 'masters' already among the chivalric poets in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Nor could it well be otherwise if we remember the form and figure of the Poetic Art of those early ages. Now-a-days, in thinking of poems, we have a notion

of some book that is to be read, of some production composed in the solitude of a study, and destined to be conveyed into the mind of others through the medium of the eye. But the minne-singer were yet bards in the ancient Orphic fashion. They really sang; their delivery was essentially a chaunting one. Hence the birds on the flowery meadow play such a part in their lays. Hence those poets, not quite inaptly, called themselves 'nightingales.' In this respect also, the two poetic circles have a point of contact which ought to be kept in mind, for the *Meister-Singer*, like their predecessors, never delivered their productions otherwise than in singing. Their name, therefore, was not a mere figure of speech.

Germany was then, even in a higher degree than now, a country full of song. The melodies, some of which have been preserved, were simple enough; but the whole nation delighted in the repetition of those strains: and song, which was but another word for poetry, was almost invariably connected with dance. Dance, among all nations of ancient time, is not simply an amusement, but at the same time an act of consecration: in the earliest ages a religious, sacrificial performance. It is as if the harmony of the many-winded movements had been considered an image of the variegated, and yet orderly, cycle of Nature; of the recurrence, after many changes, of the same phenomena on this planet, as well as on the starry skies.

A 'wandering society' (*fahrende diet*) of minne-singer consisted, at least, of the poet, the declamator (*sager*), the fiddler, and the dancer. When the poet himself was unable to sing, he was represented by another, called the little songster (*das singerlein*). A player on some wind-instrument (*blasgeselle*) is also mentioned by some of the minne-singer; he probably played on the flute. Now, in order to get a proper conception of the character of these migratory poetical associations, we must dismiss the remembrance of our modern manners and views, and rather think of the most ancient Greek, or, for the sake of that, Teutonic life, and we shall at once look upon the matter in a very different light. It will be seen at a glance that where such a co-operation was required as is indicated by the appellations of the various members of a 'Fahrende Diet,' a sort of poetical school would gradually be formed, with distinct rules—a school in which there would be masters and pupils, and various degrees.

'From whom have you learnt your art?' asks Klingsor, in wrathful contempt, his rival, Wolfram von Eschenbach, during the famous Tournament of Song known as the Wartburg Contest, in which the rival minne-singer were represented as contending for the palm. The ironical question can only be understood when one knows that the then united arts of poetry and of singing were already at that time taught in regular

school, or guild, fashion, even as was later the case among the burgher-poets. Klingsor is probably but a mythic personage, a sort of early medieval Faust. But the author of the 'Wartburg War' has certainly not put an anachronistic remark into his mouth.

There were many gradations in these poetical fellowships. The high-born dukes and members of ruling houses who occasionally turned to the harp, did not, of course, belong to the singer class properly speaking. The veritable singers, or poets, according to the customs of the age, led a migratory life, going from one court, or nobleman's mansion, to the other, expecting reward for what they gave. Their poetry is by themselves called 'courtly song' (*hovelicher sang*). The expression had, however, not the unpleasant meaning that would now be evoked by the term 'courtly.' *Hof*, from which 'hovelich' (courtly) is derived, then meant any country seat. The word is even now used in Germany as well for a prince's court as for a peasant freeholder's dwelling. The habit of taking reward, wages (*miete*), for their poems, was openly acknowledged by these minstrels. So distinguished a poet as Walter von der Vogelweide did not scruple to say that he expected his 'wages.' Still, in the beautiful lay in which he sings the praise of German women—

> German men are nobly bred;
> E'en as angels our women are . . . .
> Virtue and pure love,
> He who seeks for them,
> May he come to our land so full of bliss—
> O, long would I live therein!

the poet has the good taste (that is to say, according to the courtesy of the time) of declaring that womankind is far too sublime for him to expect any other 'wages' from them than amiable greetings (*schone grueze*). The same Walter, some time afterwards, obtained a feudal tenure in reward for his exertions during an election contest for the German crown. The poetical effusion in which he expresses his unbounded gratitude for this liberal act of the ruler whom he had helped to place on the Imperial Throne, is rather comic in its exuberance. He says he no longer fears to 'feel frosty winter in his toes,' nor does he mind what wicked lords think of him. He now has 'air in summer, and fuel in the cold season;' his neighbours consider him a most excellent man, whereas formerly they looked quite bearishly at him. His poems, once regarded as bitter, grumbling, and scolding utterances (his satires on Church and State are here alluded to), are now thought quite clean and fit for a court:

> Ich was sô volle scheltens, daz mîn âten stanc;
> Daz hat der künec gemachet reine, und dar zuo minen sanc.

A rather realistic expression for a tender minne-singer! But troubadour language, generally so fragrant, sometimes breaks out into utterances totally unfit for a modern drawing-room.

Between the various poetical associations, and the different rivals in the art, angry feuds occasionally sprang up, according to the excitable nature which has from olden times been attributed to the poetical genius. The angriest words were exchanged between those who looked down upon each other as being of an inferior degree in the poetical guild. There were bards who carefully cultivated the ancient and purer traditions; others who descended to the lowest humdrum versification. As taste degenerated in consequence of the nobility assuming more and more a lansquenet and even robber character, and becoming, therefore, unable to enjoy true poetry, the inferior caste of poetasters rose to the surface. Even as the minstrels in England, and the *Confrérie des Menestriers* and the *Troubadours* in Northern and Southern France, gradually became mere street-bawlers and *jongleurs*, so also in Germany a gradual deterioration took place in the character of the wandering bards. So-called 'sentence-sayers' (*spruch-sprecher*) and court fools (*hofschalke*) began to introduce themselves in the castles and mansions and to obtain the chief hold on the people at large. A great many complaints are yet extant of later minne-singer, who utter their grief at the decaying art.

They charge that decay upon the miserly habits which had grown up among the nobility, as well as upon the increase of 'court foolery.' Thus Konrad von Würzburg complains of these 'untutored fools' (*künstelose schalke*), whom he calls a bastard cross-breed between a wolf and a fox, and of whom he says that they steal from the real poets (the *künstereichen*) both the language and the melody. In a symbolical representation he leads True Art into a wood before the throne of Justice. Clad in tattered, beggarly garments, True Art utters her grievance. The verdict of Justice is, that he who confers upon the vile poetasters the rewards which rightfully belong to the veritable bards, shall for all time to come be shunned by Love.

Much stronger are the expressions of the minne-singer Boppo, with the surname of 'the Strong.' He was famed for his bodily strength; nor was his language deficient in massiveness. In abusing the inferior versifex class, he runs through the whole animal kingdom, and through every imaginable scolding term, in order to fix strange denominations upon them—as for instance: *herr esel, dünkelgut, ehrenneider, galgenschwengel, niemands freund, wiedehopf, schwalbennest, entenschnabel, affenzagel, schandendeckebloss.* That power which our language possesses of coining new terms, had evidently been concentrated in a remarkable degree in the hands of Boppo, who, albeit a troubadour, is supposed to have originally

been a glass-blower, and who subjected his antagonists to a most unmerciful fire of vituperative appellations.

The Minne-song had flourished in Germany in the twelfth and thirteenth, partly still in the fourteenth century. Even in the fifteenth we yet meet with wandering poets; but they are few and far between; and the castle-gates generally remain locked to them. The nobles change into robber knights. The chase, plundering expeditions, petty feuds, and gross carousals, are now their only occupations. The Empire is distracted and convulsed by the aristocratic leagues of the 'Cudgellers' *(Bengeler)*, the 'Grim Lions,' and other brigand associations of the nobility. Meanwhile, in the towns, a new power rises. There, a spirit of freedom makes its way; there, trade and commerce expand; a lofty architecture combines with the development of the pictorial art. In the towns, therefore, Poetry also takes its refuge. The lyre is little heard now in the courts and the castles; the bardic guilds are henceforth established in the cities.

The transition is a gradual one. The old poetical forms remain at first the same as before: the Master-song is, as it were, evolved from the Troubadour song, and appears, at least in the beginning, so mixed up with the latter that in some cases it is impossible to make a distinct classification one way or the other. Even as in nature there is no abrupt break in the forms of life, so also on the domain of intellectual development. The lines of division are generally less marked in reality than we assume them to be for the sake of finding our way through the maze of multiform phenomena. Epic poetry is, through a process of condensation, evolved from the ballad form, and gradually dissolves again into the latter. The drama arises from the lyric strophe and antistrophe. Chivalric poetry in Germany takes its rise from a previous popular and monkish literature. The master-song, too, sprouts up from the ancient stem: a later blossom, of less fragrancy, amidst the shed leaves of the decaying minne-song. On the emblematic *meistertafel* at Nuremberg, the Rose Garden was depicted in which the errant chivalry once sang; and Hans Sachs, in the sixteenth century, still composed many of his lays on the melodies of Walter von der Vogelweide and other troubadours.

Generally, Oswald von Wolkenstein and Hugo von Montfort are regarded as the last representatives of the Minne-song; Muscatblüt and Michael Beheim, who lived at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteen centuries, as the chief precursors of the Master-song. Wolkenstein and Muscatblüt are the more important of the four. Their poetical character, it seems to me, is almost invariably indicated in the wrong way, even in standard works like those by Gervinus and Vilmar. Both these eminent historians of our literature reckon Oswald

von Wolkenstein among those who once more raised the old troubadour song, while they accuse Muscatblüt of affectation and triviality. I consider this statement a very unwarranted one. The opinion of Gervinus that Muscatblüt was 'as far from the breath of free nature as his artificial tone is from the artless strophes of Montfort,' can at most be applied to his Lays on The Virgin Mary. In them we meet with a complicated versification, an affected rhyme, an offensive superabundance of imagery. Still, it ought not to be forgotten that even in this he kept within the taste of his time. On the other hand we frequently find in his productions a wealth of sentiment, rendered in such simple words that it is not too much to say that some of his poems may be placed at the side of the best of all times and nations.

Who has not admired Gretchen's Song at the Spinning Wheel as a true master-piece? On looking more closely, we meet, in ancient German literature, poems coming so near to it that we may assume without disrespect that Goethe, who had studied the old Faust plays and borrowed much from them, had also embodied many a lyric jewel of that time in his dramatic treasure. Has not Gretchen's plaint: 'My peace is gone, my heart is sore' a striking affinity to a poem by Muscatblüt,[1] in which a lover thus pours forth his grief:

Herz, Muth und Sinn
Sehnt sich dahin,
Wo meine Gewalt
So mannigfalt
Sich ganz hat hingekehret.
Mein freier Will'
Ist worden still;
Mein stäter Muth
Mich trau'ren thut:
Mein Herz ist ganz versehret.

I fear it will be found impossible to render in English the pathetic simplicity of these quaint lines. The following[2] gives, however, some idea of the poet's power:

With grief o'erborne,
And anguish-torn,
My soul and heart
Would fain depart
Where each sad thought a captive dwells.
My once free will
Is quelled and still;
My constant breast
By woe oppressed;
My heart with hopeless mis'ry swells.

[1] I give it but slightly changed in orthography, so as to render it more accessible to the student of modern German.

[2] I am indebted for this version, as well as for one or two others, to the kindness of a friend, Miss Garnett.

Somewhat in the tone of the popular Parting-songs (*Scheidelieder*), but at the same time reminding one of Gretchen's: '*Ach neige, du Schmerzensreiche*,' are the following passages in the same poem by Muscatblüt:

Ach Gott, erkenn,
Warum und wenn
Ich sehnender Mann
Verdienet han,
Dass ich muss von ihr scheiden . . . .
Dass Lieb' mit Leid
Von Liebe scheid',
Das heisst doch wohl ein Leiden.
Denn Lieb ohne Leid nicht kann sein;
Lieb' bringet Pein,
So Mann und Weib
Mit betrübtem Leib
Hie von einander scheiden.

Wie möcht mein Herz
In solchem Schmerz
Fröhlich sein,
Dass ich die Reine
Soll ewiglich vermeiden.
Ach, Scheiden, dass du je wardst erdacht;
Scheiden thut mich kränken.
Scheiden hat mich zu Sorgen gebracht,
Thut Muscatblüt bedenken.
Scheiden hat mich
Gemachet siech;
Scheiden will mich verderben.
Daran gedenk', traut selig Weib!

Is there a want of natural truthfulness, a want of deep feeling, in this? Undoubtedly Gervinus' *Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung* has rendered great service by showing the intimate connexion between the political and the intellectual life of the nation. But Gervinus has not, to my knowledge, made very profound studies in our ancient writers. I am afraid that in the case of Muscatblüt he rendered his verdict off-hand, without being intimately acquainted with the subject. The same might be said with regard to the judgment he passed on Wolkenstein—again a most erroneous one, giving a false notion both of Wolkenstein's particular bent and of his general capabilities.

In saying this, I am surely far from endeavouring unduly to raise Muscatblüt, the commoner, above Wolkenstein, the knight. Muscatblüt certainly does not attract our sympathies by anything else than his lyric merits. Whilst Walter von der Vogelweide boldy denounces papal tyranny and priestly arrogance with a truly reformatory energy, Muscatblüt, the precursor of the Master-song, combines a voluptuous Mariolatry

with an ardent hatred against all reformatory aspirations, for instance, of the Hussites. It is true, the Czechian movement in Bohemia, even at that time, created already much bitterness in Germany on national and political grounds; and John Huss, besides being a reformer, was a representative of this Czechian, anti-German movement. But Muscatblüt attacked the memory of Huss on Church grounds, giving his assent in rather a brutal manner to the fiendish act of the inquisitorial assembly at Constance. With an allusion to the name of the Bohemian leader, which in Czechian signifies 'goose,' he exclaimed: 'There is yet many an unroasted gosling to be examined!' 'To examine,' in those days, was the technical term for 'putting on the rack!'

Altogether, some of the fore-runners of the Master-singer school were rather characterised by this dark spirit of opposition to the reformatory movement, which was strongly coming up long before Luther. However, at Augsburg, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we already find considerable enlightenment among the master-singer school there; for, in a reactionary satire against the boldness of the towns, which dates from that time, there is the following ironical praise of Augsburg:

Augsburg hat einen weisen Rath;
Das sieht man an ihrer kecken That
Im Singen, Dichten und Klaffen.
Sie haben errichtet eine Singschul,
Und setzen oben auf den Stuhl
Den, der übel redt von den Pfaffen.

Thus, heretical views already were a recommendation, in 1450, for the position of chairman among the civic bards of that free town. That was before Luther was born! We here see the beginning of that Protestant movement which afterwards became a very law to the master-singers; the Bible, in opposition to the legendary cycle of the Catholic Church, serving them as a text-book and a guide in their poetical productions.

Michael Beheim, that other precursor of the Meister-singer school, was one of the last wandering poets who tried their luck by singing at courts. He however met with many rebuffs, and then, ill-humoured and full of anger against those who would not be his patrons, broke out into pungent satires against the princes and the nobility. In this he certainly was far from representing in any way the character of the later meister-singer who never asked for princely or aristocratic favour, much less for pecuniary reward from courts. Following their trade for a livelihood, they sought in poetry, so far as they understood it, merely a satisfaction for the mind and the heart, endeavouring to render their 'schools' a means of raising the intellectual and moral standard of their own class and of the popular classes in general. As to Beheim's effu-

sions, they were rather of that artificial and somewhat tasteless style which Gervinus wrongly attributes to Muscatblüt. Yet it must not be forgotten that even in such stiff and strangely-set devices as we meet with, for instance, in his praise of a lady, who is said to be—

ein Balsamgarten rein,
Der Lilien ein Stengel,
Violensprengel, Ros',
Und auch Zeitlos,' Blum',
Der Seligkeit Ruhm, Güte,
Maienblüthe, des Sommers Zier—

he is not too far removed from some troubadour prototypes.

On the contrary, how distant, in spirit and tone, is Oscar von Wolkenstein from the Minne-poets, whilst yet it has been said of him that he had continued the old chivalric song! I, for my part, cannot conceive a more erroneous judgment. A few songs of a more delicate nature there are no doubt to be found in Wolkenstein, who is a queer mixture of a venturesome, heroic *ritter*, of a Don Quixote, and of a Sancho Pansa. But the bulk of his poems, which fill a goodly volume, is surely not of the nobler troubadour kind. His dancing songs especially are of a broad-grinning comicality. There is a boorish bacchanalianism in them which sometimes verges upon satyr-like grossness, or seeks relief in mere senseless outcries. What could be less like a minnesong than the poem which begins with the words 'Mine host, we feel a jolly thirst,' and in which one of the tamest verses, utterly untranslatable in their unbridled hop-and-jump wildness, runs thus:

Pfeifauf, Heinzel, Lippel, Jäckel!
Frisch, froh, frei! Frisch, froh, frei! Frisch, froh, frei!
Zweit euch; rührt euch; schnurra bäckel!
Hans, Luzei! Kunz, Katrei! Benz, Clarei!
Spring kälbrisch drunter, Jäckel!
Ju hei hei! Ju hei! hei! Ju hei hei!

Or take the following bit of a nonsensical jumble of words! Barring two or three lines, no meaning can be detected in them, except a fierce animalism that breaks out into a rapid utterance of inarticulate cries:—

Da zysly, musly,
fysly, fusly,
henne, klusly,
kumbt in's husly,
werffen ain tusly,
susa, susly,
negena grusly
well wir sicher han.

Clerly, metzly,
elly, ketzly,
thuont ein setzly,
richt eur letzli,
tula hetzly,
trutza tretzly,
vacht das retzly,
der uns freud vergan.

Unless I greatly err, the minne-singers had a somewhat different style.

In other poems, Wolkenstein, who on his adventurous expeditions in Europe, Asia, and Africa, had become something of a linguist in a rather unscientific sense, heaps together, in the absurdest manner, odds and ends of various languages, so as to produce a perfect maze of gibberish. A few biographical notes on this vagabond freelance, to whom in all histories of our literature a totally wrong place is assigned, may perhaps prove of interest; the more so because in his character there is such an eccentric medley of the old and the beginning modern time, a mixture of chivalry and of very Nether-Dutch 'popular' ways and manners.

He was a Tyrolese by birth, and lived between 1354 and 1423. As a boy, he lost an eye by a shot; but with his other eye he peered only the more deeply into the romantic 'ritter' literature of his time. At the age of ten he left his father's castle, in order to participate in a crusade against the heathen Sclavonians in Prussia. His parents let him depart without much ado; for his support they handed him three-farthings and a piece of bread. On the march he gained his livelihood as a groom. At night the roystering boy slept in a stable-corner, or covered by the starry canopy. For eight years he served as a common baggage-boy, went through Prussia, Lithuania, Poland, Red Russia; became a captive, was almost mortally wounded, went to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Flanders, England, Scotland, Ireland, mostly serving—in what later became the lansquenet character—in various armies and countries. In the company of German merchants he went through Poland to the shores of the Black Sea, and into the Crimea; became a cook on board ship, then a common boatswain; saw Armenia and Persia; sailed, again as a ship's cook, to Candia; took part in an expedition against the Turks; fled from a lost battle, wandering through Dalmatia, and returning to the Tyrol. At the age of twenty-five, his hair had become grey; his face was deeply furrowed; but he had learnt no less than ten languages.

When he resolved to marry, he met with a tragi-comic misfortune. Wooing a certain Sabina Jäger, a citizen's daughter, he was told by her

that, to prove his true love, he ought, as a first chivalric duty, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Which he did; but on returning he found Sabina Jäger married! Later he turns up in the struggles of the Tyrolese nobles against the dukes in Austria; then again in Spain, Holland, England, Portugal; in a crusade against the Moors; afterwards as a wandering singer in the Moorish Kingdom of Granada and in the Provence. Meanwhile his castles had been burnt down; still, immediately afterwards, he celebrates a marriage. But his former love, Sabina aforesaid, who now resided at the Court of Innsbruck, allures him to a rendezvous under the pretext of a pilgrimage; and as Don Quixote Wolkenstein unsuspectingly meets her, she has him captured and bound, in order to extort from him a ransom of six thousand gulden. The iron fetters which the false fair one imposed upon him, made him a cripple for life; nevertheless, after the death of his wife, we see him once more in the field, and once more in captivity. For a long time he pines in a loathsome dungeon. On issuing from it, he marries again! Then he goes to war against the Hussites. But at last he can move neither foot, nor arm; neither walk, nor stand; and thus he dies an inglorious death from dropsy. In the wars in which he played a part, he always kept on the losing side—a born bird of ill-luck. Even after his death, there was an evil star shining over his remains; for on the church, near which he was buried, being rebuilt, his tomb-stone became accidentally transposed, and the whereabouts of his burial-place were forgotten.

Such was the chequered career of the strange man who erronously is represented as one of the last 'Minne' poets, but whose lays generally resemble the troubadour style as much as a broom-stick does a forget-me-not.

However, Wolkenstein, as a poet, does not stand alone in this exuberant hilarity. Between Minne and Meister-song, we find a third element interposing at that time—an element of gross joviality, which, strange to say, makes its appearance even on clerical ground. This peculiar phenomenon is to be observed in many spiritual Church poems of the fifteenth century. Whilst the Minne-singer, when they yielded to religious enthusiasm, exhibit a melancholy, brooding mood, a mystically ardent adherence to sacred traditions; whilst the Meister-singer, about the time of Hans Sachs, are characterised by a profound but quiet profession of faith, there is, in that age of transition when the Master-song only begins to rise, a certain hilarious form of spiritual poetry.

Many of those clerical poems sound almost like a student's *Gaudeamus igitur*. Were it not known that they are Church songs, they might be mistaken for satires against the clergy. The mixture of Latin and

German, in itself not unapt to produce a risible effect, is very much used in those poems:

In dulci jubilo—
Nun singet und seid froh!
  All unsre Wonne
Liegt in praesepio;
  Sie leuchtet mehr als die Sonne
Matris in gremio;
Qui est A et O,
Qui est A et O!

O Jesu parvule,
Nach dir ist mir weh!
  Tröst' mir mein Gemüthe,
O puer optime,
  Durch aller Jungfrau'n Güte,
O princeps gloriæ,
Trahe me post te!
Trahe me post te!

Mater et filia
Ist Jungfrau Maria.
  Wir waren gar verdorben
Per nostra crimina:
  Nun hat sie uns erworben
Coelorum gaudia.
Quanta gratia!
Quanta gratia!

Ubi sunt gaudia?
  Wo die Engel singen
Nova cantica,
  Und die Glöcklein klingen
In regis curia.
Eia, qualia!
Eia, qualia!

This, surely, is not a very austere triumphal song on the birth of the Saviour. A clerical May-song in honour of the Thorn-crowned is also extant, in which the faithful are invited to assemble under the Tree of the Cross:

Unter des Kreuzes Aste,
  Da schenkt man Cyperwein;
Maria ist die Kellnerin,
  Die Engel schenken ein;
Da sollen die lieben Seelen
  Von Minne trunken sein.

Under the branches of the Cross
Is poured forth Cyprus wine;
Maria bears the goblet round,
The angels pour the wine;
There all dear souls shall drunken be
With juice of Love's own vine.

In the 'Bath-Song,' another clerical lay, the pilgrimage of the faithful to the Saviour is literally described as a journey to a Spa, nay as a voyage to Baden-Baden. Even the effect of the water, the bleeding nceessary for the cure, and other mundane matters, are strangely mixed up with the religious subject. The five introductory verses run thus:

Wohlauf! im Geist gen Baden,
Ihr zarten Fräulein;
Dahin hat uns geladen
Jesus der Herre mein.

Hie quillt der Gnaden Bronnen,
Der Freuden Morgenröth';
Da glänzt die ewige Sonne,
Und alles Leid zergeht.

Da hört man süss erklingen
Der Vögelein Getön,
Und auch die Engelein singen
Ihre Melodie gar schön.

Da führt Jesus den Tanz
Mit aller Mädchen Schaar;
Da ist die Liebe ganz
Ohn' alles Ende gar.

Da ist ein lieblich Kosen[1]
Und Lachen immermehr;
Da kann die Seel' hofiren
Mit Freuden ohn' alles Weh!

The following I believe to be a fair translation:—

Up! haste to the Baden spring,
Ye tender maidens fair!
Jesus, our Lord and King,
Himself invites us there.

The well of grace supernal,
Joy's rosy dawn is there;
There shines a sun eternal—
Banished are pain and care.

[1] *Smiren*, in the old text,

There soundeth, sweetly singing,
Of birds the harmony;
There angels' voices are ringing
Celestial melody.

There the Lord doth lead the measure
'Mid troops of damsels bright;
And there the heavenly pleasure
Of love is infinite.

There caresses sweet are given,
And unending laughter is heard;
There the souls may go a-courting,
With gladness undeterred.

And let it not be too hastily assumed that in these extraordinary verses, which partake so strongly of the erotic character and even of the erotic terminology, the spirit of the later pietists, or 'Mucker,' is already visible. On the contrary, strange as it may seem, the probability rather is that this Bath-song, which describes the well, the dawn, the crowd of young girls, and the chirping of the feathered songsters in a region where all grief ceases, is a dim echo of the worship of the Germanic Goddess of Love, whose place, after the introduction of Christianity, was occupied by the Virgin Mary. In the Freia myth also, we have the well of eternal rejuvenation—the rosy dawn which everlastingly pervades the region of this goddess—the crowd of children that move joyously on a flowery meadow filled with the song of birds; in short, the whole outer structure of a legend in which afterwards only names were changed.

In this way, ancient Germanic paganism, with its mystic poetical charms, once more flickers up from beneath the Roman Catholic integument, ere the *Meister-singer* intone the sadly serious chaunts of the 'Haupt voll Blut und Wunden':

O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!

The Monster Diamond

A TALE OF THE PENAL COLONY OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

By J. Boyle O'Reilly.

'I'll have it, I tell you! Curse you—there!'
The long knife glittered, was sheathed, and was bare.
The sawyer staggered, and tript, and fell,
And falling, he uttered a frightened yell;
His face to the sky, he shuddered and gasped,
And tried to put from him the man he had grasped
A moment before in the terrible strife.
'I'll have it, I tell you, or have your life—
Where is it?' The sawyer grew weak, but still
His brown face gleamed with a desperate will.
'Where is it?' he heard, and the red knife's drip
In his slayer's hand, fell down on his lip;
'Will you give it?' 'Never!' A curse—the knife
Was raised and buried.

Thus closed the life
Of Samuel Jones, known as 'Number Ten'
On his Ticket-of-Leave, and of all the men
In the Western Colony, bond or free,
None had manlier heart or hand than he.

In digging a sawpit, while all alone,—
For his mate was sleeping,—Sam struck a stone
With the edge of the spade, and it gleamed like fire,
And looked at Sam from its bed in the mire,
Till he dropped the spade and stooped and raised
The wonderful stone that glitter'd and blazed
As if it were mad at the spade's rude blow;
But its blaze set the sawyer's heart aglow,

As he looked and trembled, then turned him round,
And crept from the pit, and lay on the ground,
Looking over the mould-heap at the camp
Where his mate still slept; then down to the swamp
He ran with the stone, and washed it bright,
And felt like a drunken man at the sight
Of a diamond pure as spring-water and sun,
And larger than ever man's eyes looked on!

Then down sat Sam with the stone on his knees,
And fancies came to him like swarms of bees
To a sugar-creamed hive, and he dreamed awake
Of the carriage and four in which he'd take
His pals from the Dials to Drury Lane,
The silks and the satins for Susan Jane,
The countless bottles of brandy and beer
He'd call for and pay for, and every year
The dinner he'd give to the Brummagem lads—
He'd be king among cracksmen and chief among pads.
And he'd sport a ——

Over him stooped his mate,
A pick in his hand, and his face all hate.
Sam saw the shadow, and guessed the pick,
And closed his dream with a spring so quick
The purpose was baffled of Aaron Mace,
And the sawyer mates stood face to face.
Sam folded his arms across his chest,
Having thrust the stone in his loose shirt-breast,
While he tried to think where he dropped the spade;
But Aaron Mace wore a long keen blade
In his belt,—he drew it,—sprang on his man—
What happened you read when the tale began.

Then he looked—the murderer—Aaron Mace
At the grey-blue lines in the dead man's face;
And he turned away, for he feared its frown
More in death than life. Then he knelt him down—
Not to pray—but he shrank from the staring eyes,
And felt in the breast for the fatal prize.
And this was the man, and this was the way,
That he took the stone on its natal day;
And for this he was cursed for evermore
By the West Australian Koh-i-noor.

In the half-dug pit the corpse was thrown,
And the murderer stood in the camp alone.
Alone? No, no; never more was he
To part from the terrible company
Of that grey-blue face and the bleeding breast,
And the staring eyes in their awful rest.
The evening closed on the homicide,
And the blood of the buried sawyer cried
Through the night to God, and the shadows dark
That crossed the camp had the stiff and stark
And horrible look of a murdered man!

Then he piled the fire, and crept within
The ring of its light that closed him in
Like tender mercy, and drove away
For a time the spectres that stood at bay
And waited to clutch him as demons wait,
Shut out from the sinner by Faith's bright gate.
But the fire burnt low, and the slayer slept,
And the key of his sleep was always kept
By the leaden hand of him he had slain,
That ope'd the door but to drench the brain
With agony cruel: the night wind crept
Like a snake on the shuddering form that slept,
And dreamt, and woke, and shrieked, for there,
With its grey-blue lines and its ghastly stare,
Cutting into the vitals of Aaron Mace,
In the flikering light, was the sawyer's face!

Evermore 'twas woe with him, that dismal sight—
The white face set in the frame of night.
He wandered away from the spot, but found
No inch of the West Australian ground
Where he could hide from the bleeding breast,
Or sink his head in a dreamless rest.

And always with him he bore the prize
In a pouch of leather: the staring eyes
Might turn his soul, but the diamond's gleam
Was solace and joy for the haunted dream.

So years rolled on, while the murderer's mind
Was bent on a futile quest—to find
A way of escape from the blood-stained soil,
And the terrible wear of the penal toil.

But this was a part of the diamond's curse,—
The toil that was heavy before grew worse,
Till the panting wretch in his fierce unrest
Would clutch the pouch as it lay on his breast,
And waking, cower, with sob and moan,
Or shriek wild curses against the stone,
That was only a stone,—for he could not sell,
And he dare not break, and he feared to tell
Of his wealth: so he bore it through hopes and fears,—
His God and his devil—for years and years.

And thus did he draw near the end of his race,
With form bent double and horror-lined face,
And a piteous look, as if asking for grace
Or for kindness from someone: but no kind word
Was flung to his misery: shunned, abhored,
E'en by wretches themselves, till his life was a curse,
And he thought that e'en death could bring nothing worse
Than the phantoms that stirred at the diamond's weight,—
His own life's ghost and the ghost of his mate.

So he turned one day from the haunts of men,
And their friendless faces: an old man then
In a convict's garb, with white flowing hair,
And a brow seared deep with the word 'Despair.'
He gazed not back as his way he took
To the untrod forest; and O, the look,
The piteous look in his sunken eyes,
Told that life was the bitterest sacrifice.

But little was heard of his later days:
'Twas deemed in the West that he changed his ways,
And tried with his tears to wash out his sin.
'Twas told by some natives who once came in
From the Kojonup Hills, that lonely there
They saw a figure with long white hair;
They camped close by where his hut was made
And were scared at night when they saw he prayed
To the white man's God; and on one wild night
They had heard his voice till the morning light.

Years passed, and a sandalwood-cutter stood
At a ruined hut in a Kojonup wood.
The rank weeds covered the desolate floor,
An ant-hill stood on the fallen door,

The cupboard within to the snakes was loot,
And the hearth was the home of the bandicoot.
Bnt neither at hut, nor snake, nor rat,
Was the woodcutter staring so fixed, but at
A human skeleton clad in grey,
The hands clasped over the breast, as they
Had fallen in peace when he ceased to pray.

As the bushman looked on the form, he saw
In the breast a paper; he stooped to draw
What might tell the story, but at his touch
From under the hands rolled a leathern pouch,
And he raised it too: on the paper's face
He read 'Ticket-of-Leave of Aaron Mace.'
He opened the pouch, and in dazed surprise
At its strange contents, he unblessed his eyes—
'*Twas a lump of quartz*, a pound weight in full,
And it fell from his hand on the skeleton's skull.

Annexation; The Looshai Country, and our North Eastern Frontier.

By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie,
author of 'A narrative of the second burmese war.'

Annexation we believe to be not popular in England. We can ill spare the sixty thousand European troops so necessary to keep the immense extent of Indian territory we already possess in security and order. How, then, can we expect to manage a still further increase of our splendid dominion? To those unacquainted with India, and the Asiatic character, the reply is simple and easy enough; and 'Down with annexation!' is therefore the cry of a large party of intelligent men at home. But the statesman who weighs deeply the present and future interests of British India must found his philosophy on more sound principles than those of the mere shallow observer. He must first ask himself the question, Are the countries or provinces which the Marquis of Dalhousie annexed more happy and secure and prosperous now, than they would have been if kept under native rule? We declare, without hesitation, that they are; and, in every respect, that they have derived vast benefit from our wise and just administration. We do not for a moment believe that the annexations effected by the great Proconsul inspired the natives of the countries annexed with a 'settled mistrust:' the ruling powers alone in them felt aggrieved for the time; but humanity and civilisation have derived every advantage from our prompt action, for which millions of human beings now bless us, and will continue to bless us in generations yet unborn. The first great annexation in our time was the Punjab.[1] The Sikh invasion of British India—the next serious open attack on our power on record—might have been repeated if we had not annexed the country; and only let us imagine

[1] March, 1849.

what would have been the consequences if such a determined invasion, made by such brave troops, had accompanied the mutiny of 1857! Annexation clearly saved us in the north-west from such a catastrophe; and, beyond a doubt, a Burman or other invasion of our north-eastern frontier was averted by the well-timed conquest and annexation of Pegu. People talk and write of the 'royalty and aristocracy of India,' but do many of them exactly know the meaning of such grand expressions? They shudder at the very thought of the destruction of native rule; but what, throughout Indian history, does native rule mean? Does it not generally imply a system of inhumanity, injustice, and vile oppression? With every respect for Mr. Torrens, and his most interesting work,[1] after nearly thirty years knowledge of India and study of Indian affairs, we do not conscientiously think that what we have done on the whole, looks bad in the sight of heaven. It is idle to look back to the days of Warren Hastings. Whatever may have been the faults of that great ruler of India—faults strongly set forth by the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan—he at least consolidated the empire which Clive had conquered, paved the way for the conciliating policy of the Marquis Wellesley, and the energetic action of Lord Dalhousie. If there had been no annexations we would have have had no empire. 'Discontent and dissatisfaction,' and 'political danger' must ever threaten the glory of all mundane monarchies and governments. Are England and Ireland exempt from them? How then can India escape? 'Look on this picture, and on this!' Look at Pegu under the just and beneficent administration of such men as Sir Arthur Phayre and General Fytche, and at the province under the former cruel governors appointed by the King of Ava! The very nature of their government prevented these cruel Burmese oppressors to poor humanity from conducing at all to the happiness or prosperity of a country. To give the reader some idea of how matters went on under the old rule, it may be stated that on one occasion the Viceroy of Pegu, who had been recently elevated by the king to an equality with himself, was suddenly deprived of all his dignities, and ordered up to Court with a chain round his neck. The charges against him were that opium had been smoked and spirits drank by the troops, and, that being too lenient, he had taken off few or no heads since his arrival at Rangoon. A very short time before, this mild person, now accused of too much lenity, had ordered twelve men, women, and children, who had deserted from him to an obnoxious rival, to be ripped up, the execution of which sentence was only prevented by the urgent entreaties of the British Envoy. The province was in a most deplorable condition; and we are not surprised to read that, two years later, the

[1] 'Empire in Asia. How we came by it: a Book of Confessions.' By W. M. Torrens, M.P., 1872.

Viceroy of Pegu 'monopolized the supply of coffins!' The sparseness of population in Burmah has been attributed, in part, to the cruelties exercised long before our rule, towards the inhabitants. Through the jealousies of the king, high functionaries were sometimes ordered to be hacked in pieces, and hundreds of his subjects were ordered for execution. On one particular occasion, at the capital, thirty men, women, and children were burned, and beat to death with bamboos. The Pegu governors were, doubtless, ordered to follow this example if necessary. Again, the historian informs us that the condition of the interior of Ava (*i.e.*, Burmah), became equally deplorable with that of the river banks; villages and towns were everywhere deserted, robbers and insurgents ranged over the country, and many of the harassed inhabitants, 'at the risk of their lives, openly expressed their wishes, that the English would either take their country, or allow them to migrate to Bengal.'

Doubtless, the miseries of the Burmese and Peguese (or Peguers) continued in full force till Lord Dalhousie, when forbearance could be exercised no longer, from insults offered to our flag, ordered the expedition to Burmah; and from what we learned at the capture of Rangoon, cruelties had been very recently exercised quite in keeping with the demon-work of thirty or forty years before. At the end of 1852 the Pegu province was annexed; and now justice began to breathe, and civilisation to be fairly born. The fostering hand of Great Britain had come to put an end to the unseen wretchedness which abounded in a province larger than Belgium, and the noble errand had been entrusted to us of reclaiming a fair and fertile Eastern land 'from the wastes of dark and fallen humanity.'

Nearly twenty years have now closed over the glorious work; and no wonder that the much-lamented Viceroy, Lord Mayo, when in Burmah in January last, told the Burmese community at Rangoon, in his own admirable manner, that Arracan, Pegu, and Tenasserim were British, 'And BRITISH THEY WILL REMAIN FOR MANY GENERATIONS OF MEN. We govern,' continued the viceroy, 'in order that you should live in peace, prosperity and happiness—that you should be free to come and go—that whatever you possess should be secure, that all your rights should be preserved, and your national customs and habits respected.' Anything more eloquent or more wise could not have been uttered by a statesman. About our keeping the provinces strongly reminds us of Lord Dalhousie's famous reply to the Burmese Envoy, in Government House, Calcutta, at a parting interview, on the 23rd of December, 1854. That wily *woon* (minister) proclaimed, through the Chief Commissioner (Sir A. P. Phayre), that he had come by command of the King of Ava, to seek restitution of the whole of the captured provinces in Burmah!

The Pro-Consul stood calm and collected. The admirable Interpreter looked surprised, but was immediately furnished by the Governor-General with an answer to this cool request: 'TELL THEM, THAT AS LONG AS THE SUN SHINES IN THE HEAVENS, THE BRITISH FLAG SHALL WAVE OVER THOSE POSSESSIONS!'

But, with its many advantages, the conquest of Pegu, or say lower Burmah, or the Delta of the Irrawaddy, has entailed on us two political difficulties; one of which, since the Looshai campaign has terminated, can now be removed; and the other, should there be war in Upper Burmah, can hereafter be removed at our discretion. These two difficulties are, first, the utter impossibility of preserving a lasting peace on our north-eastern frontier of Bengal, or we may say, our present eastern frontier of India, without extending our boundary line to all along the western confines of Upper Burmah, although, having taken the finest or southern part of his empire, it might look to the suspicious and wily Golden Foot of Ava as if we were anxious to 'do business' in the north. And next, our possession of Pegu entails upon us the necessity of interfering in the event of war, which is now apprehended in Upper Burmah, by recent news from the predictions of native astrologers, and which would appear probable from the later intelligence of an outbreak of disturbances on the frontier districts. Our difficulty here is not lessened by a knowledge of the fact from Mandalay, that in order to put down these disturbances, and perhaps be able to resist the Chinese, the Russians, or the English, the King of Burmah is 'very anxious to arm his soldiers with rifles, and obtain rifled cannon.' But, as regards our north-eastern and eastern frontier of India, there can be no doubt that security from raids or invasion cannot be expected till we extend our boundary line to, or subjugate the whole of Upper Burmah. The former seems the easier plan at present. And here, out of justice to Lord Dalhousie, we may remark that on every principle his Lordship seemed to deprecate the entire subjugation of the Burmese Empire. He thought it neither worth the trouble nor the expense. 'The King of Ava's crown is one of tinsel, and will secure its own downfall.' The glory of the dynasty of Alemprer, come what may, is on the eve of departing for ever. We may some day be solicited *by numerous unknown tribes* to go forth and spread the light of civilisation among them.[1] Such were among the thoughts which entered the present writer's mind while narrating the Governor-General's policy nearly twenty years ago. No one acquainted with the people will deny that treaties, overtures, and submission in Chin-India, and the countries bordering thereon, are not worth much; and we may be excused at the present time, when several high chiefs (Looshai) have made promises for the future, and sworn alle-

[1] 'Pegu; a Narrative of the Second Burmese War.' Page 326.

giance to our power, for quoting the words of Lord Dalhousie on this subject, with reference to the Golden Foot: 'I hold a treaty of any kind with the Burmese to be so valueless that the conclusion of one would not induce me to keep one regiment less in Pegu than if there were no treaty.' And we must also give the finest passage in the famous Minute of 3rd November, 1852, where the noble marquis, contenting himself at that time with the annexation of Pegu, by which we hold in the easy grasp of our hand 'the kernel of the Burman Empire,' remarks: 'But after all, peace cannot be procured by authority short of the conquest of Burmah;—if the lapse of time and the course of events shall establish a real necessity for advance, then let us advance.' Surely the strongest opponents of annexation, and even such able writers as Mr. Torrens, will admit the consummate wisdom of such a course.

The anti-annexation class in England, no doubt, at heart, do not wish their country to be outrun in the race for universal empire by either Germany or Russia; and yet they would seem to draw upon themselves the application of Lady Macbeth's well-known lines on the Thane's nature:—

> "What thou would'st highly,
> That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
> And yet would'st wrongly win."

There is no other way than that we have been adopting in the east, and will be compelled always to be ready to adopt, for the extinction of brutal savagery, and the firm planting of true civilisation! From the assassination of one of India's most energetic and popular Viceroys at Port Blair (Andamans), on the 8th of February, of this year, a melancholy interest attaches to the following paragraph in the present writer's 'Papers on Burmah,' published two years ago: 'At the beginning of March, 1870, General Fytche had taken back with him Lord Mayo's reply to a Rangoon address. His Excellency declared the growing prosperity of British Burmah to be specially interesting to him, and promised a visit to the province as soon as public duty would permit. Doubtless, such a visit would greatly tend to facilitate the discussions on the necessities of Burmah in the Executive Council of Calcutta. It was truly remarked that, since Lord Dalhousie's time, no Governor-General had visited Pegu.'

The present writer well recollects the apparent pride with which the great Pro-Consul walked round the upper terrace of the far-famed pagoda at Rangoon (His Lordship arrived on the 27th July, 1852), while our fine artillery companies were drawn up, having put on their best appearance to do him honour. ['I wonder how your men got in here with such defences,' remarked the Governor-General.] The visit was productive of immense benefit to Burmah. Lord Dalhousie, few will

deny, could see through men, even the wily Burmese; and he looked into and enquired about everything. . . . What a pity he did not live to behold 'the ultimate fate' of the country in which he took the deepest interest, and which may be fairly considered his 'pet' Annexation! There cannot be the slightest doubt that Rangoon is making, day by day, rapid strides towards becoming a Liverpool, or a Glasgow in the east; when the trade route up the Irrawaddy—the main artery of Burmah—to south-western China, and another between India and China, at once open to us a traffic with fifty millions of the most flourishing and active inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, bringing them within three or four weeks' reach of Calcutta, and greatly lessening the time and danger in bringing Chinese products by the Eastern seabord, the conquest of Pegu will be considered one of our grandest national triumphs. And should we be compelled to make Upper Burmah follow, it will be another triumph. And would not all these steps for the better be the result of Annexation?

We must now touch briefly on the people and country, no longer unknown to us, from the Looshai campaign of the last two or three months. The Kookies or subjects of the chiefs, who alone are the real Looshais, occupy the region of the Barak and Koompty rivers, bordered indistinctly by Cachar and Tipperah on the west, Chittagong on the south-west, and Burmah on the south-east. They are said to be divided into at least ten tribes, and the desperate raids from time to time made by these wild plunderers on our north-eastern frontier, gave just cause for sending an expedition against them.[1] The country is, by all accounts, strikingly picturesque—hill and jungle, frequently relieved by beautiful plains, as in Burmah. The people are said in general to neglect agriculture, and depend on the game and fruits of the forest. The varieties of the human race in and about this quarter are truly wonderful. Will it be believed that there are supposed to be twenty-six races of people in what was the former Burman empire, and eighty in the immediate vicinity, making a hundred and six; and it is also asserted that further investigation in these regions will discover other tribes, exclusive of the territories of the Grand Lama, where it is said we should enrol some sixteen or twenty tribes and dialects more. The country of the Kookies (or Looshais), then, occupying the mountainous districts on the confines of Tipperah and Chittagong, whence they spread over an extensive space northward and eastward, having been carefully surveyed, might be used as the base for bringing all the surrounding tribes gradually under our rule, from the foot of the Himalayas or the Brahmapootra, in Upper Assam,

[1] Like the Burmese, the Kookies are stout, and generally fairer than the Bengalese, with Tartar features. Like the rest of the Mongolian variety they are very active and enduring.

skirting the entire upper Burmese country on our east, down to our province of Pegu on the south-east, the whole distance being under ten degrees of latitude. Here we have a splendid eastern boundary line for all India, and before long, through trade with Bhamo and Yunan, chiefly by the noble Irrawaddy and canals, to say nothing of an expected land route, the 400 millions of Buddhistical China would become acquainted with the 200 millions of the land of the Veda and the Koran. The religion of the Cross *must* supplant these, and this may be sooner than we expect. The countries on our present north-eastern frontier comprise Assam, Goalparah, Cossyah, and Jynteah hills, and North and South Cachar. All these are subject to the supreme Government of India, and, except South Cachar, which forms a part of the Dacca division of Bengal, are under the authority of a Commissioner. Assam—which we are glad to hear, like Burmah, is to have a Chief Commissioner—alone covers an area of 22,000 square miles. It is generally a flat country, but bordered on the north, east, and south by mountains of great elevation. The Brahmapootra, with its many streams, intersects Assam in all directions. The country is rich in mineral treasures. In addition to iron and coal, found in the hills and various places north of the Brahmapootra, 'the mountains contain precious stones and silver, and nearly all the streams wash down particles of gold.' To say that the tea-plant grows luxuriantly in Assam is only to state a well-known fact, and no class of men will be more thankful that the Looshais have been punished, and the hope of a secure frontier afforded, than the Assam tea-planters.

Munnipoor, the capital of Cassay, but which is also applied to this mountainous and woody country lying between Bengal and Ava, forms a neutral territory between our frontier and that of Burmah. It was constituted an independent country by the British in 1826, and is now under its own chief and our protection. Munnipoor is in lat. 24° 20′ N., long. 94° 30′ E. The distance that divides Munnipoor from Burmah proper is nearly 300 miles. The routes have been described as insurmountable; but, nevertheless, in the first Burmese war the Burmese poured down their troops on Arracan through the Aeng Pass, and into Cachar through Munnipoor. The Cassayers, who have been our allies in the Looshai campaign, have long been considered good artificers, and used to supply all the gunsmiths of the Burman empire. Being superior to the Burmese in horsemanship they also furnished the only cavalry employed in the former armies of Ava.

In the event of what has been termed by a London journal the 'involuntary annexation' of 'those Looshai hills, wherever they are,' where Generals Brownlow and Bourchier have just been 'wandering,' the Rajah of Munnipoor, with his men, doubtless will ever be ready to do us good service. We think that out of the 131,000 native troops of India—or,

say, out of the 42,000 Madrassis who were so staunch during the mutiny, and who form the native garrisons of Burmah—with a European regiment or two, a select force could be spared for some additional territory to strengthen our Eastern frontier, and the geographical knowledge gained by the Looshai expedition will greatly tend to facilitate our movements.

A road is already in course of construction between Cachar and Chittagong. Let us now turn for a moment to the south-east of Pegu, keeping Lower Siam and Malaya in our eye. Already we have our boundary line of the Tenasserim provinces skirting the west of the rising kingdom of Siam, whose promising sovereign has emerged from darkness into the marvellous light of western civilisation; and no merchant at Rangoon wishes the destruction of the kingdom of Ava more devoutly than this young king of many names. Like that strange and mysterious race the Shans, by whom he is surrounded, he owes the Burman king a grudge for past injuries received. But even with such boundaries, formed by Upper Burmah and Siam, and leave from 'the exclusives' to work the Menam, or 'mother of waters,' in the latter country, much may be done for the cause of peace and commerce; for, as was recently demonstrated by Commander Manners—echoing the sentiments of the energetic and fearless Sladen—through freely using such rivers as the Salween, the Menam, and the Irrawaddy, the inland commerce from Anam and Siam, as well as Burmah, would be 'most extensive as well as compensating' for India and England. It was recently said that advantage would be taken of the King of Siam's visit to Calcutta, to discuss and arrange with the now lamented Viceroy frontier matters for the benefit of the Tenasserim timber trade. The new Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, may be brought to decide on this question. The merchants and traders of Montmein were distressed at the disordered state of our Upper Salween and Lower Thoungeen borders, and a new state of affairs is hoped for. The King of Siam has now returned to his own country; no doubt with a strong impression of our hospitality, and a good idea of our paramount power. Perhaps the King of Burmah—whom we should have tried to utilise against the Looshai tribes—may yet visit India, and gain similar impressions, and with our Chin-Indian territories, extending along the kingdoms of two such sovereigns as allies, it is probable that the aspect of affairs will improve in their quarter of Asia. We would be better prepared for any schemes hereafter to be attempted by Russia; for northern Burmah is by no means secure from her plan of general aggression in the east. The light steamers recently constructed at Liverpool, for the Golden Foot, of Ava, may or may not have a double meaning attached to them. Two remarkable facts have lately attracted our notice. One is that the Empire of Germany has entered upon the organisation of the Japanese army. The other is that China and Japan,

at the close of last year, entered into a treaty of friendship, the text of which has been published at St. Petersburg. This is significant. Any way, let us look well to our Indian frontiers, which will greatly increase our peace of mind. The cloud which has recently passed over us, some say brought about by 'a conspiracy which works by assassination,' did not prevent an eminent member of the Indian Council from asserting the truth at the farewell Winchester dinner[1] to Lord Northbrook, that 'at the present moment the Indian Empire was in a most flourishing condition.' To keep up this excellent state of things all entrusted with authority must watch and work the more; and if the bright example of a noble and zealous servant of Her Majesty who died in harness is wanted—it will shine forth through many generations in the extraordinary zeal and energy of India's popular and now deeply lamented Viceroy, Lord Mayo. We may say that it is to the illustrious roll of Governors-General we possess that the Englishman owes an Empire which is his chief glory on earth; but he must no longer treat it with his usual apathy and indifference. If he does, others will be planting their firm feet on the banks of the Nile, and thence proceeding to 'his loved India,' will usurp the grand sight yet in store for Great Britain, that of, under our beneficent rule, beholding fanatical Islam and sublimely mystical but useless Hinduism, wither away!

[1] Saturday, March 9th, 1872.

'From the Altar to the Bar.'

II.

Marriage is the litmus of love. In one's wooing-days it is difficult sometimes to determine whether the compound so often offered to us under the label of 'Affection' contains any acidity or not. But perform the marriage service; pour into the social phial a few drops of the matrimonial litmus, and the true nature of its contents is immediately detected. Alas! which in the present day is found to be the more predominant element—'The acid or the alkali'—Lord Penzance might be able to afford some startling statistics on this interesting question.

There was certainly very little doubt about the matter in my case—a mere type of hundreds of others. Stated plainly, it stood thus: I had some ready-money. The major wanted it. He was twice my own age, but he had position and a good appointment. He cared nothing for me, and I still less for him; but we each possessed qualifications which the other needed. In the absurd belief that the mere attainment of these two objects would thoroughly, or even sufficiently compensate us for the dreary existence we should both pass after the marriage, as far as our own society was concerned, we obeyed the mandate of the time, and married for money and position—but not for love. Abominable corruption of the divine institution that would make a man and woman effect a commercial partnership for their very fireside, ignoring the inevitable consequences of unduly crushing a natural and legitimate affection, and making the fatal mistake, that though money is doubtless indispensable to a happy union, a sincere, deep, heartfelt affection need not be so too.

These, it should be clearly understood, were not my opinions before my marriage. It is only since, that I have been convinced by bitter experience of their truth. What I really felt upon the topic of marriage, when I first became a member of Anglo-Indian Society may be gathered from the following leaves extracted from my diary, which I now resume:

'Gupacamund, October 31st, 1871.

'I must confess that what in my simplicity seemed the almost mercantile manner in which I was led to view my chances of marriage upon rejoining my parents in India, was, to my unsophisticated mind,

somewhat ignominious and offensive in its, to me, moral iconoclasm. Until I left school any conceptions of marriage and married life which might have floated vaguely among my thoughts and haunted my dreams, were, I am bound to say, of a very different order from that matrimonial code of profit and loss, into the mysteries of which I had recently been initiated. My schoolmistress had taken great trouble (mistaken woman as she was) to instil into her pupils' minds the absurd and new idea that girls would in the end probably find it more conducive to their happiness in life, were they to try and centre their thoughts of earthly felicity on some other subject besides marriage. She used to contend (I can see now how mistaken she was, though I did not then,) that marriage was of far too serious a nature to be the sole topic of every flighty boarding school miss's daily gossip. That girls should be brought up to regard it with more of the veneration they are supposed to entertain for the "History of England," "Mangnall's Questions," or even "Le Follet." Not that she would for a moment wish it to be shorn of its poetry, its idealism, its beautiful consciousness of mental dependence, and new-born oblivion of self, which are the fascinations of a happy alliance. On the contrary she would like to see checked that universal and foolish depreciation of anything approaching romance, which appeared now-a-days to blight all true and generous instincts once considered the inseparable accompaniments of a fortunate union. But still she would wish, as it were by morally-rarefying their influences, to surround a young girl's dawning consciousness of the primeval beauty of that divine relation man and wife, with the halo which a nobler and loftier conception of it would induce. The consequence of all this antiquated teaching was that when I left England (having it is true, seen nothing then of its society, as I have since), I regarded marriage as a contingent or possible consequence of my good looks, but never dreamt I should become any man's wife, except on the one condition that I loved him. Still less did I contemplate it for a second on such a ghastly proviso (as it would then have appeared to me) as, say, his procuring or not procuring on the next vacancy the Circumlocutor-Generalship.

'However, I had not been a month in India before I discovered how radically erroneous were my opinions, judged by the standard of modern society, and bitterly did I repent the time wasted at school in trying to imbibe my schoolmistress's views on the subject.

'Several circumstances conspired to cure me of my "love-match" mania, independently of the numerous and wise lectures on my prospects in general, with which my lamented strong-minded mamma used to "further my education and knowledge of the world," as she used to term it. For instance, I noticed particularly on my first arrival, the absence in Anglo-Indian

society, of anything resembling true friendship among the men and women. Everyone seemed a mere acquaintance. An acquaintance "*pur et simple*," nothing more! No further latitude appeared to be desired or allowed. The very air of a ball-room seemed to be laden with anxious maternal doubts and suspicions. No gentleman seemed to me to dare to say more than half-a-dozen words to a girl, or if he did she didn't seem to care to hear them; or dance with her more than once, lest he should be expected to marry her within the month. Then I found that many girls being so rigorously deprived of all external society whilst single, were naturally led to look forward to marriage as the joyful termination of the "stay-at-home" period of their existence. In short they soon began to think of nothing else whatever, and consequently to consider it as the first object of their lives, thoughts, and actions, deprived as they were of such distracting topics as their sisters in England possess, *e.g.*, a Royal Academy, Botanical Fête, rural parish work, a concert, the sea-side recess, the continental tour, and so on. All they had then to fall back upon being the sempiternal speculation as to their chances of marriage, they ere long appeared to weary of the meditation, and sooner than put up any more with their conventional humdrum home existence, they would marry the first man they met, whether they affected him or not, provided only that he was a "good match." But to return.

'Independently of the fact that Captain Finesse was possessed of an Herculean form compared to the somewhat diminutive physique rejoiced in by the major, it was altogether off the cards that my husband would undertake to personally chastise him for the disgraceful conduct of which he had just been guilty, when we were discovered in that interesting position which I have heard some unæsthetic individuals denominate as "cuddling."

'He was of far too philosophical a turn to be guilty, even under the utmost provocation, of a resort to physical violence. I firmly believe that if some unhappy subaltern, relieved at whist by the major of his last rupee, had in the desperation of the moment thought fit to pull the major's nose, he would, brother-like, have offered his cheek to be slapped, sooner than have knocked him down. But then—he would have remembered him in the orderly-room, and would there have repaid himself for the insult with interest, not thirty-fold, or sixty, but a hundred. So, having overcome his first ebullition of surprise, all contained in the single expression "Halloa" (which was singularly verbose for him), he proceeded to take off his topee, call out to the punkah boy, and then to throw himself into an arm-chair, "Whilst," as he afterwards said to me, "Whilst you and Finesse were saying your adieux."

'The captain, not in the least degree disconcerted by the occurrence,

recovered his hat and stick in the most perfect manner (his bow whilst raising the stick was certainly a master-piece), and sauntering towards the door, in all the glory of his conscious six-feet-four, paused as he reached it, and turning to my husband, said:

'"Really, major, I—ah—didn't really know—that—you—"

'"No! I don't suppose you did," replied my manly protector. "Pray say no more. You know what this sort of thing means. At present, there's the door. Good morning."

'The impassable Finesse, with a wicked wink at me, which seemed to say, "We'll be more careful next time, won't we," passed out, and I was alone with my lord. For three minutes he did not say a word. It was a horrible three minutes; horrible chiefly because I did not know what was coming. Would he, I thought, show a little nobility of soul? Would he give me a chance of explanation? Would he, in short, show that he possessed a tittle of affection for me, sufficient to prompt him to trust me till I had spoken; or would he, on the contrary, at once assume that I had been a willing performer in the late unfortunate tableau? Nay, more; would he be so base and cruel as to credit me with more than he had seen; would he dare to think me a wife and no wife? During that three minutes, whilst he sat opposite to me, with his arms crossed in front of him, gazing at me with a supercilious, satirical look of contempt, I confess I did not feel comfortable. I raised my eyes once, and met his hateful, sceptical look. Where in my woman's heart I had hoped to have found sorrow, pity, hope, I saw in their place defiant indifference, if not concealed joy. Did his face show a trace of humiliation? No!—victory. Was he even agitated? No!—sublimely resigned. At last he spoke in quiet, measured accents.

'"It was weak of you to choose Finesse," he said, "very weak! He's an awfully poor man. Young Sinclair would have been better; Finesse is so much the younger son, and his brother's fortune went long ago, like many another before it, to water the turf. Great pity you chose Finesse."

'What he really meant by these mercenary remarks I utterly failed to divine then, though I have since, unhappily, been enabled only too accurately to gauge their true significance.

'I was utterly bewildered. I knew not what to say in reply. I was quite a young girl, and on my honeymoon.

'However, he soon relieved me from the painful silence which had ensued by continuing: "I'm not surprised though, after all, at your choice; Finesse is just the sort of man to turn a woman's head. Has all the points, both physical, and well—I won't say intellectual, but 'cerebral' necessary to produce such an effect. A good tailor, if not a good figure; quantity in length of limb, if not in depth of mind; an eye which like

champagne, sparkles and inebriates, and a tongue which while it abhors the sweets of nature, dispenses its own artificial honey with all the industry of the bee.

'"Come," he said, rising and coming toward me with an apparent frankness and warmth which seemed strangely at variance with his former coolness and unconcern; "you must admit I've taken this matter rather coolly as yet; some fellows would doubtless have been less tolerant of this gay Lothario, but I wished to spare you a scene. Now I ask you to make me some return. To let me know all about this matter, who was in the right, and who was in the wrong."

'I was positively enchanted with this charming trait in his disposition, the supposed absence of which I had only just been deploring, and which had so unexpectedly shown itself. He *was* willing then to give me a patient hearing, to hear the evidence of both sides before condemning me. How great I thought must be his power of self-restraint. Surely, after all he must love me.

'"I am quite willing and anxious to tell you all the truth," I said. "There is not much to tell but ——

'"Stop," interrupted the major? "Don't say that, I have every confidence in your assurance that you wish to tell me all; but when you add that the explanation of such an unhappy occurrence as the present can be contained in a few words, I perceive at once you are as unlikely as you are manifestly unable, to do yourself justice. Let me take the case into my hands. I will simplify the whole matter for you, my questions you will be able easily to comprehend, and by your answers I shall be enabled to arrive at something like the truth. In the first place then, did you ever know Finesse before you came here last month?"

'"Yes! I did slightly."

'"In fact you'd met him often previously?"

'"Not often."

'"Well, sometimes?"

'"Yes, sometimes."

'"Was there ever anything between you approaching a flirtation? Mind how you answer. I do not ask if there was an actual passion. I simply say anything approaching a flirtation."

'"Yes!" I said "he once proposed to me."

'The major fairly started. He put up his eye-glass, looked at me searchingly, to see that I was in earnest, and being evidently satisfied on that point, became, to my great surprise, quite pleased and delighted.

'"My dear Adah—h (he always called me Adah—h when he was in good spirits, and Mrs. Graspall, when he was the other thing.) You're really a very good girl, candour, itself! candour, itself!"

'"I promise to tell you all."

'"Yes, all. Just so! yes! Ah! so he proposed, did he—and was of course rejected?"

'"Not rejected—refused."

'"Refused, then—by all means refused! Because he was too poor, eh?"

'"Well, his income was certainly not sufficient to marry upon."

'"My dear girl, circumlocution on an occasion like the present is dispensable. He was poor—good! Where, may I ask, did all this take place?"

'"In England—when I was on a visit to one of my schoolfellows in the country."

'"Which schoolfellow? What part of the country?"

'"Lucy Myers, of Branchley Towers, in Kent."

'"Branchley Towers! Dear me! how romantic!" soliloquised the major, as he noted it down in his pocket-book. "I suppose you did not see him in England much afterwards?"

'"No, he came to India soon afterwards."

'"Ah! so did you. Was he at Skandalore when you arrived?"

'"No, he came a few weeks afterwards, and called immediately."

'"Did you see him then?"

'"No."

'"Why? Didn't you wish to?"

'"Very much—I liked him exceedingly then."

'"Ah! yes!—I've no doubt you did," replied the major.' "Why, then, did you not see him?"

"'Mamma thought I'd better not after what had passed between us—at all events whilst I was unmarried."

'"Just so! just so!" broke in the major, with a chuckle of intense satisfaction. "Of course, whilst you were *un*-married. Ha! ha! Good! But when you were married?"

'"Oh, then it was quite different;—I could."

"'It was very different—very! You saw him then as often as you pleased."

'"I did not."

'"Well, you kissed him at all events. You won't deny that?"

'"I did nothing of the kind, Major Graspall. When you saw me in that unfortunate predicament, you came upon me in a most unlucky moment, for——"

'"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the major.

'"It is time for me to speak," I said, rising and approaching him; "it is time for me to assert my innocence, and to show the utter falseness of your, I admit, natural suspicions."

'"Natural suspicions! Certainties, by Jove!"

'"An apparent certainty."

'"Apparent! Very much apparent, madam. I never saw such a thorough-bred hug in my life."

'"Major Graspall," I said, "I have assured you already, and I assure you again, that I am as much surprised and disgusted at Captain Finesse's conduct as you can possibly be yourself. I had no conception that he was about to forget himself so grossly as he had done when you came upon us in that most unsuspected moment. More I cannot say at present; my feelings prevent me. I am still your true and faithful wife. I ask you to trust me as you have hitherto done, and I once more distinctly assure you that, though appearances are against me, I am entirely innocent of the least disloyalty towards you."

'The major had listened with an ironical smile playing about his mouth. He suddenly, as I concluded, rose, and taking my hand in his, said:

'"I will trust you this time—for the future, beware."

'Five minutes afterwards he rode out of the compound towards the barracks of the 115th.

'I was hot and excited. The extraordinary events of that afternoon had come so unawares upon me, the experience was so novel, my sensations so varied, that I felt as if during those few hours I had become a different being. The reaction was yet to come: I was still startled, and my blood was boiling—at fever heat. I tried to calm myself by lying down beneath the waving punkah and closing my eyes to sleep—it was no use; I had never so completely lost all control over myself before. I felt I must be moving—moving anywhere out of that dreadful room. The afternoon was wearing away. In the distance I heard the strains of the regimental band which performed twice a week in the park. I determined to drive there, and try to calm myself in the cool evening air. When we arrived the band was beginning the glorious overture to "Guillaume Tell." The deep grand notes with which it opens were borne to my ears as the carriage passed in through the gates, and when it stopped close to the band stand, around which there were that evening a great crowd of people, the beautiful pastorale had commenced. I felt I had done right. This was the scene and the place in which to recover my senses, to bring me back again to myself, to distract my thoughts. The music was delightful; so much so to poor, feverish, unhappy me, that I leant back in the carriage, closed my eyes, and—listened. I did not care for the people—I hoped that no one saw me. The brief Indian twilight was fast disappearing, and the lamps were being lit: one by one the other carriages began to depart. The coachman turned round once and asked if he should return, but I shook my head in silence; I could not trust myself to speak. No; my greedy ears drank in that dear music, those soothing strains, like a fever patient does a draught of

water. My thoughts wandered away from that present loathsome place to a lovely terrace in a lordly mansion thousands of miles away. Between us oceans rolled and deserts spread their dreary expanse. In that Kentish home, two years before, I had known what first love was—had had my heart opened to its rapturous delights by him whom loving, while by him beloved, I had met again out here, against whose heart, a few hours ago, my own had for a second once more beaten in unison. Yes, I struggled against the thought. I tried my hardest to expel it—it would not be expelled: there it was, there it reigned. My husband had summoned it up from the buried past. He had dug up that little lost spray, those once green leaves, the brightest in my young life's history; he had rudely brought them to the light, and in the light they *would* remain. Oh, my love! my love! what a life would have been mine if I'd been thine!

'The music stopped; the last bar of the national anthem had sounded on the still night air, and the musicians were departing. They used to drive back in a break to the barracks at night for fear of the snakes, which literally teemed in the brushwood and long grass, which was plentiful around; the other people had all vanished long before. The coachman touched up the horses and made them rear, in order, I suppose, to attract my attention. He effected his object. "Home," I said; and in another moment we were rapidly returning through the park.

'The dream was over! I was no longer twirling round in that English ball-room, heart to heart with my old love—no longer wandering with him along the tented terrace among choice plants and babbling fountains—but back in the land of exile, near him it was true, but separated by how impassable a barrier—I was married!

'Suddenly a voice—a well-known voice, broke forth in the silence—clear, ringing, well-known.

'"Stop, coachman! stop." The carriage pulled up.

'"What's the matter?" I cried.

'"Sahib coming, marm," said the ghorra wallah.

'"Good heavens, Captain Finesse, is that you?" I exclaimed, as I recognised his well-remembered features at the side of the carriage. "Are you not afraid of the snakes?"

'"Why, yes; I am rather," he replied; "I've just had a narrow escape—trod on a brute which was luckily *not* a cobra. Would you mind giving me a seat in your carriage? I wouldn't ask, but you're the last, and I don't know how I am to get back to mess alive."

'He scarcely waited for the permission—he knew it was not necessary. In a second he was again by my side, and the carriage had resumed its course.

'"Dearest Ada!" he said, "I've waited for you ever since four o'clock. What made you stick by that hateful band all the evening? I did not like

to present myself in such an open place. Thank heaven I've met you at last.'

'"You must not really speak like this," I replied, remembering my husband's last injunction. "It is wrong, very wrong, of you to do so."

'"Bother the wrong; we have not met like this for two years—two long weary years. Oh! have you forgotten the past—so entirely forgotten it, that you will not listen to me for a few minutes?"

'As he spoke, a horse's hoofs were plainly discernible on the road behind us; it was the road from the barracks.

'"Won't you answer, my darling," he said, as his arm was winding round my waist.

'By a supreme effort I mastered my emotion, and rose equal to the occasion.

'"Yes, I will answer. My answer is, that whatever the past may have been, it is past: we live in the present. Our paths in life, though they nearly joined once, branched off immediately afterwards. Do not leave yours or try to make me leave mine, and never again so far forget yourself, Captain Finesse, as to repeat your offence of to-day."

'He gave only a hollow groan in reply, and leaping over the low side of the carriage, was left behind in the darkness.

'Scarcely was I aware of his action, when the horseman behind rapidly increased his pace, and dashing past before I could catch a glimpse of his face, was in a moment far ahead and out of sight.

'We soon reached home. My husband was waiting in the verandah, and handed me out of the carriage.

'"Been to the band?" he said, in a careless, pleased sort of voice. "Found it rather lonely, I should think, didn't you?"

'"Not very; I wanted to be alone to-night."

'A sudden suspicion dawned upon me, for at that moment I saw another ghorra wallah leading away from a dark part of the garden, my husband's horse, evidently jaded and fatigued. Was it possible that he and the mysterious horseman behind us that night were one and the same? Nothing more was said at that time. Dinner passed in silence. Afterwards he said he had some very important letters to write, and hoped I would excuse him. To tell the truth he could not have proposed anything more agreeable. I went to bed.

* * * * *

'It was some time afterwards. The night had worn on. Fully two hours had elapsed, and still he had not come up stairs. I could not sleep; the hot Indian night reigned around in all its stifling magnificence. Through the half-open venetians I could see the stars almost blazing. The very moon seemed to have lost its peaceful calm, and to be vying with its daily rival for the supremacy of heat; the hot wind

occasionally breathed through the chinks of the blinds, and at last, as if to add fuel to the fire, the punkah that had been hitherto lazily swinging above me stopped. The poor slave in the next room, who had been pulling it having, as usual, rocked himself to sleep, from which he was not to be awoke (as I very well knew by past experience) by any call that I could give. Suddenly a hollow sort of laugh came up, borne upon the air from the room below—a horrid, bitter, exulting laugh; a laugh which even in that heated atmosphere caused me to shudder. Again there was a sound, this time as of hurriedly-spoken, incoherent words; then silence, followed after an interval by a low, dismal chuckle that was positively diabolical. I could stand it no longer. I was determined to see what was going on below. Slipping on a wrapper, and treading as lightly as possible, for fear of waking any of the servants, I carefully descended the stairs, and hurrying across the passage, paused outside the door, to see that the punkah there also had stopped. It had—and what a scene did I behold! Seated at the table, with his legs stretched out before him, his hands crossed listlessly in his lap, and his head dropping on his chest, was the major, fast asleep.

Before him lay the letter which it was so important he should finish. The pen had fallen to the floor; the ink-stand was just about to follow it. I cautiously entered the room, and hastened round behind the major's chair. My first action was to make the ink-stand safe, for I did not wish him to awake just then. Then I looked at his face; a fiendish sort of satisfaction pervaded it. My eyes wandered to the manuscript on the table before him. I wondered what it was all about, and yet hesitated to look. I longed to be back safely in my room. I felt as if I was committing a midnight burglary, and would have given worlds to have been back again in bed. Observing that my husband was still fast asleep, I again gazed upon the manuscript. Horror of horrors, what did I see: a circumstantial report of the conversation we had held that night. Every word was down. Then all was clear; he had never intended to write a letter at all. It was a mere trick to make me convict myself if possible; and whilst I, in the innocence of my heart had been admiring his forbearance and calmness, he had been engaged all the time in compiling a list of evidence against me, to use when the proper occasion arrived. I felt almost inclined to burst out crying for mere disappointment and vexation of spirit. Suddenly the major spoke in his sleep: "What—do—I want—man? What—what a stupid dolt you—you are. I tell you a separation would be of no use. I couldn't marry again. No, it must—be——Divorce."'

[*To be continued.*]

The Day After my Death.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By H. D. Traill.

CHAPTER I.

On a raw morning, towards the close of last November, I formed one of a very uncomfortable party of spirits, who stood shivering on the banks of the Styx, awaiting the arrival of Charon, with his ferry-boat. The cold natural to the season of the year was aggravated by a keen and bitter wind, which not infrequently visits the reach of the river where we were stationed; and as spirits have no considerable internal sources of heat to fall back upon, our discomfort was excessive. Some attempted to kindle an artificial warmth by flitting rapidly to and fro along the bank, while others stamped their shadowy feet upon the iron soil; or, after the manner of mortal cabmen, slapped their impalpable finger-tips against their intangible shoulders, but without any marked success. There was nothing for it but to wait with as much patience as might be for the arrival of the old ferry-man, and to occupy the intervening time in staring at each other with those looks of gloomy distrust, which are so well-known a characteristic of English shades; and, by means of which, each of us distinctly, though tacitly, asked our neighbour what he meant by venturing to die on the same day as ourselves. My companions differed much from each other in external appearance, but the countenances of most of them agreed in exhibiting profound dissatisfaction with the position in which we found ourselves. Spirits have, by a fortunate provision of Nature, the peculiar faculty of detecting at a glance to what profession or calling their fellow-shades have belonged during their mortal existence. The value of this faculty in a society where there are no longer any external peculiarities of dress or appearance to distinguish one spirit from another, cannot be over-estimated; and I was much interested in examining my neighbours, with the assistance of this newly-acquired power. At a little distance from me I observed a portly, respectable-looking shade, who was pacing restlessly up and down the bank, and narrowly scrutinising the features of each spirit who passed him with the kind of uneasy curiosity of a man who

is expecting to meet an acquaintance, but is not sure that the meeting will be a pleasant one. On a nearer approach I discovered that it was the spirit of a fashionable London physician. Somewhat higher up the bank I observed an artist and a poet seated side by side, with their faces buried in their hands, in the deepest dejection. At intervals one of them would claim in the most piteous tones the compassion of his companion, to which the latter would reply by a lamentable ejaculation over his own misfortunes, and a passionate appeal to the sympathy of the other. Their voices were shrill and penetrating—that of the poet particularly so—and thus I was very soon made acquainted with the causes of their regrets. Each of them was lamenting his early decease—the poet exclaiming that he had died before his merits had been recognised, the artist that he had died before his had been sufficiently appreciated. The latter was, if possible, louder and more importunate in his complaints than his companion;—both of them were very old.

It was a pleasure to pass from these to a more resigned type of spirit, of which there were a few specimens present. The pale, thin shade of the widow, who sat apart from the rest with the little child-shade in her arms, was a more agreeable object of contemplation. Her face shewed the traces of much past suffering, but none of the bitterness of present regret. She looked with mild pity and some surprise upon the gloomy countenances around her, but when she turned her eyes from them to the opposite shore her features wore an expression of resignation, and sometimes even of hope. Death had had no terrors for her. A husband dearly loved by her, had died but two years previously, and the little savings he had left a 'friend in the City' had invested for her in a mine. So when her child died she had no longer any tie either of interest or affection to bind her to the earth, and she was only too glad to accompany it to the other world. There were besides her two other shades who accepted the situation with equanimity—one of them, indeed, with absolute satisfaction. These were respectively a metaphysical philosopher, and a barrister of seven years' standing. The latter, if not exactly pleased with his new position, at least contemplated it with the most complete nonchalance. In the transfer of the sphere of his professional life from the material to the spiritual world, he detected no important change in his prospects; and, indeed, he was inclined to enter upon his new career in the shades with the revived hopefulness of a man who on earth had never had even the shadow of a chance. The metaphysical philosopher was, of all the spirits the least disposed to cast regretful looks at the world which he had left. *That*, not *this*, was to him the world of shadows; before and not behind him lay the region of reality, and of 'things in themselves.' Perched high up on the bank above the other spirits, on a sharp point of rock, with the light mists of that region

curling round his head, and frequently obscuring it from our view, he sat immovable, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the dim outlines of the opposite bank. Attracted by the sight I ascended with some difficulty to the elevation at which he was sitting, and drew near to him. He paid no attention to me, but continued to maintain the same attitude of face and posture. At intervals he muttered to himself some indistinct sentences, of which I only caught the words 'mystery of being,' 'problem of existence,' 'long-wished for solution,' and a few similar expressions. As he showed no disposition to address me, and as I was utterly unable to discern anything in the direction to which he was so intently gazing, I shortly afterwards descended the slope and rejoined my companions. One of them, an eminent Member of Parliament of advanced Liberal views, and of a Nonconformist persuasion, was holding a very bitter argument with a country gentleman, and a retired grocer and churchwarden, on the subject of the Burials Bill. The three disputants were surrounded by a small group of spirits, who listened with the languid interest which a subject so remotely affecting their future prospects was calculated to inspire.

All were glad when the distant plash of oars was heard, and a boat propelled slowly towards us by a figure seated in the bows, became indistinctly visible through the mist. The young barrister smiled faintly on the boat approaching, and the 'form' of its occupant becoming more clearly discernible, and muttered to himself 'Not much catch at the beginning there.' The philosopher, who had rapidly descended the bank at the first sign of the boat's arrival, was the first to embark. He hurried forward and seated himself in the bows, and immediately falling into the same attitude as he had maintained on shore, remained with his eyes fixed on the opposite bank throughout the whole transit. He was followed by a spirit whom I have not yet described, but to whom we all instinctively gave place, showing him, by a general deferential glance in his direction, that we expected him to precede us. He was undoubtedly by far the most respectable shade of the whole body—if I may apply so inappropriate an expression to a group of spirits. He was a man widely known and respected for his efforts in the cause of philanthrophy. He was the chairman of at least three charitable societies, and a prominent member of several more. His piety was sincere and unaffected, and he had been very fortunate in his pecuniary speculations (I transcribe these remarks from an obituary notice, published a week after his death—on his tombstone). The country gentleman followed politely, handing in the widow. Next in order came the artist, the poet, and the M.P. The physician, the retired grocer, and I, took our places next, and the barrister having prevailed upon Charon to relinquish the sculls to him took us across with a style and finish of oarsmanship which those waters had

probably never before witnessed. The old ferryman himself took the rudder-lines, and I had thus an opportunity of studying his appearance and of comparing it with the description given of him by Virgil. It is not necessary for me to add anything to that description, which allowing for difference of age, is in its main features correct.

The passage of the Styx occupied about half an hour, but it was perhaps nearer three-quarters before the boat was made fast to the landing-place and we had all disembarked. The delay was chiefly occasioned by Cerberus, who swam out to meet us, and in watching whose performances in the water we spent nearly ten minutes. The character of this animal, like that of Richard III., Tiberius, and others, has been very unwarrantably maligned; or at any rate his fierceness has been much exaggerated. Virgil, Horace, and others, probably refer in their descriptions to his demeanour when engaged in the discharge of his janitorial functions. Off duty he is a most amiable and amusing beast, and entertained us vastly by the clever manner in which he swam after and simultaneously picked up three sticks which we threw into the water for him, about a foot apart from each other. Charon, however, soon grew impatient at the delay; and cutting short an animated dispute between the barrister and the M.P. as to the amount of license duty, whether five or fifteen shillings, with which such a dog would be chargeable in England under the 30 & 31 Vic., cap. 5, the old ferryman brought the boat alongside the landing-place and made it fast.

There are, as my readers are probably aware, no customs payable in the infernal regions, and hence there was no Custom-house attached to the landing-place at which we disembarked. Newly arrived spirits have, however, to undergo a personal examination of a much more formidable nature before the High Court of Justice. They are asked if they carry anything in their consciences which it is their duty 'to declare.' Concealment is frequently attempted but is never successful, for the officers of the Court can overhaul a conscience as rapidly as a French *douanier* will rummage you a portmanteau. The High Court of Justice continues, by a very laudable arrangement, always in Session even during the Long Vacation; its officers are in constant attendance at the jetty, and a party of them having instantly but courteously taken possession of our persons, we were conducted to an ante-chamber of the Court House, there to await our being summoned before the judges.

As we felt, or at any rate affected to feel, no anxiety about the result of our examination, we passed our time in looking about us and observing the admirable arrangements of the building. The respective approaches for witnesses, for the bar and for the general shade-public, were completely separated from each other. Witnesses had ample accommodation both in the Court itself and in the ante-rooms. They were not subjected

to by any means as much pain and discomfort as they would have deserved, had they been criminals of the blackest dye. The bar—even including those counsel who were engaged in the actual business going on—were enabled to get to their places without a series of personal encounters with the public. As soon as we entered the Court our admiration was further excited by the discovery that it was ventilated. The whole building was, we were told, planned and completed in less than two years.

We had scarcely time to complete our observations before an usher made his appearance, and directed us to follow him into the Court, and in a few moments we stood in the presence of Minos, C.J., and Œacus and Rhadamanthus, J.J. The first few cases were disposed of speedily enough. The artist and the poet were questioned on and rebuked for a few trifling thefts which they had committed, the former upon the persons of antique or medieval victims, and the latter upon those of contemporary writers. The philosopher was dismissed with a few phrases of commendation on his blameless life, and the widow with expressions of sympathy for her misfortunes. I myself was gently reproved for a few failings, and commended for a few virtues, neither of which it is necessary for me here to particularise, and was permitted to pass on. The eminently respectable spirit to whom we had all instinctively given place on embarkation, came next, and we all supposed that he would be allowed to pass without question; but to our extreme surprise, on his taking his place at the bar, a whisper passed between the judges—Œacus, who had been hitherto conducting the examinations, desisted, and Rhadamanthus, rising to his feet, uttered, in a terrible voice, the one word—'Confess!' All eyes were turned upon the spirit, and we saw to our amazement that his pompous composure had deserted him, and given place to a deadly terror. Spirits do not tremble as rudely and visibly as mortal men; but nevertheless, under the influence of his overmastering fear the subtle particles of his shadowy frame quivered with an incessant motion, like the sultry atmosphere in a summer's noon.

He burst into a torrent of angry and terrified protestations, and the young barrister instantly rose to his feet.

'My Lords!' he exclaimed, obviously excited; 'if it be the custom of this Court to assign counsel to prisoners in such cases, I beg to remind your Lordships that I am the junior barrister present.'

'Silence, young man,' replied Minos, sternly. 'A prisoner needs no counsel here. He is judged by the Light, and the Light wrongs no man.'

As he spoke an officer of the Court advanced, and at a sign from Minos drew aside the black curtain which hung behind the judges. Immediately a stream of light poured in from a window above the bench, upon the face of the accused spirit; and as the light smote his features,

a nameless change passed over them, and we saw that he was a murderer.

He saw how we fell back from him, and he redoubled his protestations of innocence. He appealed to his blameless life, to the universal respect of his fellow-men, to his noble reputation for charitable works.

But even as he spoke, there rose up beside him at the bar, unseen of him, but seen and shuddered at by all else, the wan shade of what had been in life a frail and delicate woman; and as he finished, she slowly stretched out her finger, and touched him. He turned and looked on her, and in a moment the secret of thirty years burst in one hideous cry from the lying lips, and he fell prostrate at her feet.

But for one moment. Then he sprang up, his face now lurid with the inner fires that had caught his soul, and shrieked a woman's name—but *not hers* who stood above him with the accusing finger still pointing at her murderer.

'Catherine! Catherine! *she* is here! the thin, pale woman whom you hated and taught me to hate. Temptress! Devil! where are you? It was you—you who did it! You who first woke the fearful wish in my soul, and thrust the poison into my hand! You did it—you! and the lightning passed you by to strike your dupe. Murderess! where are you? Murderess! come to judgment!'

But now, at a sign from Rhadamanthus, the shade of the woman stooped over her murderer husband, and entwined him in her arms, and fixed her eyes upon his; and the passionate cries died away into broken murmurs, and then ceased utterly, and the changeful countenance of remorse froze into a fixed and steadfast horror. And so they two, murderer and victim, locked in each other's arms, face close to face, and their eyes fastened on each other's, passed slowly from our view, united thus for ever.

CHAPTER II.

It may easily be conceived that we were glad to escape from the emotions aroused by this painful scene, and we welcomed, as an agreeable relief, the severe cross-examination to which the country gentleman was subjected by Minos with reference to certain poaching convictions in which he had been concerned when alive, and of the quorum. He was sharply questioned as to his capacities for a judicial post, and although the curtain behind the Bench had now been let fall again, and we had no longer the benefit of the mysterious light which had exposed the guilt of the murderer, we had little difficulty in seeing that the squire was quite ignorant of law.

At intervals, when the questions were especially searching, he peered anxiously into the crowd of spectator spirits, in the vain hope of discovering the shade of the late clerk to the justices for his division of the county, who had died some months previously. After about ten minutes' examination he was dismissed, with a few stinging remarks from Minos upon the English magisterial system.

The successful grocer, churchwarden, and poor-law guardian was the next to present himself, and he had a very uncomfortable time of it indeed. I was amazed at the acquaintance exhibited by the judges, not only with all the intricacies of workhouse management, but with the low artifices of trade adulteration and deceit upon the weights. Before the grocer had left the dock we all of us knew accurately the proportion of sand in his sugar, and of tallow in his butter, and of nameless abominations in his tea. We could have told how many drachms were deficient on his ounce, and by how many ounces his pound fell short of the standard weight, and could form some approximate estimate of the amount of his daily depredations. So that when Rhadamanthus, in a voice of righteous indignation, delivered the judgment of the Court, we were betrayed into 'applause, which was immediately suppressed.'

'Spirit!' said the judge, 'on earth you were a most respectable man, universally honoured by your neighbours, churchwarden of your parish, a guardian of the poor of your union. Here we see you as the cruel and heartless knave you really are—not as the warden of the church, but as the plunderer of the flock; not the guardian, but the oppressor of the poor—a wretch who, for paltry gains, made the bitter life-struggle of the needy more bitter to them yet. Go,' continued Rhadamanthus, pointing to one of the doors, 'Go, and by that door. In the ante-room adjoining you will find the shades of those whom you have wronged—of the starving sempstress—of the struggling day-labourer—of the shoeless street-sweeper, whose poor halfpence, precious to them as drops of life-blood, you daily filched. Go; they await you there.'

The grocer and poor-law guardian left the Court much crest-fallen, and in considerable anxiety as to his future.

The M.P. was examined with some severity as to certain proceedings which had taken place at his last election, and was then allowed to pass on.

The fashionable physician next presented himself, but was remanded till the following day, in order that the attendance of witnesses might be procured, of whom a large number, it was said, would have to be examined.

The barrister was the last, and his examination afforded the audience the greatest entertainment of all. There were no serious delinquencies in his case to be inquired into; and to the charge of idleness which Æacus

made against him, he was able to make a tolerably satisfactory defence. The Court then proceeded, from motives of curiosity, to ply him with a series of questions as to the present condition of the English law. First, they pressed him very closely as to the mode in which he had qualified himself for his profession, and were much puzzled at the answers they received. They could not be brought to understand our process of preparing barristers for their duties by feeding them on roast mutton and sherry; and for a long time they persisted in regarding his account of the process as merely an allegorical description of the mental training to which students were subjected—the roast mutton being typical of the substantial pabulum of legal instruction with which they were filled; and the sherry, emblematic of that spirit and fire of eloquence in which they were at the same time no doubt assiduously trained. The barrister, in reply, admitted that the sherry was strongly emblematic of spirit and fire, but he still insisted, to the extreme bewilderment of the Court, on the strictly literal nature of his description of the singular process by which the English lawyer is created. Minos then transferred his inquiries from the subject of legal education to that of the law itself, and asked, with much interest, what was the character of the English Code? The barrister replied that we possessed no Code. What, then, was the character of our Digest? We had no Digest. The Court, in the utmost astonishment, then inquired what our law consisted of, and where it was to be found? The reply was, that the English law was of three kinds—Statute Law, Case Law, and Common Law. The first was composed of about 14,000 Acts of the Legislature, and was to be found in 111 octavo or 48 quarto volumes of the Statutes of the Realm. The second consisted of about 60,000 recorded Decisions, and was to be found in above 1,200 volumes of Reports. The third consisted of an indefinite number of Legal Principles, and was to be found in the breasts of the judges. Besides these, there was a vast and undefined system known as Equity, and a body of Ecclesiastical Jurisprudence, founded upon the Roman civil and canon law, with which it was unnecessary to trouble the Court, except to assure them that these portions of the law were similarly easy of access and application. These answers seemed to perplex the Court very much, and Minos suggested that, though the Case Law was voluminous and unorganised, yet it was probably consistent with itself, and capable of being deduced to a simple and harmonious system. The barrister replied that he could not undertake to say this, and that it was the extremely discordant and contradictory nature of recorded decisions which was the great obstacle to digesting the law. Minos then good-naturedly hinted that no doubt the Statute Law adjusted the differences and cleared up the obscurities of Case Law. The barrister replied that, unfortunately, the language and method of the Statute Law was not calculated either to

adjust differences, or to clear up obscurities; and, as a specimen of its phraseology, he begged to quote for their lordships' edification the title of the 57 Geo. III., c. 101. It was in these words :—'*An Act to continue an Act intituled An Act further to extend and render more effectual certain provisions of an Act passed in the twelfth year of His Majesty George I., intituled An Act to prevent frivolous and vexatious arrests, and of an Act passed in the fifth year of the reign of His Majesty George II., to explain, amend, and render more effectual the said former Act, and of two Acts passed in the nineteenth and forty-third years of His present Majesty, extending the said former Acts.*'

At this point the Court rose for luncheon, Minos however, though bewildered and disappointed with the information he had just received, was much pleased with the candour and intelligence with which his questions had been answered; and was desirous of improving his acquaintance with his informant. He accordingly sent round an usher to invite the barrister to lunch in the judge's retiring-room, with such of his friends as he should choose to bring with him. I was fortunate enough to be selected for inclusion in the invitation, in company with the M.P., the country gentleman, and the physician, and together we followed the usher to the judge's private apartment, where we were most hospitably entertained. The affability of their lordships' manner quite removed the uneasiness which we were at first disposed to feel at our novel position as guests of those who had lately been sitting in judgment on our mortal lives, and the conversation soon became general and unrestrained. The barrister alone seemed not quite at his ease; he appeared to feel somewhat humiliated at the recollection of the account which he had been compelled to give of the condition of the English law; and as soon as luncheon was over he took an opportunity of assuring Minos that things were not in this respect so bad in England as his description of them might have led their lordships to imagine. The defects which he had been enumerating affected after all only—or at least principally—the determination of civil disputes. With respect to the punishment of crime, the English law might, he said, be described without exaggeration as nearly faultless, both as regarded its principle and its administration. At these words the three judges exchanged a rapid glance, a remarkable convulsion appeared to pass over their features, and we all saw that it was only their good breeding which prevented them from bursting into a fit of laughter. The barrister, rather nettled at this, proceeded to asseverate that under the English criminal system, the protection of innocence and the punishment of guilt were almost absolutely secured. Upon this Minos rose from his chair, and beckoned us to follow him into an adjoining room. We did so, and found ourselves in a spacious and well-appointed

library. Minos walked straight up to a shelf on the left hand side of the room, and pointing to a row of large folio volumes, bound in crimson and lettered in gilt, desired us to read their titles. I transcribe that of one of them, which may be taken as a specimen of the rest. It was in these words :—'HUMAN JUSTICE. DOUBLE FAILURES, Vol. cvii. [England, Vol. xvi. 1775—1800.]' We looked around us, and saw that the whole of the shelves on one side of the library were filled with these crimson-bound volumes, similarly lettered in every instance, except as to the name of the countries to which they referred. Those relating to England occupied two shelves, about six feet in length. I confess I was very much startled; and I suppose the faces of all of us showed some consternation, for Minos immediately remarked upon it :

'You are surprised, gentlemen,' he said, in gentle tones, but with a faint touch of irony in the inflection of his voice. 'We are not unaccustomed to witness the display of such emotions on the part of our visitors from the upper world. They have formed, as a rule, too high an estimate of the success with which human justice is administered.'

With these words he took down from the shelf the volume whose superscription I have transcribed, and opening it at random, laid it on the table before us. We all crowded round to inspect the page which was laid open to our view. I subjoin the following extract from it, which will show the careful and orderly manner in which the registers are kept :—

No.	Crime.	Person Guilty.	Person Punished.	Punishment.	Cause of Judicial Failure.
54	Sheepstealing	Roger Robfold	Gregory Gaper	*Death.*	Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Prisoner, unable to be witness on his own behalf.
55	Robbery from a Dwelling House	Jonathan Scudds	Simon Lofer	*Death.*	Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Exclusion on technical grounds of evidence which would have exculpated Lofer.
56	Arson	Paul Firebrass	W. Allyby	*Death.*	Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Prisoner called upon to address the Jury in his own defence. He was of defective intellect, and had an impediment in his speech.

We had not the heart to read further, and we closed the book, amidst a profound silence. The barrister was the first to break it.

'I admit,' he said, 'that I should have more carefully limited my approbation of our criminal jurisprudence to an approval of its administration during the last thirty years; at the same time, I confess to an extreme surprise at the amount of judicial failures which it has been your lordships' duty to register. In those days I fear punishment was distributed in a manner more comprehensive than discriminating. Still, it must be admitted that though the innocent did not always escape the sword of the law, the guilty never did.'

Again the same peculiar smile flitted over the countenances of the three judges, and Minos crossed the library, making a sign to us to follow him. Ranging along the shelves on the other side, we observed rows of volumes, similar in size and appearance to those we had been examining, with the exception that they were bound in green instead of crimson, and lettered with the words 'SINGLE FAILURES.' Minos removed one of these volumes from its place, and placed it before us.

'Those cases,' he said, 'in which an innocent person has been executed for the supposed commission of a crime, while its actual perpetrator has escaped, are registered, as you have seen, under the head of "Double Failures." But there are also, though you seem to be unaware of it, many cases of crime in England, very many, in which, though no one suffers unjustly, the perpetrator of the crime escapes with impunity. On this side of the library, and under the title of "Single Failures," all such cases are registered.' He opened the book, and exhibited before us a list of cases, tabulated in the following manner:—

No.	Crime.	Person Guilty.	Person Punished.	Punishment.	Cause of Judicial Failure.
17	Murder	John Slaughter			Defect of English Criminal Procedure. The word *murderavit* employed in the indictment instead of *murdravit*. [1]
18	Murder	John Slaughter			Defect of English Criminal Procedure. The name of the murdered man laid in the indictment as Scraggs, instead of Scroggs.
19	Cattle Stealing	James Metcalf			Defect of English Criminal Procedure Heifers taken by the prisoner, erroneously described as "cows." [2]

[1] Referred to in Ryle's Case Cro. Eliz. 920. [2] Rex v. Cook., 1. Leach 105.

We again closed the book in extreme humiliation, and the barrister no longer ventured to continue the defence of our criminal jurisprudence.

'Come, gentlemen,' said Minos, kindly, 'do not be too much discouraged; your country, after all, stands in many respects higher than most others as an administrator of criminal law.'

'How so?' inquired the barrister, pointing to the row of green volumes lettered 'SINGLE FAILURES—FRANCE.' 'Their series appears to be a much shorter one than ours.'

'True,' replied Minos, 'their green series is considerably smaller. Few guilty men escape from a French judge. But look at their double failures! they are twice as numerous as yours. An innocent man before a French Court has often a poor chance for his life.'

And, in truth, the French red series filled nearly four shelves, and we were not a little consoled at the sight.

'Then, again,' continued the barrister, emboldened, 'surely the removal of some of the barbarous inequalities of our law of evidence has tended to diminish the bulk of our red series, as the abolition of the ridiculous subtleties of pleading must have tended to reduce the dimensions of the green.

'In the former case, yes,' replied Minos, pointing to our red series for the last thirty years, the volumes of which showed a marked reduction in bulk. In the latter case, the progress has not been so marked: criminals who can no longer crawl out through the flaws of an indictment have now found another loophole of escape.'

'What is that?' we inquired, somewhat anxiously.

Minos walked to the window of the apartment and beckoned us to follow him. We did so, and looked out into an open courtyard, in which were a score or so of spirits, apparently taking exercise under the surveillance of two or three of the officials whom we had seen that morning in the Court.

'Pray, who are these?' asked the barrister.

'These,' said Minos, are all spirits whose names are to be found in that book,' pointing to the latest volume of the English green series. They are all criminals, who have been unjustly acquitted on the same ground.'

We were about to inquire what the ground was, when one of the spirits, looking up to the window, recognised the physician, to whom he bowed with an air of profound respect and gratitude.

'Bless my soul—I mean, bless me!' exclaimed the physician, 'where have I seen that face before? Ah! I remember now. I appeared as a witness for him, two years ago, at the Old Bailey. A clear case of dementia, culminating in homicidal mania.'

Minos smiled sardonically.

'He is one of the best conducted and most intelligent prisoners on the books,' he remarked. 'But though they are not all as intelligent, they are all equally sane, and all have been acquitted on the ground of insanity.'

[*To be continued.*]

Oxford Reviewed.

Part II.

The degrees conferred by the University upon students are those of Bachelor and Master in Arts, and of Bachelor and Doctor in Music, Civil Law, Medicine, and Divinity. The principal conditions required for obtaining these degrees are residence, and the satisfactory performance of certain exercises. The residence necessary is in no case less than twelve terms, except in the case of the degrees of Music, for which no residence at all is required. The candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts has to pass three examinations—1st, Responsions; 2ndly, the First Public Examination, commonly called Moderations; and thirdly, the Second Public Examination, commonly called Greats. For Responsions, every candidate must be examined in Latin and Greek grammar, Latin prose composition—one Latin and one Greek author, Arithmetic, and either Euclid or Algebra. As we are of opinion that this examination constitutes one of the principal faults of the system, it will be for the best to inquire at once for what purpose the University places at the outset of its course an examination of so exceedingly elementary a character, and while making such inquiry, it will be but just to consider also certain other facts that are closely allied to the subject. The men who enter at the various Colleges at Oxford are mainly from the upper middle class of society, and vary in age from seventeen to about twenty. A great majority of them come direct from the various large public schools, the others from smaller schools, or from a state of pupilage under tutors. In order to obtain entrance at any one College for which they may have entered their names, it is absolutely necessary that they should pass what is called a Matriculation Examination. The severity of this examination varies very much with the different Colleges, and is mainly held with a view to ascertaining the candidate's power and chance of passing Responsions.

The consequences of this portion of the system are disastrous in the extreme. The necessary easy nature of the test enables men with very little knowledge, and even after very little cramming, to launch themselves into University life. These being primarily unfitted for study—

nay, even for decent diligence—are satisfactorily retained below even a standard of mediocrity by the other portions of the University system. It is but fair to conclude of a man, who at the age of seventeen or over, can but barely qualify himself in a smattering of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, one of two things: either he has had deficient opportunities, or he has neglected those that have been given him. Of the former class there are extremely few; the others forming the overwhelming majority. Now we contend that the University is emphatically neither a training school for the great unread, be they unfortunate, or what is more probable, indolent. It was very well in former times when, with the exception of a few very elementary schools scattered here and there about the country, the University was almost the only means of national education; but now that no village is without its more or less pretentious school, and while the facilities for education are so vastly increased, the case is entirely different. The University, both separately and collectively, appears now to ignore almost all other means of education, and to expect of its would-be alumni that they know next to nothing. At present the University is perfectly correct; the would-be alumni do know next to nothing; and even what they do know is hidden in such a labyrinth of ignorance that it requires all the astuteness and practice of a well-seasoned hand to fish it out and collect it. Thus an entirely wrong class of men are enticed, and enabled to enter upon the University course—men whose previous life has been a very good guarantee of incapacity or indifference. Now all human nature being more or less selfish or inclined to be lazy, except where necessity is the mother of invention, it may pretty accurately be argued that the class of men of whom we are now speaking have been convinced at the outset of life that it was not absolutely necessary to work, by reason of others having worked or intending to work for them. These then form the great army of self-styled martyrs, and look upon all examinations at College as so many efforts on the part of Fate to torment and annoy the faithful. By means of pressure from home, threats for the authorities, and a consistent course of instruction which teaches only that which is absolutely required, many satisfy the microscopic amount required; while not a few, impervious to all feelings of decency, succeed in failing disgracefully.

Let us now for a moment consider the case of those who come from the higher forms of the public schools, and are thus to a certain extent well and properly prepared. Having already performed the drudgery of rudimental education, and reached some of the higher portions of study, they find themselves suddenly thrown back to their former state, and compelled to go through again what they thought had been settled for evermore. The ills of this course are enormous. Many, led away by the novelty and enticing character of life at Oxford,

and remembering that they had already once qualified themselves for the approaching test, determine to devote just one term to seeing the place and 'getting through Smalls,' and then to work properly.

Thus they are thrown out of the grooves of hard work and study, and rarely, if ever, enter again. Others, possessing indomitable patience and persevering, turn with a heavy sigh to their one Greek and Latin book, and their Colenso's arithmetic, and pass a term of misery. It is impossible, in an article of this kind, to describe with sufficient force the Jesuitical terrorism that this simple examination exercises on the undergraduate mind. As a fact, many men go up for honours in the final schools with less trepidation and anxiety as to the result than they do to this test, of which all that can be said is that it has shown, not always conclusively, that a man can translate thirty lines of Latin and Greek with some reference to the text, that he can turn a piece of easy English prose into Latin, without making suggestions for an improved Latin grammar; and lastly, that he can correctly work out a few easy sums. What a searching test for a University! what a credit to have passed such an ordeal! There can be no doubt whatever that a radical change is required here, and that it should be of the following character. Responsions should be amalgamated with the matriculation examination at present held by the colleges, and one single examination, far more searching and severe than at present, should be required, in which the University as a body would take a direct interest and part. Such a course would require additional exertion and preparation from the indifferent, would be a credit to the industrious, and would obviate the necessity of University Tutors dry-nursing an unwilling crew through a period of intellectual babyhood. It may be well here to observe that the subject of this article are the pass-examinations of the University, and not those for honours. The latter are indeed capable of much improvement and of wider range of subject, but are withal fairly able to bear comparison with the tests required at any of our foreign Universities. Still, be that as it may, they barely come within the scope of this article, which would treat generally of the University, and not give its attention to any small portion of it. A course all the more desirable in this case, as the number of men who go in for honours and get them bears so small a proportion to the number who merely aim at a pass degree, that they may be practically excluded from all considerations bearing on the general tone and influence of the University. In other words, we believe that a per-centage of honour candidates often considerably below five per cent. is no criterion at all that Oxford is the home of students and study.

We come now to the first public examination held by the moderators, and hence commonly called moderations, or 'mods,' for which candidates are eligible, according to the new rules, after a residence of one year,

dating from their matriculation. Every candidate must be examined in Latin and Greek grammar, either in logic or in algebra, together with three books of Euclid, in the four Gospels in Greek, and in one Latin and one Greek author at the least, one of which must be a poet, and the other an orator, and neither of which may be the same with either of the two which he brought in for Responsions, unless he now brings in as many as four authors. The examination is conducted partly in writing, partly *vivâ voce*, questions are given in grammar and philology, and in logic or mathematics; passages are set for translation from English prose into Latin, and from the authors brought in by the candidate into English; and each candidate may also be required to construe and answer questions from those authors.

Now, though this reads somewhat grandly when it comes to be analysed and criticised as regards its practice, it will appear that the second examination is but a decent expansion of the first examination. Every question of grammar and nothing more, that is likely to be asked will be found in such works as Arnold's 'First Book of Latin,' and in his first book of 'Greek Exercises,' pre-supposing, of course, that the candidate knows the genders of the nouns, the cases the prepositions take, how to decline the verbs, &c. The amount of logic required is extremely small, and may be acquired by attending lectures for a couple of terms, or mathematics may be substituted. Mathematics! that is algebra up to quadratic equations, together with the first three books of Euclid. One Greek and one Latin author are required, which, being interpreted, means a couple of plays of Sophocles and six books of Virgil, or an equivalent amount, the examination in which consists of two pieces, of from fifteen to twenty lines, from each book for translation, to which are appended some half-dozen isolated passages, of from one to three lines each, designed to discover whether the candidate has read the whole of the work set, or whether he has contented himself with getting up the hard 'bits' alone, trusting to Providence and the custom of such examinations to carry him safely through. The knowledge required of the Greek Testament is nothing stupendous, and consists of a power of translating several verses, especially those where the English version is at fault, and of an ability to answer some very general questions as to the history of our Lord and his disciples, with, perhaps, a reference or two to the quotations from the Old Testament found in the Gospels, and a slight acquaintance with the geography, manners, and customs of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans. This Ossa and Pelion of hard work, therefore resolves itself, much in the style of the fable, into a 'ridiculus mus.' After a further period of residence the candidate for the degree of B.A. is permitted to enter for the final or Second Public Examination commonly called 'Greats.' This examination is divided into five schools—

namely, the Classical, Mathematical, Natural Science, Law and Modern History, and Theological Schools. In every school the examination is conducted partly in writing, partly *vivâ voce*. As a general rule, every one is required to pass the examination both in the Classical School and also in some one of the other four schools. If, however, a candidate obtains a place in any class, in any one of the five schools, nothing further is required of him, provided he passed in three books at least, instead of two at the examination for the degree, and has also passed in Divinity (or if not a member of the Church, in the substitute for Divinity). The ordinary examination in Divinity is not, however, required from those who obtain a class in the School of Theology. In the Classical School every candidate must be examined in Divinity (except those who are candidates for honours in the School of Theology, and in one Latin and one Greek author at the least. The term 'Divinity' comprises the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, the history contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments, and the subjects of the books, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Evidences of Religion. Of the two authors, one must be a philosopher, the other an historian, and neither may be the same with either of the two which the candidate brought in for responsion, unless he brings in now as many as four authors. The examination consists of passages set for translation into English and for construing, and of questions to be answered both on paper and orally. In the Mathematical School every candidate must be examined either in the first six books of Euclid or in the first part of algebra. In the School of National Science, every candidate must be examined in the principles of two out of these three branches of Natural Science, viz., Mechanical Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology, and, further, in some one of the particular sciences dependent on Mechanical Philosophy.

In the school of Law and Modern History every candidate must offer himself for examination, either in English History from the Conquest to the accession of Henry VIII., together with that part of English Law which relates to things real; or in English History from the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of William III., together with that part of English Law which relates to persons and things personal; being at liberty however to substitute Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' or some other approved work on Political Economy, together with the History of British India, for either portion of English Law. In the School of Theology the subjects of examination are Holy Scripture, Dogmatic and Symbolic Theology, Ecclesiastical History and Patriotic Theology, Evidences, Liturgies, and the criticism and archæology of both Testaments. On these several subjects certain books are appointed a year beforehand by the Board.

In order fully to confirm what has been said about the previous

examination, and in order more fully to apply it to the one now under consideration, it will but be necessary to dwell upon two or three points. The knowledge of divinity required is very small, and with the exception that the amount is slightly increased, no more critical powers are necessary for this than for the second examination for the degree. The amount of classics necessary may be judged from the fact that all that is asked is an acquaintance with four books of Plato's Republic, together with four books of the Annals of Tacitus, or an equivalent amount of other authors. The mathematics speak for themselves, consisting but of the first part of Algebra or the first six books of Euclid. The other schools are equally elementary and insufficient for their purpose, and need no very critical eye to detect that all that is required is a tolerably accurate acquaintance with some very ordinary hand-books.

Thus we see that the University itself must stand convicted on one of two charges. It either directly encourages idleness, for it is absurd to suppose it takes a man of even decent powers three years to learn the amount we have described, or what is more probable it has fixed its standard at an absurdly low rate, thus enabling men who come to Oxford with no intention of working whatever, to pass a life of ease and indifference. As at present constituted, the University would seem to be a social mill for the purpose of the better licking into shape of middle-class cubs, while in the crevices of the mill dwell a few industrious ants, who work along in silence and unnoticed, and are utterly thrown into the shade by the crash and rattle of the big wheel which, turning in its course, ever and anon casts off a few scintillating drops, that fall with a splatter and are seen no more. We believe that a well-directed effort is being now made in the University to increase the severity of the examinations, and so ride rough-shod over the compact ranks of the pass-men. Such an effort must result in the most complete success, and should carry with it the heartfelt sympathy of every right-thinking man. We are assured that this course is absolutely necessary for the salvation of the University, which must either progress with the rest of our social institutions, or expect its present constitution to be swept away as effete and useless. Were the men now connected with the governing and educational bodies of the University to be frankly asked what they thought of the intellectual powers of the men who come under their notice, they would as frankly reply that these powers were entirely and distinctly above the work and effort required of them. Among so large a number of men there must necessarily be a percentage of obtuseness; but the fact remains that the University looks on men who come to her as little better than dunces, and treats them when they are with her with such delicate care, lest, forsooth! they should overwork themselves; that the majority of her members are sent out into the world enabled

to strut about like so many jackdaws on the strength of one borrowed plume.

There can be very little doubt but that all the pass men, with very few exceptions, were they to devote even a portion of every day to study, might take honours in one school at least. We are convinced of this from two reasons. First, it is an acknowledged fact that quite 50 per cent. of the pass men begin to read for honours at some portion of their University career; but are deterred from carrying out their intention by the lack of encouragement given by the University to any exertion, and by the many temptations that beset a course of hard work at Oxford, where amusement and recreation are things unknown, because everything is made a business and carried to excess. The number of men who combine hearty study with proper athletic exercise is quite infinitesimal. An Oxford undergraduate either works himself to death, or he does absolutely nothing. If he be fond of athletics he generally chooses one branch for which his physique and national inclination most adapt him, and straightway attempts to rival the professional athlete. Everything has to give way to the river, the cricket field, the racquet court, &c., and it is an easy matter to find men unable to construe a single Latin sentence at first sight, and yet devoting their whole energies to one course of physical training. We are well aware that it is a pet idea of many to point out some of the most distinguished men of the day, as distinguished as well in athletics at one of the Universities. Our contention, however, is that at Oxford study and athleticism are made to clash and not to work together, and the consequence is that study goes to the wall.

Now with the existing form of examination study can safely be sent to the wall as a few weeks' cramming just before any examination is perfectly sufficient to enable a man of very moderate ability to obtain the proportion of marks (by no means a high one) required for the pass degree.

A comparison between the average of the pass men at the University of London, with that of those at Oxford, has resulted very favourably to the latter. This is to be explained on the theory already put forward, that at some time or other quite half the men read for honour. As a crucial test, however, of the Oxford system, let us ask: 1st. How many men of whom great things are expected by competent judges before they come to Oxford, justify these expectations? And 2nd. How many men of whom nothing is expected before they came up to college; or, rather, how many men who have had a deficient education, do great things at the University, owing to the excellence of its systems of education and examination? The answers to these questions are immediate and striking. While the number of men who are brought to the front by the training of the University, *pur et simple*, is very small, the number of men who, as

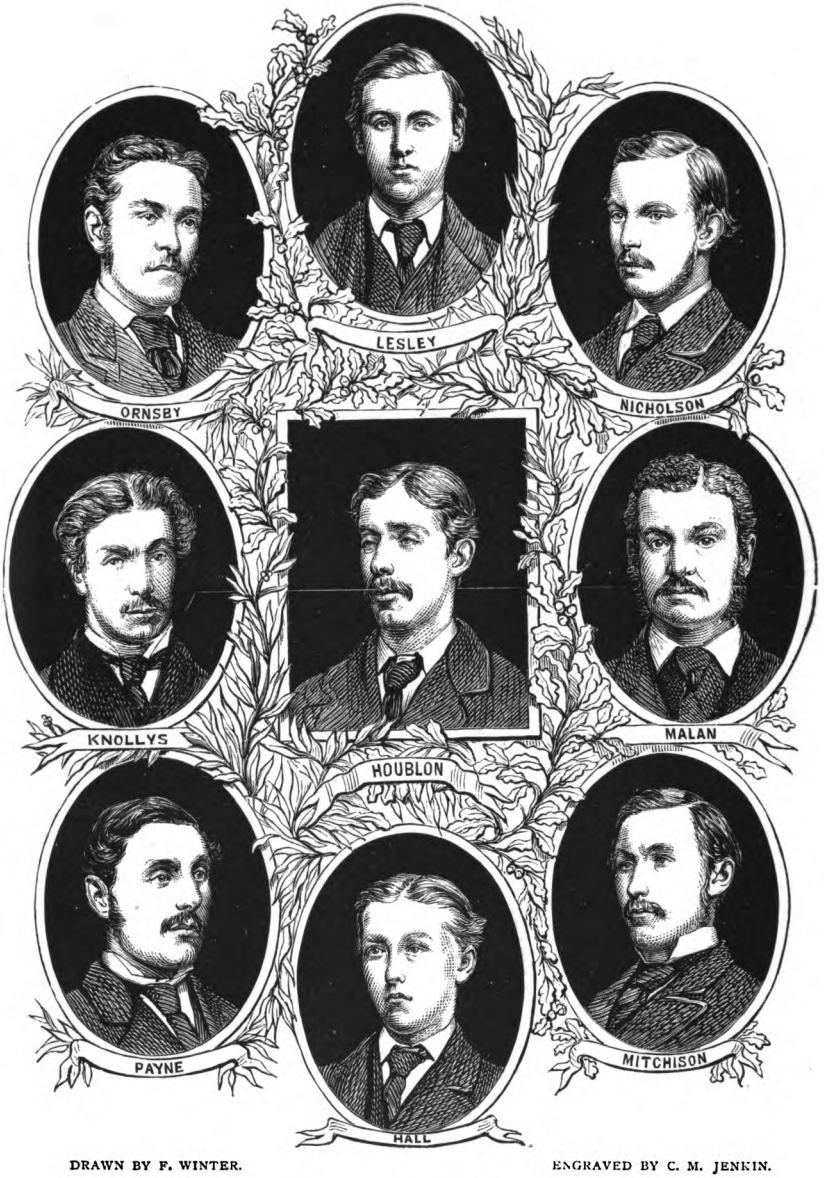
it is commonly called, come to grief, is something appalling. To establish this fact it will but be necessary to consider first that the pick of all the public schools go to Oxford or Cambridge; 2nd, that the many inducements in the way of scholarships and prizes offered both by the schools and the University on matriculation, cause an amount of competition that is very great, and it is thus reasonably to be concluded that there must be a very considerable nucleus at Oxford of able hard-working students. If this be so, how is it then that the number of men who obtain honours is so small? How is it that men when fresh from school, who have obtained scholarships given on the strength of examinations held by resident members of the University; how is it that these, we ask, after the expiration of some three or four years, often entirely fail to justify the conclusions that had been formed of their power at the outset of their University career? There can only be one conclusion, which is that life at Oxford is emphatically not conducive to study and to the bringing out of intellectual power. Such a result is most lamentable, and though there are many concomitant causes that bring about this end, yet we are of opinion that the mainspring of the whole is the pass system of examination not only adopted, but encouraged by the University. It is a system that after patient trial has utterly failed; it is a system that has caused our degrees to be looked down upon by continental Universities; it is a system that has handicapped laziness and indifference, and has caused the whole intellect and strength of the University to be employed in teaching a smattering of Greek, Latin, Divinity, Law, and Mathematics. The pass work at Oxford barely keeps up the knowledge that the men have acquired at school, while it distinctly does not increase it. If one were to compare the cost of the education of a pass man with the knowledge he possesses, it would be found that the acquisition of a single Greek verb represented a sum sufficient to keep a family of twelve persons decently for three years. Are we to stand idly by and see this great, this time-honoured institution engaged in sending out a rivulet of information that meanders slowly through whole plains of ignorance; or are we at last manfully and emphatically to raise our voice against such a course of conduct, and while begging for a new lease of life for this home of many memories, bear in mind the lesson taught by Him who said of the unfruitful tree, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?'

The Boat Race.

Soon after eleven I turned out of the 'Dark Blue' office, and tightly buttoning my coat and carefully turning my trousers up, I clutched the arm of a friend, and we together made the best of our way to the Farringdon Street station of the Underground Railway; struggling against wind, snow, sleet, hail and rain, which came upon us in such force that had my friend not been a second Mark Tapley and enlivened me on the road by much jocular remark, I believe I should have turned tail at once, and written an account of the race by the aid of my imagination in Fleet Street. Along Farringdon Street we met but one man gorgeously arrayed in an immense light blue scarf, which contrasted sadly with his nose, which was very red. My friend observed that he must have tye-fuss fever to be out like that on such a day, a remark that caused me to go nearly ankle deep in an immense pool that had collected from the drippings of the aqeduct that spans the street. Arrived at the station, we, on payment of a half-crown each, obtained first-class return tickets to Hammersmith. Before I get any further, I would wish to remark that I believe I am only expressing the general opinion of the public, in stating that the arrangements made by the Underground Railway Company were simply disgraceful. For weeks previously had they placarded London with announcements as to their willingness and competency to carry any number of passengers to Hammersmith and back; in consequence a considerable quantity of people attempted to make use of the line, but found that, with the exception of a few special trains, no provision whatever had been made for them, so that many carriages carried as many as twenty-two and twenty-four people in each compartment. To add to the injury, the Company had almost doubled its fares for the day, and recklessly issued first-class tickets although they must have known that there were barely any first-class carriages at all, the trains being almost entirely composed of second and third-class carriages. There can be no doubt but that the Metropolitan is becoming bloated by

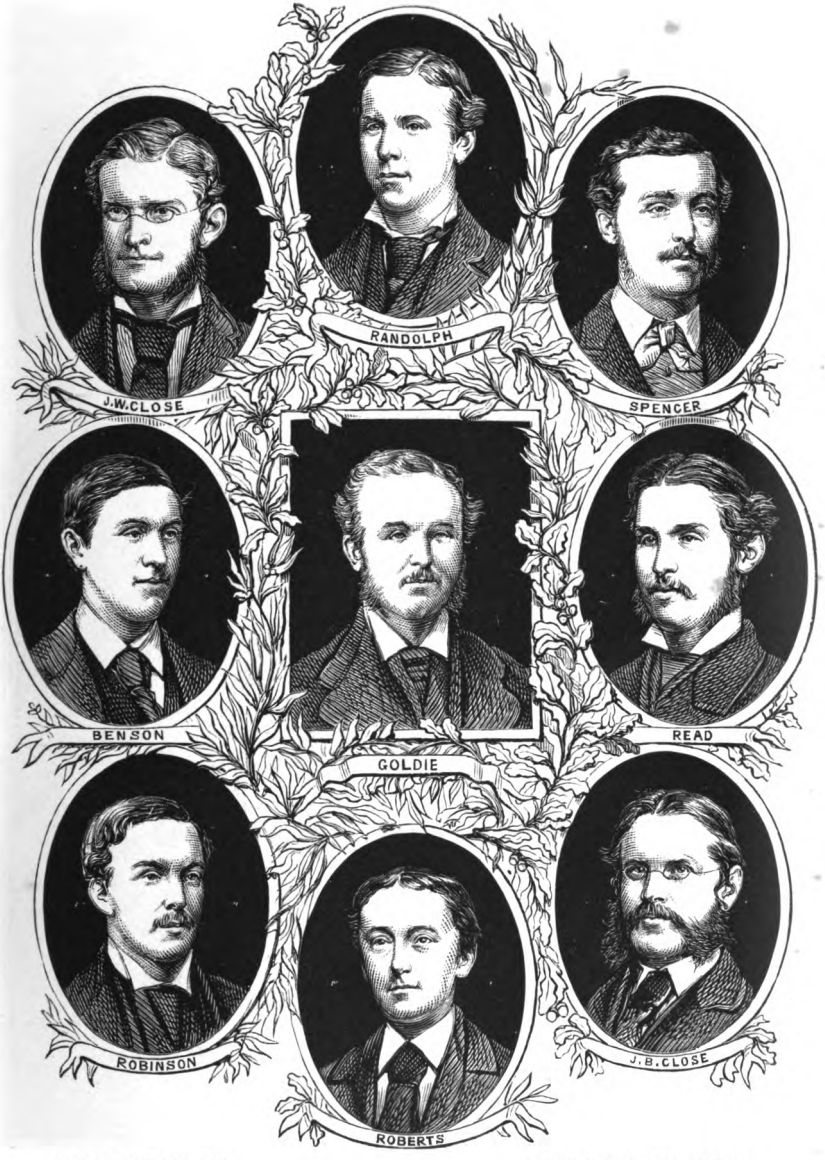
possessing a monopoly, and the sooner the public come forward to endorse the opinion of Alderman Besley as to the great want of courtesy on the part of all the officials, the better for all concerned. After waiting for some time and seeing several trains go by quite crammed, we managed to squeeze into the guard's break, with seventeen others. It required a great effort to keep our spirits up now, for the atmosphere was stifling. Mark Tapley was however fully equal to the occasion, and kept us in a continual roar of laughter. After passing several stations, at each of which more and more people seemed to find room in the train, though it had appeared absolutely crowded at starting, we reached a station, where the guard entered the break and removing his cap and scratching his head in evident perplexity said 'I dunnow 'ow they've bin and dun it, but there's anigh 200 more have got in at this ere blessed station, and it took four on us to shut the door o' the next compartment.' At last we arrived at Hammersmith where the train disgorged its living freight, which proceeded to shake itself somewhat after the manner of a terrier, who having been morally forced into the water, rattles his coat and ribs on emerging from an element for which he has an evident distaste. The scene outside the station was simply piteous in the extreme. A soaked mass of pedestrians was slowly wending its way to the bridge, in face of a driving snowstorm, while by its side splattered and splashed a desultory line of vehicles, both two-wheel and four-wheel. The only attempt at decoration made by the inhabitants consisted of a small light blue flag, from which coloured drops of water dripped monotonously on the passers-by. An enterprising publican had advertised an 'Oxford lunch' for a half-crown and had purchased immense stores of solid food. His house was, however, almost deserted, while he stood at the door and vented his grief and impatience by chaffing a crowd that would not 'eat, drink, and be merry.'

On, on to the bridge, close by which stand a row of miserably woe-begone men and women, offering for sale bits of soaked ribbon, whose colour had long since departed, leaving behind a uniformity of wretchedness. Splatter, splash, and a long drawn exclamation from my friend causes me to turn round just in time to see him wiping his right eye clear from an immense spot of mud that a passing cab-horse had jerked upon him. The day is so cheerless and miserable, that even the toll keepers, all dripping as they are, stubbornly refuse to answer the jokes of the crowd, and exclaim with monotonous satisfactiou, 'One half-penny, if you please, sir, one half-penny.' Splatter, splash, and we are on the bridge, which is as yet but poorly filled with spectators. We try to dodge by the vehicles and gain the side. What a sight! above, below, dense masses of snow falling everywhere, in utter defiance of the fact that it is Boat Race Day. A few barges moored out in the stream,



DRAWN BY F. WINTER. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

OXFORD CREW.—MARCH 23, 1872.



DRAWN BY F. WINTER. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

CAMBRIDGE CREW.—MARCH 23, 1872.

and decorated with flags that hang wearily down in utter despondency. A steamer puffing up the river, from which the lively strains of music strike upon the ear, as if in mockery of the whole situation. A solitary sculler, who passes just by us, and blows his nose with the air of a martyr. A band of nigger minstrels trudging along with their instruments close to their bodies, and looking the very picture of crushed hope. All these we saw from the bridge. All along the banks, right away to Putney, there stood a mass of soaked, shivering humanity, vainly endeavouring to keep off the rain, an attempt frustrated by the drippings of their neighbour's umbrellas. As we move along, my friend, who wears an eye-glass, is spied by certain of the Jewish fraternity, who exclaim, 'Hi, look at the swells, here's a go; nice day, eh, gentlemen,' to which Mark Tapley, equal to the occasion, replies, 'Yes, I rather think it is a nice day, and it will surely do for Moses' four-and-ninepenny hats.' A laugh from the crowd, and Mark Tapley has the best of it. Looming through the soaking atmosphere stands Putney Bridge, crowned with a tier of umbrellas. A row of steamers are moored to a cable—here and there a flag from some of the boating houses—a crowd and perfect block of vehicles by Fulham Church—a general air of despondency—and you have an idea of the starting point. The start had been fixed over night for a quarter-past one, subject to the tide serving, but it was not till about half-past one that a loud cheer announced that the crews had left the Boat House. Oxford are the first to get afloat, and paddle leisurely down to the starting point, and having lost the toss for choice of positions, they turn their boat, and take up the outside, or Surrey station. The Middlesex station was quite worth a couple of lengths, as the wind blew strongly from the E.N.E., sending the snow and sleet with full force into the faces of the Oxford crew. The Cambridge men are by this time afloat. The two crews now take up their stations at the stern of a couple of watermen's skiffs, moored some eighty or ninety yards below the steamboat pier. The following are the names and latest weights of the two crews :—

	CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lbs.
1.	James B. Close (First Trinity)	11	3½
2.	C. W. Benson (Third Trinity)	11	4¾
3.	G. M. Robinson (Christ's)	11	13½
4.	E. E. A. Spencer (Second Trinity)	12	8½
5.	C. S. Read (First Trinity)	12	8½
6.	John B. Close (First Trinity)	11	10½
7.	E. S. F. Randolph (Third Trinity)	11	11½
	J. H. D. Goldie (Lady Margaret), stroke ...	12	4½
	C. H. Roberts (Jesus), cox....	6	6

OXFORD.	st.	lbs.
1. J. A. Ornsby (Lincoln)	10	13
2. C. C. Knollys (Magdalen)	10	13
3. F. E. H. Payne (St. John's)	12	13½
4. A. W. Nicholson (Magdalen)	12	1½
5. E. C. Malan (Worcester)	13	6
6. R. S. Mitchison (Pembroke)	12	1½
7. R. Lesley (Pembroke)	11	12
T. H. A. Houblon (Christchurch) stroke ...	10	3½
F. H. Hall (Corpus) cox.	8	0½

The post of umpire was filled by Mr. Lewis Lloyds, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, who acted in the place of Mr. Chitty. Mr. Searle was starter, and Mr. John Phelps judge.

Barely were the two crews in position, when a wherry carrying a stout man in a great-coat in the bows comes up between them, and after a pause the starter shouts 'Are you ready, gentlemen?' A stentorian 'No' from Mr. Lesley causes a delay of a few seconds, when the cry is raised again, and at the word 'Off,' the two boats, like hounds loosed from the leash, rush forward into the darkness through the blinding snow. Cambridge got rather the best of the start, and certainly got first grip of the water. Getting away at 37, while Oxford were rowing at 35, they at once drew out, and were about six or eight feet ahead at Simmons' boat-house, rowing with such magnificent regularity that they appeared to be taking fewer strokes than Oxford. The Oxford men, even at the outset of the race, were barely together, the time being undoubtedly taken from No. 7, while it was generally remarked that Houblon was in the water perceptibly after his men. The Cambridge men continued to improve their position inch by inch, and by Bishop's Creek had increased their lead to about a quarter of a length. From here up to the Point—although Oxford spurted again and again most magnificently, rowing 40 strokes, and even 41, to the others' 38—the Light Blues steadily improved their position, and at Craven led by at least half their own length, rowing all the while like one man and with the regularity of clock-work. Here the coxswain steered out of his course, to the Surrey shore, and in consequence Oxford, who were well out in the centre of the tideway, made a grand effort, and recovered the half length they had lost, so that by the time the two boats breasted the Grass Wharf it would have been a hard matter to say which were ahead. In the next hundred yards, however, Cambridge had got their boat straight, and rowing hand over hand, had recovered their half length by the time they reached Rosebank, exactly one mile from the start. Here, again, Roberts steered right out of his proper course, and in consequence Oxford at once drew

up, and by the time the two boats had passed the Crab Tree, the nose of the Oxford boat was about even with No. 2 in the Cambridge boat. Even at this point it was remarkable to notice the difference between the two crews. Oxford, though unmistakably game, and answering nobly to every burst of their Stroke, were perceptibly showing premature signs of distress, while the rowing throughout was already to some extent ragged. The Cambridge men, on the other hand, were going as fresh and well as when they started, and were going along in splendid form. Oxford now spurted again, quickening to 39, and though they did their utmost, and though Hall steered magnificently, Cambridge had recovered their lost ground at the Soap Works, and again led by half-a-length; and between this and Hammersmith they continued to draw still further ahead, shooting the bridge fully three-quarters of a length in front of the Dark Blues, in exactly 8 min. 30 sec. from the start.

After passing the bridge, Oxford having the best of the water, not only held their ground, but reduced the lead of Cambridge by the time Biffens' Boat House had been reached, to half a length. From this point to the bottom of Chiswick both crews spurted, and though the Oxford men were rowing about forty strokes to the minute, the position remained unchanged. It was evident, however, that the strength of the Dark Blues was beginning to fail, and that they were gradually falling all to pieces. Though palpably now beaten, they pulled themselves together with magnificent determination, and rowing a frantic stroke of forty-four to the minute, came upon Cambridge hand over hand. Till mid-way up the Eyot, the Light Blues were only leading by a few feet, and appeared likely to be passed. Exhausted, however, the Oxford crew collapsed at this point, and for the first time in the race Cambridge drew clear at Chiswick Church. The contest was now practically over, and though Oxford stuck manfully to its work, their rivals were leading at the bathing place, by three quarters of a length clear. Barnes Railway Bridge was passed in 17 minutes 46 seconds from the start, and though opposite the Brewery Oxford again put on a magnificent spurt, rowing forty-four to the minute, the Cantabs were declared the winners by a little over a length clear. The whole distance was done in 21 minutes 16 seconds, which, considering the tide and the weather, having in mind also that the course was a hundred yards longer than usual, was a most creditable performance. The race was remarkable from the fact that a new system of telegraphing was tried—a cable being paid out at the stern of one of the steamers accompanying the race, by which means a brief account of the race was flashed across the country as it took place.

The excitement of the contest had made both Mark Tapley and myself utterly forgetful of the inclemency of the weather, and though we looked like a couple of woe-begone gipsies on the tramp, we managed to secure

the commiseration of certain friends who had established themselves at Mortlake on the top of a drag. These knowing our sympathies with the Dark Blue, thought fit to chaff us considerably on the want of success of our favourites. For a long time Mark Tapley's ready tongue kept them at bay, and enabled me to make the suggestion that I felt very thirsty. We were most hospitably regaled, and then sent on our way rejoicing. Ankle-deep in mud, we struggled through the block of carriages by the bridge, and secured our return through the offices of a kindly-disposed Hansom cab-driver, as we had determined beforehand to walk home rather than trust ourselves to the mercy of the Metropolitan Railway. With proper foresight we made for Hammersmith Bridge, where we stuck for an hour, endeavouring to beguile the time by watching the agility of the mounted police, and by speculating on the probable causes of the disastrous defeat that Oxford had sustained. Mark Tapley, with all the solemnity of a sybil of old time, gave it as his opinion that Oxford lost because Cambridge was first. I, however, for his edification, graphically sketched the various misfortunes to which the Dark Blues had been subjected. I showed how the fact of the towing path having been under water during the past term, had made proper coaching impossible from the banks; how the illness of Mr. Armistead and the subsequent changes in crew must have unsettled the boat; how the accident to Mr. Lesley, at the commencement of the course of training, had caused the appointment of Mr. Houblon as stroke, which I believed had set at rest for ever those arguments that had been advanced as to that gentleman's competency to last over a long course. Furthermore I dwelt upon the absurdity of trying a new boat three days before the race, and concluded by agreeing with Mark Tapley that the best men won. We both arrived home in the most pitiable condition. Our fingers were numbed with cold, our feet and knees wet, and our noses extremely red. The dirt that was brushed from our clothes would have started a market gardener, and the only satisfaction we had in our wretchedness was the appearance of some friends who were more wet, more cold, and more red in the nose than we were.

The Oxford & Cambridge Athletic Sports.

If ever there were a day more unsuitable than another for a boat race it was last Saturday. If ever on another important University occasion the weather 'did its worst' it did it on Monday, when the Universities' Athletic Sports, postponed from Friday, were held at Lillie Bridge, West Brompton. The rain and snow of previous days had made the ground sloppy and slippery, and no amount of sawdust could make it otherwise. The sun, with its proverbial March treachery, shone brightly at intervals during the morning, and lured down many, in anticipation of a fine day, who would otherwise have remained away; but once having got them there away it went, and left rain, snow, and hail to 'give it' the unhappy spectators mercilessly. Our English climate has been slashed and slated constantly these last few years, but never were anathemas more richly deserved than those which were liberally bestowed upon it by its victims on Monday, the 25th inst. A great deal of capital is made of the French cynic's remark that the English people take their pleasures sadly. We will grant there is a *soupçon* of truth in the picture, but where will a people be found who bear up against misfortune so bravely. The pitiless rain and snow would have washed out of a Frenchman every spark of enthusiasm, and French ladies would have '*Mon Dieud!*' with horror, and lost their tempers for the rest of the day over their spoilt dresses and bonnets. But at Lillie Bridge the races were run, the men cheered, and the programme gone through with the same hearty good-will, the same intense excitement as if Phœbus were smiling his brightest on the scene. The grounds were not so full as in former years; perhaps lots of people who went to the boat race had not got thoroughly dry in time to come. Some of them must have taken a deal of drying, I know; but towards the time set for the first race, and e'er the sun had finally retired, the scene was but little deficient in its usual gaiety and animation.

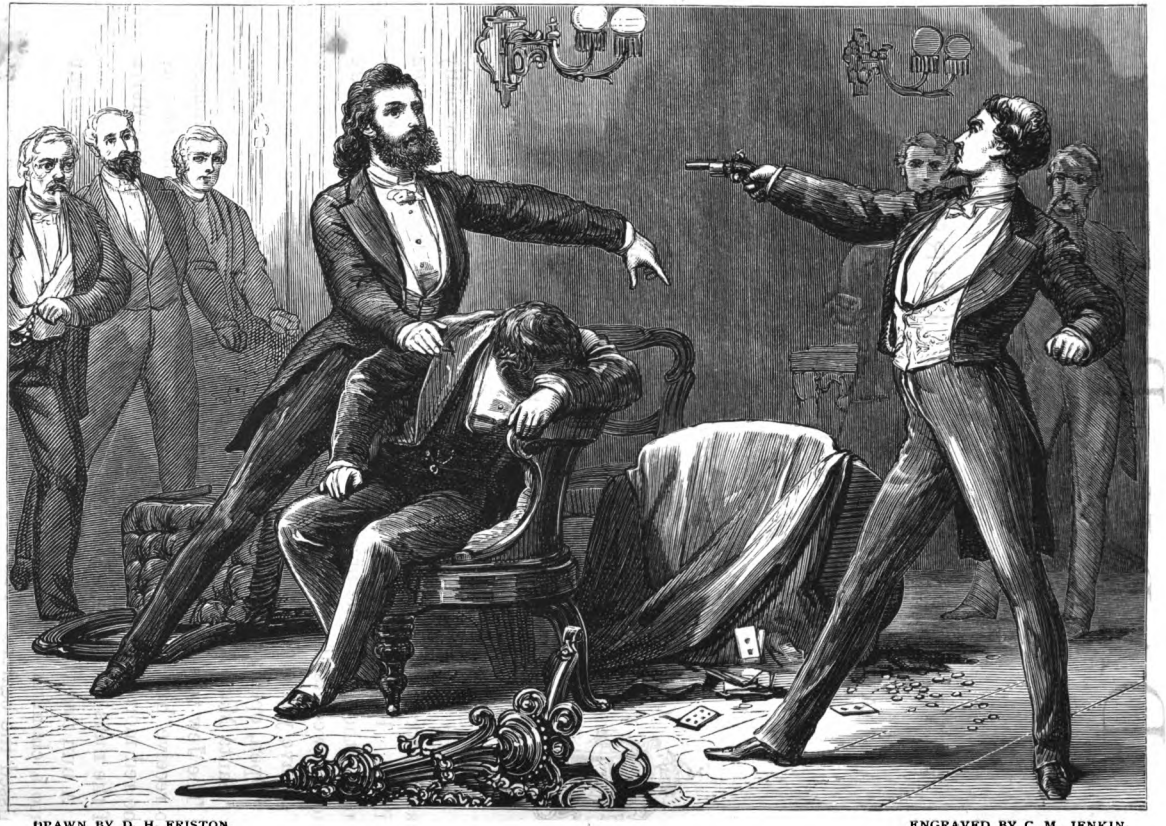
At a few minutes after 2 p.m., out came the competitors for the

first event on the card, the High Jump; Woods of Jesus, to do battle for the dark; Gurney of Trinity, and Prior of Caius, for the light blue. Graham, of Brasenose, having injured his wrist while practising, did not put in an appearance, and as was generally anticipated, Gurney scored first blood to Cambridge, with a jump of 5 ft. 5 in. Prior having to put up with second honours at an inch less. The state of the ground perhaps militated against the competitors in this event more than any other during the day. At 2.15, with an admirable start, away for the hundred yards spin rushed Parsons and Southam for Oxford, Dawson and Philpot for Cambridge. Coming on at a great rate Dawson, running well the whole way, breasted the tape first in ten seconds one-third, with Philpot close at his heels, and again the Cantabs were first and second. Loud and long were the ringing cheers of the light blue partisans when the numbers went up, while the faces of the Oxonians grew dark as the hue of their defeated colours. The appearance of the Oxford champions for the next 'feat of arms,' however, resuscitated the hopes of their University. Splendid specimens, indeed, of muscular humanity looked Domville of Pembroke, and Evans of Jesus, as they strode out into the ground to 'put the weight;' Littleton and Winthorpe, the Cambridge men, being undoubtedly their inferiors in point of physique. There may be a good deal of wisdom in the saying, 'Never judge by appearances,' but in this instance everybody did judge by appearance, and everybody was right, for Domville hurled the weight 37ft. 5½in. to Littleton's 35ft., and while the cheers were still ringing out for Oxford's first triumph, it was a curious coincidence the sky which had hitherto exhibited a patch of Cambridge blue, became quickly clouded and overcast. Men in ulsters and ladies in waterproofs had the best of it for the remainder of the day, for before the competitors for the great event came on to the ground, down came the snow—the 'beautiful snow,' as poets call it—the 'horrid snow,' as we heard a lady behind us exclaim. She was not poetical, for the snow and the cold were making her nose red; and what lady could be poetical with a red nose? Fair faces that had been wreathed with smiles now caught a reflect of the gloom overhead, and there was probably as much anxiety in female hearts as to whether bonnet strings would run and dresses come out washy, as there was in manly breasts as to how Benson would go, and Hawtrey stay for the next event—the Three Mile Race. In the midst of a blinding snow storm the six got away for the 'long journey.' As round after round was completed, pace and want of condition began to tell and the runners dwindled like the ten little niggers, one by one, and there were only three men left to do the final rounds. Greater and greater grew the excitement, as the last rounds were run over. The names of 'Benson—Hawtrey'—'Hawtrey—Benson' were shouted from the combined lungs of the Univer-

sities. Ladies sprang up in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs. Umbrellas danced about over the heads of the crowd, as though sharing the enthusiasm of their proprietors. In the last two rounds Somerville fell behind, and Benson and Hawtrey were running neck and neck. On they came, now one slightly leading, now the other. From light blue necktied throats, hoarse with a constant shouting, came yell after yell of 'Hawtrey wins.' While Oxford men, frantic with excitement, roared with all the power of their lungs for Benson. So they came on for the last round—turning the corner for the straight run in—rose a great cry, 'Hawtrey's done!' For a moment the light blue champion staggered—then gathering himself for a final effort, he collared Benson again, and on they came side by side up the straight towards the tape. Then with a great roar rushed the undergrads to the winning-post, yelling with might and main the names of both. A final effort from both men—a rush forward, and both touch the tape together. A dead heat. A three mile race in a snow storm, and a dead heat. Bravo both! If ever honest English pluck, indomitable English spirit was displayed to advantage, it was in that race, which run so magnificently under such adverse circumstances, resulted in a dead heat.

The distance was accomplished in 15 minutes, 44 $\frac{3}{5}$ths seconds. Before the excitement this grand struggle had caused had fairly subsided, and while people were still discussing it, there was a cry 'They are off!' and bounding over hurdle after hurdle, came Garnier, of University, Oxford, followed by Beauchamp, of Corpus, Cambridge. Flying in first-class style over his hurdles, Garnier was never passed, winning easily from Beauchamp, who was the only one near the victor at the last flight. The programme was now hurried through as rapidly as could be, the pitiless weather making everyone anxious to get away as soon as possible. The broad jump resulted in a comparatively easy victory for Cambridge, E. J. Davies, of Pembroke, clearing 21 ft. 5 in. to H. K. Upcher's, of St. John's, Oxford, 20 ft. 6 in. Here again the state of the ground was against the men, and we fancy in different weather Mr. Davies would have done even better, good as his actual performance was. Fortune still continued dead against the Oxford men, and the next event put no better face on the matter; Cambridge men, Philpot, of Trinity, and Brodie, of Sidney, finishing first and second for the quarter of a mile race. Run at a spanking pace the issue was never in doubt, and light blue champions led right up the straight, finishing the distance in 51 $\frac{2}{5}$ths seconds. Surely it was too bad of the weather to wait till the hammer-throwing business commenced before it attempted to clear up. During the most interesting part of the programme, a forest of umbrellas obstructed the general view. When the umbrellas went down, four athletics were discovered wildly struggling with 16lb. hammers. To the

uninitiated it seemed as if the performance consisted in the competitors first swinging the hammer, and the hammer in revenge eventually swinging the competitor to make him leave go. Anything more absurd than a powerful man waltzing round with a long hammer can scarcely be imagined. However, Paterson, of Trinity, added another chalk to the list of Cambridge's wins, throwing 105ft. 2in. Hardly were the winning numbers exhibited on the telegraph board, than the champions for the One Mile Race were got together, and started directly after on a gallantly contested race. Mr. T. Christie, of Lincoln, scored the last event to the dark blues. Mr. T. Hewitt, of Trinity Hall, being a thorn in his side at the finish. Time 4 minutes 38 seconds. Just before the conclusion of the race, there was a rush from the opposite side of the ground to the winning post, and it was as much as the stewards could do to keep the course clear for the runners. Throughout the day the band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Mr. D. Godfrey, discoursed sweet music. Until the last race the ground was kept admirably, the only privileged spectator allowed within the enclosure, beside the stewards and judges, being an old brown donkey, who relieved the more serious portion of the programme with several original comic performances. The great feature of the day was undoubtedly the dead heat for the Three Mile Race, and long will it be remembered by those who witnessed it as a splendid example of English pluck and perseverance.



DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

THE

DARK BLUE.

MAY, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION III.

A GIPSY boy peered into Israel's upturned face, opened the young Jew's shirt, laid bare the breast, and stuffed his own neckerchief into the gaping wound. The boy dashed aside a few tears, and sped away with the swiftness of a deer. Hours passed till he returned, accompanied by two men with a litter, on which Israel was placed and carried off at a smart trot, for the sky foreboded the coming morn.

On the way to Malaga, skirting the incline of an undulating hilly range, stood the Nunnery of Santa Cecilia, not far from a straggling village. Pedro, the young gipsy boy, had run on, and was furiously pulling the bell of the nunnery. The lattice was opened, and a demure face showed itself.

'Have you come?' said the face.

'Open, open; he is dying or dead.'

'Santa Maria! bring him in.'

The Jew was carried inside the gate, as it swung rustily on its hinges to receive him. Across the grassy quadrangle they bore him, just as the red morning streaks coloured the horizon, and the first Ave Maria of the nuns rose up into the aisles of the chapel.

A nun met the procession, had the wounded man, or corpse, brought into a chamber on the ground floor, had him placed on a bed, and dismissed the bearers. Pedro looked up at her and shook his head, as if he meant to say that *he* should not leave. The nun returned the

glance kindly, left the room, and came back with another sister within a few minutes. In the deftest possible way she examined the wound, listened whether the heart still gave signs of existence, applied bandages and restoratives, and sat down to await the result. The second sister took her station at the foot of the bed.

Pedro looked earnestly into the face of the elder nun, but could find no indication there what would be his protegé's fate; so he crouched down on the floor, laid his head caressingly against her lap, and sobbed out his own overcharged heart in periodical spasms of tears. The nun held Israel's hand, she had his pulse under her finger; again she used restoratives, this time stronger, and after a time shook her head. Faintly came the notes of a 'Miserere' from the chapel; faintly murmured the other nun her 'Paternoster;' the elder nun bent down again, scrutinized Israel's face, and knelt by the bedside. Pedro had fallen flat on the floor asleep; both nuns were invoking the aid of the Virgin Mother for the restoration of the wounded man, and both tremblingly counted their rosaries, heaping prayer on prayer for the stranger before them.

Determination and sagacity seemed written on the face of the elderly sister; that of the younger was so shrouded by drapery one could scarcely define its contour. Once more Israel's hand was held in the Spanish nun's; once more she bent over his still, marble face, wondering where that spiritual countenance could have come from; for Pedro's request for help had been sufficient to admit the young Jew into the nunnery of an order that knew no denial where need or want required help. Suddenly one rapid twitch of the muscles passed over Israel's features; another, a slight flutter under the nun's fingers was perceptible; stronger and stronger became the tokens of returning life, and the joy at the rescue of a fellow-creature brought single heavy tear-drops into the nun's eyes. She touched the shoulder of her sister, who knelt still praying by his side. Both redoubled their exertions, and presently saw Israel open his eyes wide, close them rapidly again, and suddenly, with a deep-drawn sigh, clutch the friendly fingers of his restorer, as if unconsciously holding fast the helping hand that had saved him.

The gentle exclamation of surprise from the nuns woke Pedro; he started up, saw that his master had life written on his countenance, and fell on his knees before the elder nun, sobbing out his thanks in broken words, and calling upon the Virgin and all the saints he could recollect to come and bless her for her miraculous cure.

'Ah, and he is a Nazarene, a true Christian. He will teach you!'

'Hush, boy; no noise; the thread of his life is very tender as yet. He is greatly exhausted.'

Pedro huddled up by the bedside every now and then, kissing the coverlets, as he would not kiss the hand that lay on it.

Six days Israel had lain in feverish throes, unconscious that Spanish nuns were nursing him tenderly, trying to hold fast his ebbing life. Six days and nights had Pedro wearily watched by the bedside, snatching odd rests of sleep on the floor. It was still doubtful whether a strong, unexhausted vitality should bear off the victory over the consequences of that dastardly attack, when one night towards morning, as if by magic, a wholesome sleep fell like beneficent dew on the sick man, and refreshed every artery of his body. Streaming with perspiration, Israel awoke as the glorious morning sun rose over southern Spain, and looked with bright clear eyes around him. There were two drowsy female figures, clad in garments he could not recognise, and there was the gipsy boy, full length on the floor, fast asleep.

Israel lay still, watching the scene, and bathing his soul in the undefined consciousness 'that he lived.' A few minutes later the nuns were bending over him with grateful hearts while Pedro performed odd antics of delight at his beloved master's recovery.

The cure went on uninterruptedly; the abbess came once for a few moments into the room to say an earnest prayer by the bedside, blessing the sisters, who were evidently the doctors and nurses of the sick in the nunnery. At other times what restrictions were not used against the outer world? But now human need was freer from prejudice, larger of heart, and wider of conscience, than the contracted notions of those whose faith was named after Him, who knew no bounds in His all-embracing, sympathetic love.

Scarcely restored to existence, Israel's mind began to cast up possibilities and contingencies; eagerly his glance followed the nuns' movements; curiously his eye skirted the walls of the vaulted room; he became impressed by all around him. The reality of his wound, his illness, his recovery, this first positive subjection to outward facts, changed Israel Torriano from a feeling, imaginative man, into a thinking, reasoning man!

Where was he? What was the place? An abode of women who gave up their lives to some idea; to which? To be adorers of God and worshippers of His Son alone; to eschew the outward world as far as feasible. But was this not what he had counselled Rebecca to do, and Zillah to follow? No! no! no!—this, it was not what he wanted. The walls contracted his brain, the nuns' garments fluttered around him like the wings of mental death. Again, no! no! no!—not this he had wanted! Had He not freely moved about, teaching under the blue sky, sitting by the wayside, resting on Olivet, skimming the Galilean lake. There was no contraction of natural feelings in Him; and those walls, that monotonous chant, the constant prayers by the rosaries, became monstrous burdens to Israel.

One sunny morning, when Pedro's bright face relieved not the room, Israel could bear it no longer; he almost screamed in the broken Spanish he could muster:

'Take me out, out, where God's sun shines; where the birds sing, where is space, and light, and life—I am suffocating.'

The younger nun was with him; hastily she rang the bell, thinking that delirium was returning. Her elder sister flew to the room to hear again Israel's passionate exclamation.

'Quick, call the bearers, or the fever will return.'

The men, the outdoor assistants of the nuns, came and bore Israel, bed and all, into the sunny cloister-garden; here they erected a tent and placed the patient under its protecting roof.

Israel lay exhausted on the bed; near him sat his younger preserver. On a sudden he sat up and looked at her:

'What do you wear those wrappers for?'

'Our Order requires them of young sisters.'

'Does it? then it is a false Order.'

The nun said nervously her rosary.

'Come, pull them off; He never ordained them. He ordained no forms, but the inner understanding of God, and the loving of man.'

The nun continued her prayers by the rosary.

'Do you hear? Come take them off, or I shall pull them down, and try to see your face, which is beautiful.'

The nun trembled. Was there in her breast some feminine soft feeling left, that she thought it sweet to be told by her handsome sick charge, her face was beautiful.

While she trembled—while the warm blood of youth began to course quicker in her veins—Israel cut the matter short and pulled the coif and heavy veil from her head.

'There now, look at me, at the garden, and let us sing together a hymn of praise of my own Hebrew tongue to God's lovely house. But you do not know Hebrew, and I know nothing of your chants. You are crying; and, as I thought, you are very beautiful. Don't hide it again, it is a present from the Father, to be enjoyed modestly, not to be hidden from Him.'

But the nun was weeping big, heavy, tear-drops; over her soul rushed tumultuously the knowledge, that for her, life, real life, was gone, and that the best she could do, was to hide that tell-tale face again, before any other sister could notice Israel's rude demolition of observances.

Israel turned impatiently away, and began to think again. What was this heavy dark building that loomed upon him so mournfully? The dwelling-place of women who retired from the world. What for?

To pass their lives in religious and charitable observances. For the former, thought he, no gloomy house was needed; the latter belonged to the outside world. The narrowness of the idea overpowered him; but in Jerusalem were also such; strange there they had not so impressed him; his easy, roaming, abstracted life had never brought him face to face with realities there. Often his wanderings had extended for miles, and he had only returned when his father required his presence in the old house for a short space. Israel tried and tried hard to understand the why and wherefore, and he began to search as if he meant to grasp the meaning of ideal—*and real life.*

The fresh air soon did wonders; in a few days he rose, with Pedro's help, and wandered about that part of the garden which he was allowed to visit. One evening on a particular saint's day, he was sitting in the shade of an enormous chestnut, Pedro by his side, when they were both startled by the mournful chants of the mass for the dead. The nuns seemed more solemn in their singing than ever. Israel listened attentively, and then threw himself on the grass in very agony of doubt:

'What does it all mean? what is the difference of the teaching, and the performance? I cannot understand it. I must out into the world; away again; there will be no rest for me till I learn to understand the world as it is called.'

There was a long consultation between the two. The same evening Israel asked for the abbess. He thanked her for all her kindness, he thanked still more the elderly nun, who had been his doctor, he thanked most the beautiful nun who had betrayed so much natural feeling when he discovered her charming face.

'Come away from here,' he whispered to her; 'I will take you out into the world again, it is better.'

The nun trembled violently, and told many paternosters as rapidly as she could by her rosary. One tear-drop that fell on his hand was the only answer she could give; with a chivalrous impulse he kissed it away. She turned quickly and disappeared for ever, perhaps to treasure up in her lonely cell, that last remembrance of loving human existence.

Israel and Pedro went next morning, without luggage, without the least preparation; they declined the offer of a conveyance on the road. The abbess had heard that their patient was the richest Jew in the east, and the abbess was disappointed.

Israel Torriano left not a stiver for the foundress of the order, for the saints, or the masses for recovery even.

'A Jew,' she said deprecatingly. Israel had not thought of it, and if he had, would not have given anything. He was utterly callous to

money considerations. Still weak, leaning on a sturdy stick, Israel Torriano, with Pedro the gipsy boy, took his road to Malaga.

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Over Malaga, one of the queens of the Mediterranean, shone the glowing sun of midday, as two wanderers entered it. Steep houses and narrow streets composed the greater part of the town, but here and there a few free open spaces, on which fine buildings were reared, broke the monotony. A wide spacious port, protected now by some slight fortifications, had invited the Phœnicians to land here, had harboured the Moorish vessels for centuries, and was actually filled with export shipping of all countries. Oil, wine, dry fruits, figs, almonds, olives and lead, were sent from Malaga to north, east, and west, and this lively export-trade had created a foreign settlement of merchants, who made Malaga one of the brightest places on the coast of Spain. The molo, furnished by a lighthouse, reached far into the sea; a noble cathedral sent its spire into the azure skies—and large well-planted promenades were filled towards evening with the beauty and fashion of Malaga. Decidedly Malaga was advancing in civilisation; it had suffered many hardships with fever and earthquakes, but it had withstood them all, and lay smiling, busy, sunny, life-bringing to all who came to it in ill-health, along the Mediterranean coast.

The wanderers were tired, the elder was pale and appeared weak, but his very weakness enhanced his remarkable beauty. It seemed as if a prophetic hero of the Old Testament had stepped out of the sacred pages; there was no mistaking him, Israel Torriano was a Jew, refined, spiritualized, and eminently well-shaped; what must that ancient race have been if it could now in degenerate days furnish such a specimen of its manhood!

Israel had on the road rent a portion of his inner garment and handed Pedro some pieces of Italian gold coin.

'Let us soon have shelter, and in a respectable place;' he said to Pedro. How strange the word 'respectable' seemed; until now it had not been in Israel's vocabulary.

They came to a large hotel near the port; looking footsore and weary, they were regarded askance. But the sight of gold, and Pedro's oily tongue, soon explained matters; the gentleman had escaped from gipsy brigands, and could afford to pay well. Israel actually seemed to desire comfort; he chose the best rooms he could get, and stretched himself with a sense of ease on the couch opposite the glorious sea view.

'Fetch a tailor, Pedro.'

Pedro stared. 'Fetch a tailor, I say, and have fruits and wine brought. Tell them to bring Lagrima di Malaga, the very best.'

Pedro stood with open mouth; his great master was becoming like other folk. Pedro did not like it.

'Don't stare, Pedro, my boy, let me do as I ask. I am going to try something. You will help me, will you not, and you shall never leave me.' It was enough for Pedro; he came and kissed his master's hand, went and did his bidding.

Had you seen the elegant, fashionable, but simply dressed gentleman, who sat at that same window the next day, you would scarcely have believed him to be Israel Torriano, the eccentric eastern banker, so thorough was the transformation. Evidently nature meant him to be a man of mark, even among fashionables; his bearing was faultless, his dress chosen with excellent taste, and his whole appearance showed undisguisedly a great and noble character.

Pedro was also transformed, though he would have preferred his old torn clothes. Pedro had loved his racketty life, and it seemed as if he entered bonds and fetters when he put on his new apparel and washed himself clean; he looked so nice that he had lost half of his dare-devil charm.

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Within a week of the new outfits in Malaga, Israel Torriano and Pedro left for Bordeaux in a coasting steamer. Israel was bound for Paris. He had lived unostentatiously, but like a gentleman of fortune, the last few days. That old garment of his seemed to have been sufficiently lined by Moses with notes to last for some time. In Bordeaux Israel visited silently, as he had done in Malaga, the principal points of interest, he dived at night into most populous districts, and watched in the day the trade and commerce in the town. His mouth lost its sweetness, and was becoming hard and firm; his eye forgot its entranced look, and became steady and determined; his very forehead began to shine with something more than spiritual abstraction —with the strong comprehensive knowledge of what meant the life of 'man and woman on earth.'

Pedro was like a fish out of water. It was very fine to be well dressed and well fed, to have nothing to do but wait upon his master, but Pedro dreamt at night of the Gulf of Naples, and his smuggling voyages on the Mediterranean, and thought in the day of his camp life among the gipsies, of the brown heath, the wild beauty of the Andalusian tracts, and of Zillah's graceful figure. 'Poor, poor Zillah, I wonder what has become of her,' was often the burden of his fanciful meditations. He never knew whether Israel thought of her too, for Israel had become taciturn and taught no more. The first ebullition of religious enthusiasm seemed gone, or appeared to the Jewish banker of little importance now. Israel was evidently trying to learn a hard lesson.

From Bordeaux the two went by rail to Paris. Israel's attentive eye watched the districts through which they passed, and the nearer they came to the capital of France, the prouder became Israel's bearing, as if he were preparing himself for some great struggle, and nerving himself against it.

They put up at an hotel on the Boulevards, and Israel looked around him, evidently astonished at the height to which the cultivation of luxury had been brought here. He turned from it almost in disgust; but, with an immense effort, made up his mind to follow out his purpose.

Before the palace, one might call it, of the Torrianos, in Paris, stood the eastern cousin; he entered, and asked for his relative.

'Engaged,' was the answer.

'Tell him it is Israel Torriano, from Jerusalem.' Israel had not yet got as far as cards.

As if by magic the door opened before him. Israel was now overwhelmed with enquiries as to his health, journey, comforts, and present abode. He answered quietly, with the ease of a *natural* gentleman. Where in the world, thought the Parisian Torriano, was the eccentric casuist, who had been described to him by his uncle in Naples, in case he should find his way to him! This man before him might be presented to the Emperor at once, and what plans there opened in the distance on such an introduction, plans the realisation of which would materially alter some phases of European politics.

Israel had evidently learnt to become reticent on his peculiar views. He bore all this fuss patiently; felt even interested in the introduction to the Torriano family, and attacked nothing violently, but he firmly declined an invitation to reside in the house.

'You will dine with us to-night?'

'Why not dine in the day?' Impulse was too strong, Israel had made a slip in asking this question.

'Oh, you will soon get used to our more civilised western ways. You must forget your eastern rambles, and live among us for a while.' And then followed a string of recommendations as to what Israel should do, or should not do, that sent the hot blood of anger to his heart. Israel again restrained himself and left, having promised to dine in the evening with his cousin, who would fain have dogged his footsteps to lose no trace of him, and who finally made up his mind *to dog* his footsteps.

Before Israel opened Paris, Imperial Paris! Beautiful Lutetia, the smiling, courting, caressing, tantalizing, seductive dame of the European world, also courted Israel; she received him nonchalantly, her hair down, her morning robe half fastened, her virtues displayed, and vices hidden; her graces conspicuous, her faults in ambush; her whole frame quivering with selfish, *insouciante* desires, telling the world and Israel

that there existed only one Paris, one Lutetia, and that she was the devotee of passionless delights, and the very goddess whose temple held the key to irresponsible pleasures! Israel saw her, saw her beauty, felt for moments attracted by her grace, but again violently repulsed by her misery, Israel had to run from her, to rush into the suburbs, to gather up his thoughts, and remember that he must not fall because Lutetia was seductive and very beautiful. A beauty she had all her own, not classical, not grand, not powerful, not pure, but lingering, tempting, derisive of scruple, outwardly formal and elegant, inwardly loose and slipshod. Lutetia, Lutetia, thou wert the very tempting Eve of a fallen Adam. Did Adam resist in Israel? Yes, stoutly; Israel roving about small gardens and pretty bosquets, constrained his will, and met Lutetia and her charms firmly face to face

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The dinner was prepared; the state rooms of Torriano Palace were opened; the display of gilt plate was enormous, the scent of the viands delicious and aromatic; all was the result of the very essence of material civilisation, and the company to grace the feast was equal to it. Rich, high-born, some, graceful, even dignified, but above all, easy; not an awkward angle to be seen, not a wrinkle to be scanned, not a loud word, or a brusque gesture to be remarked! Ah, it was humanity refined, smoothed, and brought on a level with its material civilisation. Israel was announced, Israel entered; a sensation for once; an eastern monarch, in pocket a modern Crœsus, young, ravishingly handsome, *so* handsome that some ladies' eyes fell abashed at the sight of so much manly beauty.

The plain evening dress became Israel; his symmetrical shape showed well in it, and the dazzling whiteness of his linen marked boldly against his bronzed skin. Any one could have seen that Israel was not one with the company, not that he was below it, but that he was above it.

The host introduced him to a Countess, whose type was modern Imperialism; her beauty and her dress fitted so close, harmonised so exceedingly, that one imagined a divinity formed by the hands of a Parisian man-milliner had stepped from her pedestal to grace this human feast. Some smiled, for the Countess was a Parisian star. 'What a couple,' said others. 'How charming; it is like a sight of Olympus to have such handsome people near one,' exclaimed more in an undervoice. In effect, Israel and the Countess were becoming the cynosure of many eyes, male and female. The Count was away, gracing some other feast at a small villa, with Madlle. Valatour and charming Signora Biancha on either side, a very god among the goddesses. 'Sa légitime' troubled him not much; he would pay for that delightful dress, would send a stately carriage for her, believed that she was in

excellent society making terms with the head of the house for a new loan. What more? They were, both husband and wife, fulfilling their vocations according to the rules of polite society.

Israel and the Countess sat next each other during dinner, he polite, but unimpassioned, she for once a little nervous. It was such a strange sensation to sit next to this unique Eastern Jew, who had other thoughts than Parisian ones, who said boldly what he meant, who ate and drank so sparingly, and cast around him such a peculiar atmosphere of ideality, that the pretty Countess felt a twinge at her heart for all her frivolity.

'What a grand thing to love such a man!' thought the Countess. 'Would women be different if there *were* such men?' But *spirituelle* as the Countess was, her ideas soon got into a haze what side should begin first to get upright, honest, and truthful again. No, no; it would be too much; it would be '*inconvénient*;' better to go on in the old merry way, to love and be loved in infinitesimal doses, with small excitements, little heart-flutterings *et les délices sociales de l'amour!*

An exquisite banquet-room; delicious viands and fruits, artificial and natural; the subdued lights of hundreds of shrouded wax candles; the low-toned chatter of fashionable men and women; the soft rustling of silky robes; the courteous repartees of good society,—all these elements combined to make a feast of the modern school of Lucullus; senses strong and sound, even like those of Israel, might here become numbed with the essence of refined materialism; and slowly might the poison of sensualism have crept into the moral veins of the most self-dependent man. Before Israel Torriano, however, these influences fell to the ground like the over-ripe fruit of a foreign tree; its unwholesome odour touched scarcely his nervous system. The beautiful, the really charming Countess exerted her powers sparingly; her neighbour began to overwhelm her with his moral grandeur; she felt a little disconcerted, and laughed nervously at the sallies of her *vis-à-vis*, an *attaché* of the British Embassy and a dandy of the purest water.

The poor Countess thought she would try religious conversation with Israel.

'Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes Juif, and you have not cared for the happiness to see the place where our blessed Virgin Mary beheld her son for the last time; how *I* should have liked to roam about Jerusalem!'

Israel stared. 'Madam, my feet have touched those spots, but I should not have mentioned them here.'

'You think us frivolous, irreligious, je ne sais pas quoi; mon Dieu! le monde le veut. If it became fashionable here, we should all be making pilgrimages, with sandaled feet, to the holy shrine. Que ce serait joli; only it might hinder ladies who had not small feet, however earnest their faith would be;' and the Countess smiled graciously at Israel.

'Whatever feet touch that ground, it is sacrilege unless they tread it with reverence.'

'Eh bien, c'est vrai; mais voyez, monsieur; toute place a son interêt. *I* might get up earnestness enough, for I have been in my childhood dedicated to the Virgin; my mother, Madame la Marquise, made me wear white and blue on that account during my whole childhood, and I have always had an *entraînement* that way; but *les dames en France* would prefer their own corner in their chapel before their own image, with their own confessor to show them the way to heaven.' The Countess thought herself a model of goodness to enter into such a serious conversation.

'And this you call your Christian religion, Madam; then I pity the French ladies.'

'Oh no, don't; we are really very good, very catholic. Mon Dieu! we pay no end for wax candles at the shrine of the Virgin, and give much to the saints. We all attend fashionable masses; ça purifie. On sait on a fait son devoir.'

Israel's smattering of French just made him catch the sense of these words.

'On sait on a fait son devoir; Madame, je vous prie, n'en parlons plus.'

The Countess was astounded. Dear me, was she not yet serious enough?

The dinner was over. Ladies and gentlemen rose at the same time, and were conducted to an immense *salon*, that received them as the fairy-chambers in the *Arabian Nights*. Murmuring showers of scented waters met the ear; the floral richness of the tropics was displayed in the spacious conservatories; delicately-tinted frescoes looked down upon their admirers; downy carpets dulled every step, and sumptuous hangings were applied in profusion. One might here be wrapped round with luxurious repletion, and forget all but that most important item of our civilisation—selfish indulgence obtainable to any extent!

The Countess had a magnificent voice, and was a trained singer. Such, in really good society, was rare: who should take the trouble to study like professionals? But it was difficult to move Madame la Comtesse to sing in company, and after dinner too. The Countess, however, had her intentions, and delicately managed to be asked to sing. 'Now would be her triumph over that cold Apollo,' thought she. After some hesitation she approached the piano: no, she preferred the accompaniment of the guitar, and would play it herself.

On a scarlet ottoman, against which her pale sea-green dress fell in graceful folds, she sat, this Parisian divinity, looking, in the eyes of her admirers, the very picture of a modern Venus. The Countess chose well; no *bravura aria* from Italian Operas, no classical inspiration of the Ger-

man school, but an exquisite French song of Béranger's; simple, but telling, telling of pure and noble feelings, and telling of them in the graceful verse of the French tongue. How those delightful, expressive French *chansons* are neglected;—much that is lost in the nation is here embedded in immortal verse! The Countess had reckoned rightly. Israel drew near; he stood behind her; he drank in those clear, artistic notes; he seemed to understand their meaning. It went like crystal water from one human heart-fountain to another: was the one fountain poisoned, and would the poison communicate itself to the other?

Another chanson, a third, freer, more impassioned, deeper in meaning, wider in thought. The voice rose and fell with it; it vibrated on Israel's heart-strings. What the Spanish nuns had not accomplished by their solemn chants and masses, that the French Countess did with her national songs; Israel was thoroughly moved. His chest expanded, his whole nature was roused by undefined longing emotions, and his great full eye dilated with seeing power. The mighty song was conquering him; he was bending over, when his glance caught the simpering expression on the faces of the men present, and the jealous shade on the countenances of the women; it recalled him to where he was. The divine inspiration passed—ah, it was a Parisian *salon*, and a Parisian fashionable multitude that graced it, nothing more. Israel stood before the Countess and bent low.

'Je vous remercie bien, Madame, c'était beau;' he said, in his rough French.

Once again he bowed, once more to the rest, and he was gone from the room, and speedily from the house.

'C'est un Joseph, ma chère;' said a friend to the Countess.

She bit her lip till it pained her, and scarcely hid the bitter tear-drops that welled up to her eyes.

'Mon Dieu, il est sauvage; difficile d'en faire un homme civilisé! Il y en a assez ici.'

Soon after the carriage of the Countess was announced, and she departed among showers of compliments—nursing her grief.

When Israel came to his hotel he found Pedro huddled up on the floor, crying.

'What is the matter, Pedro?'

'Oh, maestro, I love you, I adore you; but I hate this place. I cannot speak French, only a few words, and the people are not like my own. The noise and the flutter, and the worry all day—oh, my beautiful Spain, my lovely Naples, and my dear sister Zillah! Maestro, I must go back!

'Go, Pedro; I force no one to follow me.'

'Oh, no; I did not mean it; but shall we never see Zillah again? Poor girl, in the hands of that wild man.'

'She is in better hands than his; perhaps we shall see her one day.'

'Grazia, grazia, maestro; I shall be your slave.'

And now Pedro began volubly to recount his adventures in the "Faubourg St. Antoine;" the misery he had seen; the dirty women and the lazy, quarrelsome men; the turbulent children, the poverty-stricken bone pickers, the slouching thieves, the dandified chevaliers d'industrie.

'*I* knew them, maestro; they cannot hide from me. A look tells me who is an honest man. But, maestro, this place is very fine and very beautiful, and very bad and very wicked, all the same. It is worse than Naples, it is far worse than the gipsies. To-day a French girl kissed me, and I knew she said I had fine black eyes and a soft skin; now, the Italian girls would not be so rough, and Zillah was always tender and modest. Oh, maestro, I want Zillah and the beautiful wide fields; I don't like towns. Does God wish men to gather all up into large towns and get wicked?'

'Pedro, gipsy boy as you are, eastern Jew as I am, you and I have to learn much. Perhaps it had been better we had remained ignorant, like the children of light.'

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The morning after the dinner-party, Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse had an amicable and private conjugal interview. Monsieur stood against the finely-chiselled marble mantelpiece in Madame's boudoir; Madame sat in a *bergère*, charmingly dressed in the newest morning toilette.

'Eh, bien, mon amie!' said the Count; 'so this great eastern cousin of Torriano's has come. Will he, like the old man his father, go on 'Change and turn our specs a little topsy-turvy?'

'Non, assurement non.'

'He—m. Will he take up the poor, with a charitable disposition?'

'Non, certainement non.'

'Will he be presented to the Emperor, and do his business that way?'

'Non, non, non; je te dis non.'

'Que diable va-t-il faire avec son argent? Un Juif doit faire quelque chose avec son argent. Cet homme est superbement riche.'

'Faire! faire avec son argent! Je crois rien. C'est un enthusiast, un rêveur.'

'Un fou. Vous voulez dire, Madame.' Monsieur considered for a few minutes. 'Torriano, vous a-t-il parlé de ma petite affaire de cent mille francs, Madame?'

'Non, pas un mot.'

'C'est dangereux.'

Madame hesitated.

'Pourquoi?'

'Pourquoi, Madame! C'est bien dire pourquoi. He has my acceptance, due in two days, my word of honour it shall be met. I owe him a sum besides, that would sell up every stick of ours, et vous demandez pourquoi? Marguerite,'—whenever Monsieur wanted to gain a point with his spouse he called her Marguerite,—'as-tu fait de ton mieux? Si Torriano ne t'a pas parlé de cet argent, c'est que tu l'ais rendu jaloux.'

'François, tu es un misérable. Je n'ai rien plus à faire avec ton argent. Va t'en avec tes affaires. Je suis ta femme, mais pas ton esclave.'

'Ma chère, je connais tout cela. Tu as fait des yeux au rêveur, et moi, je dois payer les cent mille livres à Torriano en consequence. Entends-tu, ma chère. You will invite le rêveur pour demain soir. Petit dîner, affaire d' hommes; tu recevra le rêveur après, and we shall have a little game at cards. Entends-tu, ma chère?'

'Tu te trompes. Il viendra, and will not bite.'

'Nous verrons.'

After this amiable conversation, Madame la Comtesse, dressed in outdoor costume, went for a drive in the 'Bois,' accompanied by her little niece of ten. Madame had hopes that here the *rêveur* might be met; she was right. In one of the secluded parts, two figures were seen, one unmistakably Israel, the other a sturdy boy. Madame got out, and went towards them; the salutation was polite, nothing more.

Israel was stiff; his soul seemed hanging by tormenting threads while he was with this woman; he began to be afraid of her. She invited him by her husband's wish, she said, to a little domestic dinner; some men of rank would be there, who would be useful to him in Paris.

'Men of rank! What men of rank? Useful to me? No, Madame; nothing can be useful to me in Paris but the power of my own perception, and that is showing me more than I want to see.'

'But Paris is the queen of cities, and very enticing.'

'For whom? Not for me; I see no beauty above when there is dirt beneath.'

'On ne le regarde pas.'

'Why not?'

'It is not of our kind.'

'Ah, Madame! c'est affreux; not of our kind? And you address the Virgin; you are a Christian lady, and go treading on the foul excrescence of the humanity you have helped to form, so that you may hoist yourself up in fancied superiority on its certain misery. Madame, Madame, so much beauty as *you* possess, and so much grace, should not be wasted on the demoralisation of a coterie. I know little of Paris, little of the world; but I begin to see intuitively that here human life is lost in false civilisation. Pardon me; I thought I was getting more guarded; I believed I was overcoming this propensity to say what

I mean. But female beauty always seems to draw me on, in trying to show it its divine mission on earth. Madame, I believe that God made beautiful women to be angels on earth—and that they may often be devils.'

With flaming eyes Israel stood before the Countess; a flower from her hand had fallen at his feet, while she stood in charming confusion opposite him; it was not picked up. His strong feelings had given him eloquence in this foreign tongue, of which he had but known little as yet. Israel learnt language with astounding rapidity; with him feeling and expression were in the closest union.

Israel's exhortation had fallen on stony ground. Vanity was satisfied, he had called her beautiful, he had called her graceful; this man could then be moved! Her thoughts centred round these ideas—Madame la Comtesse was too far gone, she was capable of no more than the gratification of female vanity, and through it lost the right thread of reasoning.

Israel Torriano was *not* moved; he became tranquil, asked Madame to hand her to her carriage. as he must move on, but promised to come to the dinner the next evening.

'He *will* come,' said the Countess to herself, astonished at his sudden composure. 'Nous verrons,' and she smiled divinely, as she drove on, at the *attaché*, who passed her at that moment. Nous verrons, if we cannot make a further breach in the fortress.

* * * * * * *

Into what corners did Israel and Pedro not dive and creep that night? On the heights of Montmartre he sat, mourning the beautiful city; over Belleville he roamed searching into its workman's wants; at the Morgue he knocked and saw the bared victims of a Christian government; into cabarets, cheap dining places, absinthe shops, old clothes' quarters, thieves' corners he went, carrying with him everywhere the picture of that beautiful palace of the Torrianos.

On 'Change' he stood, watching from behind a pillar the mad raving for gold—he had no heart to visit the fine places, he saw enough of them outside; it was inside he looked, and poor Israel Torriano wept tears of blood as he marked that struggling, starving, undeveloped mass of humanity, skimmed over by superficial finery. Most of all he grieved at the churches; the beautiful graceful Madeleine seemed to him raised in mockery, for he could not understand the worship within; the kneeling figures, the Latin responses, the busines-like movements of the priests and choristers.

'This is not Christ,' he exclaimed. For he remembered the words of the Countess. The response might have come from the aisles of the church—no, it is not religion, it is a '*culte*.'

* * * * * * *

Israel had come to the Count's dinner, who had left a card at the Hotel of the Boulevard. The Paris cousin was disgusted with Israel, whom he could persuade into no speculations, into no undertakings, who would not be presented to the Emperor and the grandees, but went about eccentrically, studying the people, as if there was anything to study. 'C'est le peuple.' That's enough. But Israel remembered Him who had gone about among the people.

The Count *was* a gentleman, in the general acceptation of the word. His manners were faultless, unobtrusive and conciliating; two ugly features were in his face—a sensual chin and a sarcastic mouth. To him all was meat that came to feed his overweening selfishness; father, mother, sister, brother, wife and child were nothing compared to the gratification of a passing desire—lawful or unlawful.

Israel had received in the course of the day a small scented note:—

'Madame la Comtesse de Montferil recevra Monsieur Israel Torriano ce soir, dans son petit salon.'

Israel read the note, and put it in his pocket; it passed from his memory.

He went to dinner with an inward determination to see one more phase of fashionable Parisian life; life among the men that composed it.

The dinner was short, crisp, and delightful; the wines perfect, the manners exquisite, the cooking *rêherché* and the conversation elegantly slangy. Israel remained almost silent; 'all the better,' thought the Count. Madame will catch him in her meshes, and I shall have an easy draught of fishes.

After dinner, Monsieur led Israel himself to Madame's salon, remained a few moments, and then withdrew, under protest that he must play host in the smoking-room, and that he would expect Monsieur Torriano there in due time.

She blushed, that adorable Countess; she knew she was a catspaw for gambling purposes, and she would not have objected to play a long, may be a lasting game, with her prey. She had become interested in her 'sauvage' friend, and entered into the matter with full spirit.

Dressed in a plain white evening dress; no ornament in her rich hair, she received her visitor blushing, timid, and reserved.

'Vous avez l'air triste, Monsieur?'

'No, I merely feel depressed in towns; I could not live long in them.'

'But it is the only life worth having.'

'To you, not to me; I enjoy space. I have no faith in our modern congregations of millions; the land is there for us to dwell in, and I believe too much centralisation is a mistake.'

'Ah, you talk politics; we French women, du bon ton, don't indulge in it; it makes one ugly and serious.'

'And are you never serious?'

'When my husband is stingy, or my maid tiresome.'

The Countess looked as innocent as a child.

'Madame, I may never see you again; sing me that song again.'

'Not see you again? Oh, Monsieur.'

'Please sing me that song.'

She thought she had better comply, and took her guitar; but the words came timidly at first, stronger afterwards, stronger still, till they melted away in a few low-toned notes.

Before the Countess stood Israel Torriano. 'Merci, I shall now go to your husband's smoking-room. Forgive me this trouble, and remember my words of the other day; a beautiful form, a magnificent voice, and the devil lurking behind. Cast him out, as they did of old; cast him forth, and return to the memory of early innocence, that must have been yours some day. Madame, I will send an answer to your note to-morrow.'

The Countess was prepared for much—not for all this; she heard him leave the room; smothered her face in the cushions, and sobbed for a few moments; then she ensconced herself in her softest easy chair, and took one of Eugène Sue's novels to forget the whole affair.

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Israel Torriano found his way to the smoking-room, as it was called, in the residence of the Count; he started back at the sight it presented. Supreme and effective elegance pervaded every corner; mirrors surrounded it; on one side a tempting buffet, charged with every dainty, wines, and fruits; on the other, a table round which the guests of the dinner were nonchalantly sitting with cards in their hands. Heavy candelabra stood on the table; couches were fixed round the room; damask curtains hid every ray of dusky light from without. The Count started as Israel entered; it was rather too soon; so the bait had not taken, and Israel was not enamoured of the Countess. Well, he must make the best of it. The men were somewhat confused; there was something in Israel that precluded familiarity.

He was asked to play. 'Thank you, I do not even know the names of the cards.'

'We will teach you.'

'Very well.'

The Count thought his star was in the ascendant.

They sat by the table at *écarté*. Sums, fabulous sums, went round. The double door was closed; all sounds were hushed; only the tick of a clock and the anxious breath of some loser could be heard. Silence reigned in the room, the *still* silence of suspense. One man attracted Israel's attention,—a young fellow of about twenty-two, with an angelic

expression of countenance, on the verge of utter demoralising dissipation. The young man was almost too pretty; his countenance bore the strong marks of indecision. He played madly; evidently he meant to win; certainly he lost. Israel soon became sure of his game. His natural sagacity was astounding; it seemed as if some unimpaired power worked in him. He won, won largely, won tremendously, and drove the men around him to desperation.

The buffet was resorted to; wine was taken, not niggardly, but plentifully; countenances became excited; blood was stirred, and tempers could no longer be restrained. The pretty young man became desperate; he went on, and on, and on. 'I *must* win,' he said under his breath, 'or all is lost.' Round again went the cards. The Count's face became very ugly; Israel's very stern; those of the other men desperate, desponding, or merely excited, as their share of the losses happened to be. Still Israel won; still the fair young man lost. One more game, and dice were fetched. The matter became mad now. Within half an hour moneys had changed in that closely-shut room of a nobleman's house that would have astonished the richest bankers. Israel had been their temptation; Israel proved their fall. Suddenly the fair young man groaned 'I am lost now! all is gone! dishonour stares me in the face! The money of others is gone, gone, gone! I and mine are lost!'

'Stupid driveller!' said the Count. 'We are men; don't use such language here. If you are lost, blow your brains out, and there is an end.'

'So I will. Ah! pauvre Elise, tu l'as dit;' and the young man hung his head over the back of the chair in utter despondency.

'Look here: you must leave, if this goes on,' said the Count sneeringly.

'Leave? What for? They are lost. She is gone. I am a wretch.'

'Go; here is a pistol for a present.' There was a crash. Israel rose like a towering prophetic hero of old. He took hold with one hand of the young man, kicked with his foot the table and sent it off on the ground. A candelabra lay on the floor, heaps of gold rolled about, and the men sprung up in astonishment. One, thinking Israel might be a spy and the Count not know it, took out a pocket pistol, and held it at him.

'Put that up, my friend; who am I, to fear you? Ah! Monsieur le Comte, you invited me to pluck me, and I have turned the tables on you. You have not got the Torriano money; rather than have witnessed this scene to-night, I would have given you every farthing of it. And you are Christians—Christians; there is not one of you who would dare to stand up and say that he would deny that name. Then, you are cowards and liars; you have no right to that glorious appellation. Call

yourself what you will I do not care, but do not hide your sins under a cloak that fits you not. And this is your boasted industrial civilisation! How many thousand hands had to be put in motion, how many hundreds of trades half starved, before this room could be furnished for a human hell, this house for the purposes of harbouring impurity of all kind! Yes, Count; little as I know, I saw at last through your plans. But Israel Torriano, the eastern Jew, knows more of Christianity than you, and knows it to represent brave men and pure women. What! mention His name? No wonder modern Christianity is derided. You have sullied it with the loathsome images of your own selfishness, and there is no one to call you to account. Take your trash. Young man, come with me; open this door, or I——.' The Count opened the door; he was *white*, and his face boded no good. Israel dragged the forlorn gamester with him out of the house.

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The next day a letter was addressed to the Countess of Montferil, containing 100,000 francs, in answer to her note to Monsieur Israel Torriano, and for that delightful song.

[*To be continued.*]

Mr. Goldwin Smith and the British Constitution.

By the Right Hon. the Earl Desart.

An article by Mr. Goldwin Smith in 'The Fortnightly Review' for last March, entitled 'The Aim of Reform,' has the merit, if not of novelty, at least of audacity and historical invention. It may be a question whether such attacks as these, which, like an overcharged gun, fail to harm from their very violence, are worthy of a reply; but, though the wildest man in England may say what he pleases of our institutions without much notice, still, when that man occupies an important position in an American University, it is at least his due not to be met with the superlative of contempt, silence. In the remarks following, we presuppose in the reader an acquaintaince with the 'Fortnightly' article, as to quote more fully from it than we do, would occupy too much space.

Mr. Goldwin Smith so strongly exemplifies the truth of the scriptural curse, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, that we must premise our determination not to follow him through those historical retrospects—their haze dispelled by the flashes of his anathema—by which he seeks to prove the utter depravity and harmfulness of our present House of Lords. We cannot see that a man's judgment or vote need be the worse for his ancestor having been 'a satellite of Henry VIII., or a minion of James I.,' or even 'a knave and sycophant, steeped in public rapine and judicial murder;' although there may be some doubt on the subject on which Mr. Smith almost exhausts his vituperative rhetoric. And we are quite sure that though you may prove to demonstration that a thing was bad a hundred years ago, it is not to be taken as thereby proved that it is bad now.

Mr. Smith is a student of history, and, like many or most of such, has formed very violent historical opinions; but interesting as it may be to hear from so good an authority, 'that the serf owning aristocracy,'

found a grave in the Wars of the Roses: or that Charles II. kept a 'harem,' it is of no practical value in determining whether the constitution of this country at the present time should be, and would be benefited by being, altered to the extent of the loss of the upper House of Parliament.

Dismissing therefore that part of his argument—which is no argument—that attempts to deduce from the past, we pass to the practical portion of Mr. Smith's essay, which deals with the present, at once.

And, commencing at the very beginning of his article, we ask him, and we ask all radical agitators, what they mean by that omnipresent phrase 'the popular party?'

At the commencement of this Parliament, when, returning triumphant from the hustings, big with the Irish bills of 'justice,' Mr. Gladstone and his party were designated as the saviours of the State, even Mr. Smith and his friends cannot deny that they then emphatically belonged to what is usually termed the 'popular party;' meaning by that phrase the majority of the people. But now, although they still enjoy a majority (dwindled it is true, as so large a majority must have dwindled, but still a majority) of voices in the people's House of Parliament, we are told, as a fact so patent as not to be worth supporting by any proof, that they no longer are of that 'popular party.' But who is to say which is the party which has become unpopular—Mr. Smith's or Mr. Gladstone's? And what proof beyond mere assertion have we that because the latter has set bounds to his desire for change—for reform, if Mr. Smith prefers the word—that he thereby loses his popularity, and becomes an enemy to the people, merely because he becomes an enemy to the revolutionary portion of the people. The majority of the people are electors, and the majority of their representatives in the House of Commons are in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Until all that is changed: until the people by their votes distinctly show that they prefer to be governed by those men who follow the lead of Sir C. Dilke, or of Mr. Disraeli, in Heaven's name what, if there lies any meaning in words, what is the popular party, except the party of Mr. Gladstone? Every irreconcileable believes his own following to be the whole country, although the odds were Lombard Street to an orange against him, and perhaps words are wasted on such a comfortable, harmlessly vain belief.

As to that 'class government,' which revolutionary writers are so fond of inveighing against, it is, in the present state of the franchise (as enlarged by the conservatives), a simple impossibility, and its impossibility is the very thing that so enrages those men, who, with a firm belief in, almost a worship of, their own plans and projects, wear by the 'nation,' whose cause they plead, and can only obtain

the following of one small class of that nation; the discontented. A want of American feeling, a want of restlessness, or of something mysterious, still keeps the body of the nation in the besotted belief that education and culture may fit a man better for legislating than even manual labour, and it will take oceans of republican ink, and thousands of agitators' orations before a sensible working man can be persuaded that he is in any way more fit to legislate because he carries a spade; or that he would not be more able to grapple with the intricacies and difficulties of legislation, if he knew a little more of logic than of ploughing.

Of course the retort will be: but why should he not receive the same education as those erroneously called his betters? The answer is simple: he has not received it. A new generation may no doubt have advantages which have been denied to him, and the right road towards such a desirable consummation has been taken. But the unfortunate thing is, that the great difference between that dreadful animal, a gentleman, and that nobleman of nature, an artisan, lies in this very education; and the ploughman's son, who has profited by sound and broad teaching, rises above his class as a matter of course, and is then, by the law of republican nature, no longer one of 'the people,' no longer a happy member of the 'popular party.'

As to 'class aliances with a privileged church,' that do half the mischief in keeping the popular party down, we can only ask Mr. Smith to come across the Atlantic again for a short time, and visit a few (or as many as he pleases) of the rural parishes in England. Unless we are much mistaken he will find there that the rector (the narrow minded, grasping, aristocratic, dishonest, bigoted rector) is usually much more a friend of the labourer than of the lord or squire, with whom he and his wife and daughters dine at stated intervals. And when Mr. Smith has seen enough of the country, let him visit a few of our large towns; let him go to the East End of London, and he will find that one of the privileges of our pampered clergy is to work amongst dirt, misery, and disease, as not one of the working classes know how to work, and for about the same remuneration as a first-class artisan. If the names of those noble clergymen who have dropped out of the army of well-doing, exhausted with toil, killed by some disease they have boldly faced, into unknown graves, were only kept in that honour which is their due; if it were not their fate to be utterly ignored when their good work was done; there would be no opportunity for such men as Mr. Smith to come forward with sweeping vilifications of their cloth. Nay, he would himself honour them; and though they stood in the way of his best and newest plan of government, would pass them silently by.

He speaks of patriotism, but what does he mean by it? Loyalty to

himself; to his own idea of the 'popular party;' to the interests of one class—the Republicans.

He of course will tell us that it is loyalty to the nation at large; but the nation is not a thing of itself, it is composed of classes, and if these classes are, and must be, as he says, in antagonism one towards another, he can only be patriotic towards a part of the nation. If, however, this antagonism does not exist (and it does not *naturally*, though it can be stirred up by designing men), then patriotism should be devoted to preventing its development, as, in these days of general education, the harm of a civil war, or of a violent revolution, whatever the object, must be far greater than its good.

Look at America—at the state of things in the conquered Southern States—the absence of all protection to life there; the Ku-Klux-Klan; the terrorism, the lawlessness, the corruption. Look at the taxation of the United States; look at the Erie Ring Tammany frauds. Remember the pleasant incident in New York not long ago, when the military actually fired at and killed many of a crowd in the streets; remember the shameless abuse which the highest American statesmen are not too honest to pour upon this country for the sake of the Irish vote. Contrast the Alabama Claims with the sale of arms to the French in the late war; and then read Mr. Goldwin Smith, 'Who can be in contact with it (the American Constitution) without feeling the immense moral force it has from being thoroughly national!!'

We are further shown our inferiority to our Transatlantic cousins by our treatment of Mr. Lowe's shameful and ridiculous match tax. The Americans would have borne it (and do bear it) patiently. Yes, forsooth! so they would; and so they do bear the trafficking in honour, the rowdyism, the duelling, the horrible immorality of their chief city,[1] the discomfort of their travelling arrangements, the shame of their Free Love Sisterhoods, and many other such things which disgrace their country; because there exists with them no public opinion whatever. No single newspaper in the Union has the smallest power to remedy abuses or rebuke dishonesty (and to do them justice, some of them do sometimes try), because no single person in the Union reading any article of the kind would believe that it was written for anything but some sinister purpose conducive to the interest of the writer. And this is the nation which is held up to us as a model on which to form ourselves!

Mr. Smith's intense hatred of the House of Lords sometimes seems to outrun his discretion. Not only are many of his statements not strictly consistent with truth, but they are unconsciously contradicted in other places. For instance, he asserts that the Reform Bill of 1832 was 'extorted by the threat of civil war;' and owns a few pages further on that the

[1] The quacks who procure abortion advertise largely and thrive greatly in New York.

resistance of the Lords was 'overcome by the threat of a swamping creation of peers,' which, although no doubt a dangerous wrench to the constitution, does not constitute a civil war. Again, we are told in one part of his paper that the members of the Upper House are 'fast young men of twenty-one,' and soon afterwards he talks about their 'elderly and opulent forms arrayed in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights.' How a 'fast young man of twenty-one' can have an 'elderly and opulent form,' however arrayed, is a mystery. No doubt it is another of the bloated privileges; but Mr. Smith is like the victim in the old flogging story: hit high or hit low, there is no pleasing him. And he is equally angry with the age of peers, be it old or young. Of course there are no peers of middle age; nothing cutting can be said about middle-aged legislators; they can neither be 'brainless boys' nor 'senile debauchees.' Mr. Smith asks what gave us the two Irish measures of 'justice,' and replies 'Fenianism;' to which we answer that Fenianism never troubled itself about the Church Act; and indeed, if Fenianism did trouble itself at all with religious matters, it would probably have gone against the Roman Catholic priests, as it discerns shrewdly enough what Mr. Smith fails to see—that religion and socialism (which Fenianism is) are, and must ever be, deadly foes. And it was not Fenianism that gave us the Land Bill: it was the 'popular party' making an attempt to become still more popular; it was a small piece of that very same feeling that makes American statesmen say anything against this country for the Irish vote. Mr. Gladstone simply did an unjust thing as a political manœuvre, and it failed, as such dishonesty must fail with us, as yet.

We must refuse to follow Mr. Smith in his eloquent historical retrospects; for, as we have remarked, you may prove as completely as possible that the Upper House was once corrupt, but it will not make anyone believe it to be corrupt now. It is a terrible thing, no doubt, to think that any persons should have been so wicked as he says they were, and may be humiliating to their descendants; but it may be remarked that certain times when the 'oligarchy' have been immensely powerful have been times when this country has been immensely powerful too; and we do not find in this essay any attempt to prove that the pernicious influence of the Lords has ever done anything towards lowering the position, dignity, or power of England in the community of nations.

'The Bishops . . . . are snubbed whenever they presume to take part in general debate.' Such an assertion as this could only be made by a man living far from this country, and perhaps not having time to read the reports of our Parliamentary debates. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of Winchester, Peterborough (two of the most eloquent men in the House), Ripon, and London, would be astonished to hear that the attention which their remarks command,

and the cheers that attend them, are only in truth snubbings administered to them because they are not hereditary peers! And equally astonished would the millions of people who lined the streets on the occasion of the general thanksgiving be to hear their enthusiastic loyalty and delight in seeing the heir to the throne amongst them again—snatched as it were from the jaws of death—described as Mr. Smith describes the loyalty of the peers to Henry VIII.—they 'literally grovelled before him in transports of servile adulation.' Perhaps the people on the 27th of February did grovel; but they are not ashamed of it.

Mr. Smith seems inclined to date the peerage from the time of Henry VIII.; indeed the courtiers of that time (who were not all peers, by the bye) are as much the subject of his anger as if they were alive and thwarting him now. But opening a genealogy of the peerage at random, we find, taking a few names alphabetically, and only opening three pages, Abercromby dating from the fourteenth century, Aberdeen from the fifteenth, Abergavenny from William the Conqueror's time, Ailsa from the twelfth century, Airlie from the thirteenth, Albemarle from the twelth; Amherst from still earlier, and so on. The peerages do not all date back so far; but from the dates given these families have been of position and of note in the country.

Mr. Smith is very angry with the Peers for having some slight wish to keep their landed property; but human nature is human nature; and if you propose to any class of men to ruin them, they probably will object. If there were twenty copies of some rare edition in the world, owned by twenty men, and you proposed to pass an Act making those twenty copies public property, the objection of those twenty men would not be a class objection—it would be their natural effort to protect themselves from robbery, although that robbery were contemplated by the nation. Of course it may be answered that if the possession of the books were for the good of the community they should be taken; but first it would have to be proved that the good to the nation would be so great as to counterbalance the harm done by a temporary abrogation of freedom. It is a curious thing that socialists, with their mouths always filled by the great word 'freedom,' are in fact the most determined upholders of tyranny on the face of the globe.

Neither by reason, or theory, or by experience, does the House of Lords stand condemned. Not by reason, for no reasons but those of envy, hatred, and malice, have ever been given; not by theory, for theory is strongly in favour of a second chamber; and not by experience, for (putting aside the delinquencies, that have now as much to do with the subject as Noah's Ark has to do with the building of ironclads) our experience tells us that a drag on the wheels of progress is a most salutary thing; and though we have seen measures, ultimately to become

law, stopped for a time by the Upper House, yet we have also always seen them emerge at length with all the improvements that a longer consideration and a fear of fault-finders could give them. The man who has his house 'run up' in a hurry, is certain ultimately to regret his haste; and the law passed by acclamation, amid the cheers of an excited majority, is pretty sure to come back very soon for amendment or repeal.

Mr. Smith says the use of Mr. Gladstone of the Royal Prerogative was a popular action. If so, its popularity was effectually hidden; for, except the 'Daily Telegraph,' not one paper of any position supported it. Many of the staunchest Liberals rebuked the Government for it; and even Mr. Fawcett—who surely goes far enough, even for Mr. Smith—declared in the 'Fortnightly Review' that it was dangerous and improper.

But one of the arguments against the existence of the Upper House is so comical that it is difficult to believe in its sincerity. It is, that to make legislation on any important question (that is, of course, revolutionary legislation) possible, it is necessary to get up a storm sufficient to terrify the Peers. Which argument may be put thus:—The House of Lords exists, and its duty is to legislate for the best, according to its lights. No one would assert that it should pass what it thinks harmful to the nation; and it does think anything harmful which tends towards the destruction of the Constitution. So, say its enemies, it is very hard that those men, whose object is by assumed Constitutional means to destroy the Constitution, should have the trouble of getting up an agitation, and half revealing their true intention, because the Lords have to be frightened, if possible, from doing what is not denied to be their duty. Why, a brigand might just as well complain that he had the trouble of terrifying the traveller before he robbed him!

And here let us pause for a moment to thank Mr. Smith for not having disappointed us—as we were beginning to fear he would—in a matter on which we had set our heart. We turned over page after page, eagerly searching for some mention of the arch-fiend, the enemy of the human race—the leader of the Conservative party; and at last we found what we sought; and reading the words 'lowest political sharper,' 'thoroughly dishonest,' 'treasonable,' 'instinct with the hatred of the nation,' we felt that indeed at last 'Lothair' is amply avenged. Awful, too, in its refined cruelty is the use made of that novel to show us the degradation of our peerage—to reveal the hideous debauchery of the upper classes, which no doubt it was intended to flatter. When we read of Lothair using the University as a tavern and a hunting-box we shudder, not only at his moral turpitude, but also at the insidious ingenuity he must have possessed to be able to turn it into two such very dissimilar things. And to think of Lothair, the nineteenth century

Rochester, sipping his twopenny cup of coffee in the grey morning, no doubt raising the blush of honest virtue upon the cheek of the old woman who kept the stall by his aristocratic ribaldry, while, perhaps at that very moment, Mr. Smith was seeing from his coach the poor woman crying at the saloop-stand. It is very horrible: the contrast is so vivid; and we are quite sure that Mr. Smith will forgive us for giving out to the world that *he* was the passenger who brought her a mug of saloop and a bit of bread; and when she kept her bread for her child, he, Mr. Smith, would have got her another piece, so as to make one for each, had not the coach started at the critical moment. Of course he might have stopped for the bit of bread, and gone by the coach next day, but '*nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autruy*,' though we can all be very pathetic about them when we want to make capital for a controversial article.

Mr. Smith calls the Upper House a historical accident; but apart from there being no such thing as a historical accident, we may retort that so is the whole Constitution an accident; so is the discovery of America; so is the existence of Mr. Smith; and so, if there be such a thing as accident, is everybody and everything. The Parliament of five hundred shoemakers would be a very terrible accident for us all, as we should assuredly have to pay high for our boots when sold us by M.P.'s. Whether they would legislate on the principle that 'there's nothing like leather,' or not, it is impossible to say; but the mention of them in connection with legislation irresistibly recalls De Foe's lines in 'Jure Divino:'—

> 'The cobbler's not so vile despised a thing,
> But whisp'ring devils this delusion bring—
> He fancies he could make a better king.'

And no doubt five hundred cobblers (was not Mr. Odger a cobbler who made bad shoes?) would think they were fit for five hundred kings.

As to the 'languid' legislation of the House of Lords, the only answer to this accusation can be that their cry for work is incessant; and but a short time ago a debate on the subject seemed only to reveal the fact that the present Government (as they make one of their greatest points when opposing the Upper House its uselessness) was determined not to give it a chance of legislation in the earlier part of the Session, but preferred sending down, as heretofore, some important bill a fortnight before the dissolution, with all kinds of threats if it is not passed unconsidered. And as to the functions of a High Court of Appeal, which it has 'absurdly retained,' we only ask, Could the highest Court of Appeal last a year were it not what it is acknowledged on all sides to be, an assemblage of men of ripe years and vast experience, who represent the success and the talent of the British Bar?

Mr. Smith writes of the 'Jamaica Massacre,' with the same good taste which is shown in his mention of the present Lord Hertford's uncle; his stay in America has blunted his perception, not only of taste, but of the meaning of the word libel. The persecution of Govenor Eyre, although backed by much influence and more money, failed utterly, and Mr. Smith has no more right to speak of him in the way he does, than the libellers of the man acquitted for the Eltham murder had to write what they did about him. We should not wonder if the professor were a personal friend of a certain American general, whose enmity to England is so enormous, General B——r, and whose humanity to southern women during the war of secession we all know of; or perhaps he has a great regard and respect for General S——s, who murdered a defenceless man by shooting him in the street, and of course has been highly honoured by his countrymen ever after (indeed they have made him an ambassador). Why, even if Mr. Eyre had been what Mr. Smith thinks him, and had not saved Jamaica from a sanguinary outbreak, he would be a lamb compared to either of these two American gentlemen.

And, speaking of America, let us remark as a curious fact, that whenever public opinion in Europe unaminously denounces any American scandal, or finds fault leniently enough (for we always flatter the great Republic if possible), with its determined habit of making fame and notoriety synonymous terms, we are always rebuked by being told that the whole thing is perpetrated by foreigners, and that the Americans *pur sang*, are models of what Sir Charles Dilke sighs for, 'simplicity and frugality.' Our impression at last is that America is peopled by foreigners, and that the Americans live elsewhere: in Paris perhaps.

No capital can be made out of the Hudson scandal, let Mr. Goldwin Smith say what he will; for although no doubt some members of the aristocracy may have bowed down in the 'Saloons of Hudson:' yet the peculiarity of that bubble was that class jostled class, servant elbowed master, in the short race for wealth. And if the peers cringe to the *Times*, and if its influence is immoral, and if it is the organ of the oligarchy, still we may ask why is it that, if the people in their thousands are all of the same way of thinking as Mr. Smith, they cannot raise an organ of any position, of any circulation, or of any character, to represent their views.

'In the United States,' says Mr. Smith, 'if a rich man wishes to be more than a rich man, he becomes a public benefactor:' that is to say, in other words, he advertises his wealth as publicly as possible, and, if he happen to be still in business, as advantageously as possible to himself. Far be it from us to assert that there is not much true charity in America, but we do say (comparisons *are* odious, but this one is forced on us) that our English benefactors, and their name is legion, do not give for

the sake of being 'more than rich men,' but for the sake of charity only, and that English charity is more widespread, truly benevolent and discriminating than the charity of any other nation on the face of the globe. It begins at home, but it forces its way all over the habitable world: undaunted by the terrors of the unknown; blind and deaf to all obstacles, it reaches from pole to pole; and the half-starving Persian, the cropless French farmer, the French soldiers' orphans, the burnt out poor of Chicago, are even now benefiting by its blessed efforts.

Mr. Smith says that the Tory party is not Tory 'properly speaking,' and we hope not, as Tory, properly speaking, signifies, we believe, *rapparee*, as a whig signifies sour milk. And, besides, the Tory party now calls itself the Conservative party; a party prepared at all hazards to conserve the essential existence of the constitution. A far better name for it in our opinion, would be the Constitutional Party: and with change of name, it might fling away many of those antiquated notions which, though not actually harmful in themselves, give to its enemies so mighty a handle for abuse; and which to a certain extent keep back the popularity which will ere long, when violence has sickened the people, turn it into the 'popular party' of the nation.

There is scarcely a great man of moderate views (and surely moderation is wisdom), who has not had or will not have a chance of entering the Upper House: to state that Macaulay 'slipped in because he was childless,' is to state what is not true, but is of course unanswerable; and as to the Marquis of Hertford, '*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' Mr. Smith's abuse may be very damaging to the peerage, but is still more damaging to his own sense of decency; for it may happen that some of Lord Hertford's near relatives read the 'Fortnightly Review.'

And now we come to a wonderful instance of the length to which a wish for a clenching argument will carry a controversialist. 'The Sheffield outrages were nearly contemporary with Louis Napoleon's massacre on the Boulevards;' *i.e.*, 'I want to prove that at the time the Trades' Unions were being disgraced, imperialism was being disgraced too; let me sink twelve or thirteen years and the thing is done!'

Again, Mr. Smith remarks on the Lords' adulation and hand-kissing of Louis Napoleon; but it was the London Merchants, the representatives of what a French Deputy well described the other day as 'the accumulated labour of yesterday of which the labour of to-day is envious,' who rushed to him in 1853, with solicitations for his friendship, and who were afterwords reproved for their conduct in the House of Lords! Besides, friendship to Louis Napoleon, or

to the Comte de Chambord, or to the Duc d'Aumâle, or to M. Thiers, or to Gambetta, only means friendship to France; to the nation, with only the red shirt of republicanism, or the linen one of constitutional monarchy, or the cambric ruffles of absolutism between the two nations' panting hearts.

It is not true that the able men in the House of Lords are generally ex-chancellors and other peers by creation, not peers by birth: for not to go through a long list, no one denies that Lords Salisbury, Granville, Carnavon, Dufferin, Lyttleton, Stanhope, and Derby, are among the leading minds of the country.

The Land Laws constitute far too vast a subject to enter upon here; perhaps the existence of the Upper Chamber may in some degree increase the stability of the rights of property: but no argument can be deduced from the lawless confiscation in Ireland: for although the land has been there practically handed over to the tenants, we have not yet seen a decrease of pauperism or an increase of quiet in that country. The result seems only to have been that Ireland now requires to be separated from the country whose administrators make it such handsome presents.

We are told to look round Europe, and observe that legitimacy is dead, and the sand of dynasticism is nearly run; and when we do look, what do we see? We see a majority of monarchists in the French Chamber but awaiting a favourable opportunity to put an end to the pitiful pretence of a republic without republicans. We see Spain settling gradually and somewhat painfully, but willingly, down into a constitutional monarchy; having searched Europe for a king, so unable was she to exist without one. We see Italy rejoicing with her king at having at last her ancient and legitimate capital for him to reign from. We see Germany, after her superb conquest, firmly establishing an emperor over her united greatness. Norway and Sweden and Denmark are unmoved in their allegiance to their reigning houses; and the Russian Czar is as firm on his throne (nay, the liberation of the serfs has rendered him still firmer), and as powerful as ever. In fact we see exactly the opposite to what Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to see.

His advice about the English Established Church may no doubt be very good; and if the people of England take it, assuredly the Church will cease to be; but unfortunately for his argument, the Lords are not the only persons who object to the disestablishment. There is also the trifling obstacle that the House of Representatives of the people objects too; and the aim of Reform cannot surely be that a minority—arguing like Mr. Auberon Herbert, that, if they think a principle right, the will of the people is nothing—should rule a majority, merely because they call themselves reformers in the sense of wishing to knock down instead of to build up.

The men who support the State Church are at present the majority of Englishmen: let disestablishment be the principal hustings cry at the next general election, and then let the issue be tried in the Lower House again. The most bigoted Tory would be ready to abide that issue. At present, as we do pretend to govern by means of a majority, it is hard to see how anything, however beneficial advanced reformers may *know* it to be, can be done against the will of that majority.

If the Established Church is an 'Alien Church,' if the majority of the English people object to it, in heaven's name let it go; but if the contrary is the case, what do these reformers mean but tyranny, a tyranny as complete as that of the worst Tudor, when they ask for its abolition because they, and a handful of malcontents, who vainly try to make up in noise what they want in numbers, object to it. They either cannot or will not understand the astounding fact that on any one point they can be not the popular, but the unpopular party, and that though 'the flower of the nation" (being in this instance, we suppose, Messrs. Dixon, Richard, and Miall) are with them, the stalk, and leaves, and root are against them.

Before we leave this subject for the present, we would call especial attention to what appears to us the most important sentence in the whole of Mr. Goldwin Smith's Essay. 'It is surely almost needless to say that while the abolition of the State Church is pressed with vigour, a movement of political reform should not be tainted in the eye of a great mass of the community, and rendered tenfold more difficult, by mixing it up with an iconoclastic onslaught on the Christian religion. It will be hard enough as it is to win political justice, without setting all the religious feeling of the country, as well as the power of the oligarchy and its supporters, against the movement.'[1]

This is the key to the position. This lets us into the secrets of the enemies of the Church. Till the disestablishment, atheism, or 'iconoclasm,' or 'freelight,' or whatever name Paganism may be called by, is to be put in the cupboard; it is a bogie that may scare those fools (who are timid, as fools always are) who otherwise would help in the great work, believing it to be political and not irreligious. 'It will be hard to win' without the religious feeling of the country as another opponent; but what if the geese in the capitol have cackled, what if the religious feeling is aroused; will you win then? We think not.

Thus far we have followed page by page, and sentence by sentence, Mr. Smith's article in the 'Fortnightly Review' for March, and if we have

[1] Mr. Smith's policy is truly Machiavellian. 'Certainly never any man brought in new laws, or set up any doctrine extraordinary, but with pretence of religion, because otherwise they would never have been admitted.'—*Machiavelli—Discourses, Book* 1.

appeared jerky and heedless of arrangement, we must plead that it is not our fault. We will now try and put our meaning into something like order.

'The Aim of Reform' is that the Upper House of Parliament should be abolished, and that the State Church should be disestablished; also that the atheism of the reformer should be hidden, and that 'Woman's Rights' should be allowed to remain wrongs until those two things are accomplished. The reasons why the House of Lords should be abolished are four in number. 1. Because the House of Lords was once corrupt, and many of its members did not lead highly moral lives. 2. Because the pedigrees of the Lords are not as ancient as they should be. 3. Because the present members are all very old, with 'elderly and opulent forms, &c.,' or very young 'brainless boys.' 4. Because the House differs in legislative matters with the revolutionists, who call themselves the 'popular party.'

And the State Church is to be abolished for only one reason: because the 'popular party,' although a minority of the nation, chooses that it should be abolished!

In all his swaying crowd of words, these are the only arguments which Mr. Smith gives for two fundamental changes which could scarcely be arrived at without a revolution that would tear the very vitals of the country. We do not follow him into his argument that a second chamber is not a necessity, because we are certain that the question will never be practically mooted, that the want of a second chamber will never be felt until we have all lain in our graves for many long years; for the Upper House has a stronger hold on the affection of the nation (on which, after all, every institution depends) than it had a hundred years ago.

Let the battle begin. Let it be 'popular party' (self-styled) against the nation, and the odds will be, in betting parlance, 1000 to 10 on the latter.

Exactly the same may he said of the Church: it simply rests in the people's affection. Let their verdict be against it, and it must quickly topple down; but if every dissenter, every atheist, and every red republican had lungs of brass and pens of fire, they could not hasten its fall by one millionth part of a second. One object of the disestablishment would be to deprive the Church of the great power, political and social, which it is erroneously supposed to wield. But knowledge is power, and money is power; and the disestablishment would not take these from it. Even if it did take the latter, more would be forthcoming. The true fact is that the power of the English Protestant Church would be doubled by disestablishment, for it would take off the fetters placed upon it by the dominant and interfering State. And it would call back to itself, through the influence of generous feeling, in its time of apparent adversity, many of those men with restless or lax views of

religion who are inclined to stray outside its gates in its days of milk and honey.

But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that both Church and Upper Chamber should go, how is the excision of the latter to be possibly effected; for we are often assured by the lovers of change that nothing they counsel is not to be effected by other means than those of a violent revolution.

Imagine Sir Charles Dilke rising in the House of Commons, and moving that in the opinion of this House another place is an useless absurdity. Why, before he would have had time to frame his resolution, long before the time came for Mr. Auberon Herbert to second him, or for Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt to make their denunciatory orations, the Speaker would (for he must) interfere and quash the whole thing. Even supposing the rules of the House to be broken, and the resolution to be carried, it would make no law. Let it be made into a bill and read three times, and three times three times, it would not be worth the paper it was printed on; for imagine the inextinguishable laughter which would greet Lord Granville when he rose, and, with a bland smile, proposed to abolish himself and the rest of their lordships. Or imagine the feelings of our Gracious Sovereign when the Prime Minister laid before her for approval a bill doing away with one house of her legislature. 'Indeed, your Majesty, we dislike these Lords very much, so of course they must disappear.'

But let us suppose still more: suppose that the Commons passed, the Sovereign sanctioned, and Peers agreed to their own disestablishment, would the latter then be admitted to the rights of other citizens; or, as a punishment for the misdeeds of their ancestors and their own unenlightenment, be condemned, with convicts and Irish and Scotch peers, to have no part in the government of their country. If the former, fully one half of them—ballot or no ballot—would find their way into the then single chamber of the legislature; and coalescing with the moderate party they would find there (for moderation can never be killed) might vote themselves back again in the old house, unless they preferred the increased influence and trebled power their new position gave them. If the latter—but the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete without going on any further with the proposition.

With one sentence of Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay we thoroughly and heartily agree. 'The people will be politically demoralized, and their power of feeling rational loyalty to a good government will be destroyed by prolonged and aimless agitation.'

And what is the aim of reform of the kind under discussion? It is the aim of the child who rips open the doll to discover the inside; it is the aim of a man breaking a kaleidescope to see whether perchance

the pattern formed by the pieces of coloured glass when strewn on the floor may not be still more pleasing than any he can shake them into; it is the aim of one who, having built a house and afterwards disliked some of its ornamentation, knocks down the house and builds another plainer one, instead of aiming at the same result by knocking the ornamentation off the original house. The new school of happy-go-lucky levellers can see nothing standing out on the plain of the past, but they must knock it down, in case there might be a gold mine beneath. The eggs of the constitutional goose may not be plentiful, but they are laid now and then; but these men must wring its neck in the hope of at once realizing a basket full.

Mr. Smith seems to hope that by his scheme of destruction (not reform) party feeling will be done away with; and if it did carry such a possibility with it, it would at least have one good point; but why party feeling should go because you stir up bitterness and hatred between classes a thousand fold is a mystery beyond our solving.

The British Constitution, whose every permanent reform has come from within (and, if not, the days of revolution are over), has sustained many more rude shocks than those directed against it now by the progressive school; and not all Mr. Smith's eloquence, not all his long sentences of historical and rhetorical anathema, not all the curses hurled at it by the members of the Hole in the Wall party ('Dissentious rogues that, rubbing the poor itch of their opinions, make themselves scabs'); and not all the more serious harm done it by the incompetency of a portion of its friends, will avail against it. No, to quote again from Shakspeare (changing one word),

> 'You may as well
> Strike at the Heavens with your staves, as lift them
> Against the *British* State, whose course will on
> The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
> Of more strong link asunder than can ever
> Appear in your impediment.'

THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURT OF THE SLEEPERS.

THE physician was not a little discomposed by the incident which I have recorded in the last chapter, and was at first inclined to dispute Minos's judgment on the mental state of these prisoners, or at any rate, of him whom he as a physician had professionally examined. He began to lay before us the scientific reasons upon which he had founded his belief in the man's insanity, but to no purpose. Now that we had passed through the Hall of Justice, and had seen each other standing in that mysterious light of the other world, we were no longer to be deceived. We could read each other's inmost thoughts; and though we were unskilled in the scientific terms which he employed, we all of us knew that the arguments which the physician was so elaborately marshalling had never even convinced himself. No one, however, made any answer to his attempted defence, and an awkward pause ensued.

'Well gentlemen,' said Minos, at last breaking the silence, 'what are your plans?'

We looked at each other in some surprise, for we had hardly anticipated so much latitude of choice as the question seemed to imply.

'What are your plans?' repeated he. 'How do you purpose passing your time in Hades?'

Nobody answered for some time, till at length the barrister ventured a request that Minos would himself suggest something.

'Impossible, gentlemen,' he replied, laughing, 'I cannot suggest anything without being acquainted with your respective tastes. It is for each of you to say what is his ideal of a future state.'

I think, nay I feel sure, that we all knew what we ought to reply. It

would indeed have been unpardonable in any educated nineteenth century spirit, to be unprepared with the correct answer to such a question as this. Still, from some cause or other—diffidence probably—we remained silent.

Just at this moment the door opened, and one of the officers of the Court—an apparitor—entered the room.

'There are several spirits outside, my Lord,' he said, addressing Minos, 'who are becoming impatient for their discharge, if your Lordship could make it convenient to sign their papers at once.'

'Well, they can't leave yet,' replied Minos. 'But never mind, admit them, apparitor;' and thereupon the philosopher entered the room, followed by the artist, the poet, and the widow. The first-named was in a high state of excitement. 'My Lords,' he exclaimed, with an eagerness almost painful to witness, 'I beg you will allow me to depart at once.'

'At once?' said Minos. 'Pray may I ask the cause of your extreme impatience?'

'Impatience?' cried the philosopher, his eyes burning with the fever of his great hope. 'Oh, my Lord! would you chide the impatience of the thirsting wayfarer, whose knees are on the brink of the desert well. Have I thus far toiled and endured in silence, wrestling with the dull agony of doubt, and facing the stony brow of mystery with an unshaken heart, that I should not now be eager to close my sufferings at last? My Lords, you know not the joy with which I arose to follow your messenger but a few hours back, when he touched me on the shoulder as my lamp was waning before the dawn. Full of a calm hope I followed him hither, and what have I yet found? Phenomena! Phenomena! Phenomena! I see with an etherialized sight, and I hear with a purged ear, and the gross burden of my body harasses and distracts my thought no longer: but all is subjective still.' (At the word 'subjective' the country gentleman was observed to prick up his ears). 'The same old question recurs: Who is this "I" that see, what this world that is seen? The problem of consciousness, the enigma of existence, is still unsolved. Your people below have told me that the answer lies beyond. Give me, then my papers, my Lord, and let me go!' And the philosopher stretched out a feverish hand towards the judges.

We were infected with his enthusiasm. It awoke us to a sense of our duty to the nineteenth century. We recollected that we owed it to our era, to be above all things anxious to discover the enigma of existence, and that our ideal of a future state (unless we were prepared to accept a grossly unfashionable one) should be 'that in which all the problems of this present life should be solved.' In fact we recalled, and only just in

time, that theory of life and death which has found chief favour with our epoch, viz., that the former should be spent in a continual and conscientious endeavour to work out an impossible sum, in order that on the occurrence of the latter, the schoolmaster may, in consideration of our industry, permit us to look at the answers at the end of the book. With the exception of the widow, we all hastened to assure Minos of our determination to follow the philosopher, and seek the solution of the enigma of existence. Minos smiled—slightly ironically, as I thought—at the suddenness and unanimity of our resolve, and conferred with his brother judges for a few moments in a low voice, at intervals eyeing each of us in turn. He then proceeded to fill up our papers of discharge, but before attaching his signature to each, he enquired formally and severally of each of us whether it was our deliberate determination to adopt the same course as the philosopher. 'Not,' he added, 'that your present decision is in any way final. You will have an opportunity of subsequently reconsidering it, and if you think fit, of returning here to signify your adoption of some other plan of life. I merely wish to save myself, whenever possible, the labour of filling up a second set of papers.'

We all, however, remained firm. The country gentleman in particular was almost indignant with Minos for appearing to question the sincerity of his desire to solve the problem of existence.

'I assure you, my Lord,' he said, 'though you mightn't think it, I take considerable interest in these questions. I used to read a great deal about them in some fellow's books—I forget his name—during the summer months, and, indeed, sometimes even in the hunting season. It's a devilish curious thing about consciousness and all that. And there's free will and necessity too—it's all very puzzling. At all events, it quite beats *me*, I know; and I assure you there is no gentleman here more anxious to have the whole business cleared up than I am. I'm all for solving the charade, or the enigma, or whatever you call it.'

The widow, who all this time had sat apart, and whose voice had not joined in the eager chorus which had proclaimed our adhesion to the plan of the philosopher, was at last called upon to signify her intentions.

'Are you too, madam,' asked Minos courteously, 'desirous of solving the problem of existence?'

'I, my Lord?' she replied hurriedly, starting from her reverie. 'Oh no. I want to find poor dear George.'

Minos smiled half sadly, half amused.

'Well, madam,' he continued, 'you had perhaps then better join this party. Your husband may possibly have gone forward in the direction which they will take. You have, I suppose, no absolute objection to solving the problem of existence, if it will enable you to find your husband?

'Oh dear no,' replied the widow innocently, 'none in the least.'

Minos filled up her papers, and then turning towards us: 'Your papers, gentlemen,' he said; 'are now ready, but I regret to inform you' (and here he cast a glance of compassion at the philosopher), 'that you will not be able to start on your journey till the evening. The rules on this point are very strict, and they provide that no passports shall on any account be issued until the Court has risen for the day. I am not permitted to tell you the reason of the rule, but only to inform you that it is peremptory.'

The philosopher heaved a deep sigh, and settled himself to endure the protraction for a few more hours of the suspense of seventy years.

'My learned brothers and myself,' continued Minos; 'must now return to the Court to hold our afternoon sitting, but the apparitor is permitted to conduct you to any part of Hades, save that which you are yourselves destined to occupy, and to show you whatever is to be seen.'

The barrister requested permission to be allowed to return into Court, and witness the hearing of the other cases on the list. His request was at once acceded to, Minos promising to accommodate him with a seat on the bench. The philosopher elected to remain alone with his suspense in one of the ante-rooms adjoining the Court, and the widow retired to another. The rest of us gratefully accepted Minos's kind offer of the guidance of the apparitor, and, after cordially thanking their lordships for the kindness we had received from them, we prepared to follow our *cicerone*.

We were led out though the judges' private entrance and found ourselves at the back of the building in a vast court-yard, of whose dimensions I am not permitted to give even an approximate estimate. The atmosphere was warm, languid, and oppressive—so oppressive indeed, that we should have hastened to leave it, had we not been arrested by the singular spectacle which presented itself. The whole of the vast area of the Court was crowded with couches, a few of which were vacant, but the large majority occupied by recumbent figures.

'This,' said the apparitor, answering our enquiring glances; 'is called the Court of the Sleepers. It is tenanted by those spirits whose ideal of a future world is a state of complete passivity and repose. Its occupants are chiefly Orientals and Southern Europeans. There are a few spirits from Northern and Western Europe who have been, in their lifetime, wealthy men, of a weak or languid physique and who have lived long enough to acquire an incurable love of *inertia*; but of English, or indeed of Teutonic spirits generally, very few make this their permanent abode.'

We were now in the midst of the Court, and we halted to gaze upon

the scene. It was marvellous, indeed. Innumerable figures lay around us in every attitude of deep lethargic slumber. No stirring limb, or changing posture broke the dead stillness or marred the immovable repose of that vast assembly. The mighty whisper of their deep breathings seemed itself a deeper silence and the rise and fall of their countless breasts was rather felt than seen, as one is conscious of the soft motion of a reposing sea. Sleep seemed not so much an internal condition of the prostrate figures as a huge external pall, enwrapping them in its folds and awaiting the hand of some mighty Being to raise it, as a man lifts the shroud from the face of a corpse.

Armed with the new-found faculties which enabled us to read in the face of spirits the histories of their mortal lives, we gazed with interest on the sleepers who lay nearest to us. Here lay the spirit of the bed-ridden cripple whom the gentle messenger of the Shades had one night lifted lovingly from his lifelong couch of pain and carried hither, to find a good night's rest at last. Calm and motionless he lies wrapped in slumbers which no earthly opiates could give, dreading no longer the midnight wakings in dull pain, nor the feverish thirsts, nor the restless tossings of the sick. Next to him lay the spirit of an old hedger, buried in a sleep unhaunted by visions of the next day's toil. Poor slave of the glebe, bent and broken, he has got his manumission at last! As he sleeps he knows that his old woman will not wake him in the darkness of the winter morning with 'John, it be foive o'clock.' He knows that he will not have to crawl out and huddle on his clothes by the dim rush-light, and hear the rain beating against the lattice, as he ties his dinner in the handkerchief. He knows that he will not have to do this the next day, nor the day after, nor the day after that, nor any more for ever. The repose of his future shows itself in the expression of his present sleep. He is dreaming that it is a perpetual Saturday night, and that the squire has sent to say that he doesn't expect him to go to Sunday morning service.

The apparitor noticed the interest with which we regarded this sleeper.

'Ah!' he remarked, 'English agricultural labourers who die in what one would call in other classes the prime of life—that is before they are quite broken down by incessant and exhausting toil—are to be found here at times in considerable numbers. Dying in middle age, and not having therefore enjoyed like their elder brethren the satisfying repose of the workhouse, they come here at first with great delight and declare their intention never to stir from their couches; but after a short time they begin to get restless and uneasy, and in the end they generally return to the judge, and ask to be transferred to some spot where they can have hedging and ditching in moderation.'

As he spoke, an official bearing a wand and a scroll was threading his way towards us amongst the couches of the sleepers. From time to time he would refer to the scroll and compare its contents with an inscription on the head of a particular couch. This done, he would touch the sleeper with his wand and wake him. Some question and answer then passed between them, after which the sleeper addressed would sometimes rise and follow the official. In many cases, however, the spirit would reply to the question put to him by an abrupt, sometimes even an impatient and angry shake of the head, and immediately resume his slumbers.

'What is the meaning of this?' asked the Liberal M.P.

'Every sleeper,' said the apparitor, 'is awakened at the conclusion of each year of his slumber, and the question is formally put to him whether he desires to arise and engage in some form of active life. There are but few who do not in three or four years' time at least return an answer in the affirmative. Those whose mortal lives have been the most full of toil soon weary of continual rest; and as for those whose lives have been made miserable by pain and sickness, when they have slept off the recollection of their sufferings, they are the most anxious of all to enter on a life of activity, from having spent their earthly days in enforced inaction. At the close of every year this question is repeated, until the completion of the tenth year of the sleeper's slumbers.

'And then?' we asked eagerly.

'Do not ask me,' said the apparitor, in a troubled voice, and shuddering as a spirit shudders.

We gazed at him in astonishment, and repeated our question.

At this moment the official stopped at a couch near to where we were standing, tenanted by a spirit of an Oriental race. He touched the sleeper with the wand and woke him. The question was put, and the awakened sleeper shook his head, not impatiently but gravely and firmly, and with a certain dignity which we were constrained to admire. The officer with the wand and scroll seemed, I thought, to delay a little longer than usual after the reply was given, in the apparent hope of its being retracted; but the spirit, without looking again at his questioner, stretched himself on the couch with the same grave dignity, and folded his arms upon his breast. The other then waved the wand thrice over the couch and broke it in two.

A low cry burst from the apparitor.

'Look!' he said in a breathless whisper, 'the wand is broken. The tenth year is completed. His hour is come.'

At this moment a deep sound, like a passing bell, smote upon our ears, and the apparitor, with a shudder, turned away his head. The movement diverted our gaze for a moment from the recumbent spirit, and

when our eyes returned thither, an exclamation of terror burst from our lips.

The couch was empty!

'Let us go,' said the apparitor, hurriedly.

'What does it mean?' we asked in amazement.

'It means,' said our guide solemnly, 'that a spirit has ceased *to be*. He is annihilated. Those spirits who, after ten years of slumber, still prefer the unconscious to the conscious life, cease, by the eternal law of Hades, to exist.'

We walked by his side, shuddering, and in silence. Our emotion may seem strange to mortal men, clothed, as they know themselves to be, with a perishable body, whose frail vitality a thousand trivial causes may in a moment extinguish. Those only who have put off the fleshly elements of their being, and felt the intense self-sufficing life of the disembodied spirit, can estimate our feelings at that moment; only those who have exchanged the flickering uncertain flame of bodily existence for the undimmed, unwavering light of spirit-life can understand our horror at seeing it quenched for ever.

'Do many perish thus,' we asked, after a time.

'Few indeed,' replied the apparitor. 'Many and many a spirit who has slept doggedly through his ten years of grace, has sprung up at his last warning, trembling with an unspeakable terror, when he at last found himself face to face with the awful nothing. I have known but one English spirit who dared to face it. He whom you saw perish was a Buddhist by creed. Annihilation is the end and object of his religion. But no more of this; let us leave this dreadful place.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISONS.

Our guide had led us out nearly into the centre of the Court of the Sleepers, in order that we might have a better view of the singular scene; and as he uttered the last words, he turned and retraced his steps towards the door of the judge's private entrance, whence we had issued from the Hall of Justice. He then skirted the wall of the Court of the Sleepers for a few score yards, and finally stopped before a small low door, heavily barred and bolted. This he unlocked, and admitted us into a court-yard of much smaller dimensions than that which we had just left. This court-yard formed, as it were, the connecting link

between the central buildings of the Palace of Justice, and a wing of considerable height, and in length stretching further than the utmost limits of our sight. At the opposite end of the court-yard (which we immediately recognized as that which we had looked out upon from the judges' private room) was another door, also firmly secured, and with a building like a small porter's lodge, or guard-room, attached to it.

'Now gentlemen,' said the apparitor, closing behind us the door by which we had entered, and locking it with great care, 'I am at your service. How would you wish to spend your afternoon. These,' he continued, pointing to the vast wing of the building which I have mentioned, 'these are our prisons. You would probably like to pay them a short visit before we go on to the city.'

'The city!' exclaimed the Liberal M.P. in surprise. 'What city?'

'What city!' echoed the apparitor, 'why, the City of the Shades, to be sure. Where else did you imagine that those spirits who on earth have been entirely engrossed in the pleasures and occupations of an urban life, would care to pass their lives in a spiritual state?'

'But,' enquired the M.P., with growing astonishment, 'do you mean to say that it resembles the cities of earth?'

'Precisely,' answered our guide; 'houses, streets, marts, churches theatres, trades, professions, everything complete. All the comforts and appliances of an earthly city, I assure you.'

'What!' exclaimed the M.P., 'and all its sin and misery and turmoil as well? All its vulgar aims, and mean anxieties, and paltry ambitions?'

The apparitor shrugged his shoulders.

'It has all the characteristics of a city,' he said.

'And are there then,' exclaimed the M.P., indignantly, 'are there spirits of so gross and earthly a temper, any who look back at the wretched life of earth with so ignoble a regret, as willingly to take up their abode in this city?'

'Its population,' answered the apparitor coolly, 'was 250 billions by the last census returns, and it is increasing now at the rate of thirty millions a year.'

'But,' interrupted the country gentleman, 'Minos never told us of the existence of spirits passing their lives in this way.'

'True,' replied the other. 'Nor indeed did he mention any of the multitude of various pursuits which are followed by the inhabitants of Hades. Your singular and noble unanimity in selecting the highest life rendered it unnecessary for their Lordships to describe the other lives which were open to you. You will now, however, have an opportunity of seeing them for yourselves.'

'*My* intention,' said the country gentleman with pride, 'is, as you know, to solve the problem of existence.'

'I am aware of it, sir,' replied the apparitor with a slight smile, 'and very creditable it is to a gentleman in your position. The majority of country gentleman spirits take to farming.'

'What!' exclaimed the country gentleman, eagerly, 'is there any farming to be had?'

'Abundance,' said the apparitor, 'and very high farming too.'

The squire turned away his head, and those nearest to him fancied that they heard him sigh heavily.

'But come, gentlemen,' continued our guide, 'am I not right in supposing that you would like to inspect our prisons?'

We readily assented to the proposal, and following our conductor through an arched doorway, we passed up a spiral flight of steps to the great central corridor of the prisons.

'I am much interested in the subject of prisons,' said the M.P. a little pompously, 'and would not for a great deal have missed this opportunity of observing your system. By-the-bye,' he continued, 'what, on the whole, is your opinion of ours? Do you find an improvement of late years in the *morale* of the English convict? Do you meet with a larger proportion of reformed characters amongst them than was formerly the case?'

'I have had little or no experience of them,' replied the apparitor. 'Such English convicts as arrive here with their earthly sentences unexpired, and are not able,' he added with a covert smile, 'to prove their reformation by their tickets-of-leave, are consigned to a house of correction in quite another part of Hades.'

'Whom have you here then?' I enquired.

'Here?' said the apparitor, carelessly, 'Oh, this prison is reserved exclusively for the undetected criminals, or for those whom, although detected, the short arm of human justice has been unable to reach.'

We glanced in dismay down the vast corridor in which we were standing, whose polished floor and groined roof seemed to converge in the dim distance, while the myriad shafts of its slowly lessening arches wearied the eye which strove in vain to separate them.

'Exclusively reserved to criminals unpunished upon earth?' we faltered, after a short pause.

'Exclusively,' replied our guide coldly. 'But I see, gentlemen, that you have not even yet unlearnt what you will forgive me for calling your provincial prejudices. You have been throughout your lives accustomed to pride yourselves on the knowledge, the judgment, and the justice of the society in which you have lived, in just the same spirit as that which leads Giles or Hodge—pardon the comparison—to look on his little country town as the centre of the universe, to regard its corn exchange as the triumph of human architecture, its mayor as the most

awful of earthly dignitaries, its sessions as the most learned and accomplished tribunal in the world. Ah, gentlemen, you little know what hearty laughs we have in Hades as we observe the ineffable contempt with which civilised society looks down out of her one blurred dim distorting eye, on the blind communities of the savage.'

We all of us felt some irritation at this rather rude speech, the country gentleman especially; but the recollection of the mortification we had experienced in the judge's retiring-room was still fresh in our minds, and we felt fully sure that our guide had abundant means of proving the truth of his insinuations.

'Of what offences,' enquired the M.P., 'have the prisoners confined here been guilty?'

'Of offences of fraud and cruelty principally,' replied the other, 'of which many thousands are committed daily in the most civilised communities without subjecting their authors to the slightest danger or inconvenience.'

'But surely, sir,' said the poet earnestly, at length mustering up courage to utter what was in all our minds—'surely, sir,—I speak without knowledge of the subject, and regret that our legal friend is not here,—surely our law is not so inadequate to the protection of property that many crimes of fraud are permitted to go unpunished?'

The apparitor replied by pointing to the inscription over the arched door of the ward which we were about to enter. It ran thus: 'MERCURIUS WARD;' and underneath: 'PROMOTERS OF COMPANIES (LIMITED).' The poet was silent. He had dabbled a little in speculation.

'We will visit this ward first, if you please, gentlemen,' said our conductor. 'But stay; perhaps you would like first to inspect the prison-register.'

As he spoke he threw open with some difficulty an enormous volume which was placed upon an iron lectern in the middle of the corridor, and we crowded round to read the names of the unfortunate inmates of the prison.

For a few moments nothing was to be heard but our loud exclamations of surprise and horror at the names which we discovered. 'What! my old friend Johnson here? Impossible!' 'Good God! Major Brown a prisoner, and for fraudulent dealing.' 'What's this? The Rev. Nathaniel Meek, twenty-five years' ill-treatment of wife. Why, I dined there only last week, and a more united couple ——

But here the apparitor, who had listened with a bitter smile to our exclamations, interposed. 'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'if you once begin looking for your acquaintances, we shall be here all the afternoon. Let us go on now, if you please.' And with these words he unlocked the door of Mercurius Ward and admitted us. The wards are built out

at right angles to the vast central corridor, and are, of course, of much smaller dimensions. Along each side of this one in which we stood ran a row of cells, with the name of the occupant of each affixed to the door, accompanied by a short statement of the crime for which he was suffering. The apparitor paused opposite a door bearing the inscription: 'Mr. Plausible Gabb, Lunar Cheese Importation Company (Limited),' and selecting a key from the bunch at his girdle, he admitted us to the cell. Its occupant was sitting moodily on a low pallet in one corner of the room. The cell was clean and neat, but, with the exception of the pallet and a three-legged stool, completely unfurnished.

'We adopt the separate system for this class of offenders, you see,' said the apparitor. We do not, however, think it well to leave them without any intellectual occupation;' and as he spoke he pointed to a share-list, framed, against one of the walls of the cell.

'At stated periods,' he continued, 'these prisoners are led out for punishment. But stay; this ward looks out on to the punishment-yard, and I believe that punishment is just about to begin.'

We followed our guide to one of the windows of the ward and looked out. In the centre of the court-yard beneath was placed a large office-table, with a row of drawers let into each of its supporting pedestals, while close to it stood a wooden Glastonbury chair. The court-yard was untenanted when we first looked out into it, but after a few moments a bell rang, and a portly, eminently respectable-looking shade emerged from one of the cells beneath us opening out into the court-yard, approached the table, and seated himself in the chair.

'That, gentlemen,' said the apparitor, indicating him, 'is an ex-director and principal promoter of the Cucumber and Patent Sunbeam Company, Limited, which failed so disastrously some years ago. Observe him, if you please.'

As he said these words, the spirit in the chair, having looked cautiously around him, produced from the recesses of a garment, whose character I am forbidden to describe, a small key, with which he unlocked the drawers of the two pedestals, and proceeded to transfer their contents to the surface of the table. These contents consisted of piles of gold and silver coin, bank notes, bills, bonds, and valuable securities of all kinds. In a short time the table in front of him was completely covered with the glittering and rustling mass, into which the spirit, bending forward, plunged his arms up to the elbows, while his eyes gleamed with an unearthly delight. When at the height of his avaricious triumph, the bell again sounded, and a crowd of spirits thronged into the court-yard. With one accord they rushed across the intervening space, making towards the table at which the ex-director sat. A banker's clerk, followed by eight children, was the first to reach

it, closely pressed by a country clergyman with a still larger family. A host of other spirits, of various classes and callings, followed behind. Petty tradesmen, small farmers, needy professional men, maiden ladies—all thronged and jostled each other round the table, and began helping themselves in handfuls to the money which lay upon it. Shriek after shriek rang from the lips of the ex-director, but a mysterious power seemed to paralyse his motions and to prevent his stirring a limb to resist his plunderers. His arms were outstretched over the table rigid and motionless, a few inches only above his cherished gold, but the straining fingers could not lower themselves even one inch to clutch it, and the hundred-handed crowd swept the pieces unresisted from beneath his palms. At last all was gone but a scanty pile of notes and gold in one corner of the table. A widow approached and carried it off, apparently well satisfied. The spell was broken, and the wretched spirit flung himself forward upon the table in an agony of tears.

'The punishment is concluded,' said the apparitor, who had been an unmoved spectator of the scene, 'that is, for to-day. It is repeated periodically during the whole of the prisoner's detention.'

'How often!' enquired the M.P.

'Every Stock Exchange account-day,' was the reply. 'This particular prisoner has undergone it upwards of fifty times. There is a marked improvement in his bearing since the course was first commenced. His shrieks, although still somewhat loud, have lost much of the piercing shrillness they once had. He will soon have learnt to witness the removal of his money from the table with scarcely any emotion. Not, however, until he voluntarily sends for those he has wronged, and offers to divide his money rateably amongst them, will his reformation be considered complete enough to warrant his discharge from prison. But you have seen enough, I imagine, in this ward; let us pass on to the next, if you have no objection.'

We assented, and retraced our steps to the central corridor, our guide carefully securing behind him the ponderous door of the ward which we had left.

We proceeded a few yards further along the corridor, and the apparitor again halted before a ward on the right hand, over whose arched door we read the inscription: 'PHALARIS WARD. CRUELTY TO THE WEAK.'

'This does, indeed, surprise and humiliate me,' said the M.P. 'I thought that in England at least we restrained man from ill-treating his weaker brother.'

'His weaker *brother*, possibly,' replied our guide coldly; 'you seem to have forgotten two classes of beings who, though not man's brothers, are considerably weaker than he.'

'You refer to ——'

'Women and animals, or animals and women,' said the apparitor; 'forgive me if I mistake the order of precedence.'

'Women!' exclaimed the M.P. 'Surely, sir, the English law at least protects *them*.'

'Protects them!' cried the apparitor, for the first time moved, and speaking with a lofty indignation which overawed us. 'Be silent, sir, for very shame. Do you think the shameful inequalities of your law are unnoticed here? Do you think that when a poor man, guilty of a petty theft, leaves one of your police courts with a heavier sentence than the ruffian who has beaten his wife into a senseless bloody mass—do you think, I say, that we in Hades look upon such a spectacle unmoved?'[1]

Silent and abashed we followed our guide into the ward. This time he did not open the door of any of the cells, but led us directly to the window and bade us look out into the punishment-yard.

We startled in surprise at what we saw there.

The sole occupant of the yard appeared to be a mortal! Yes, there was no mistaking the form and texture of that fleshly garment which we had left behind us—it already seemed so long ago. The being in the court beneath us was a mortal, and, to judge by his brutal features, a mortal of the most degraded type.

'I understand your surprise,' said the apparitor; 'you are looking at the punishment jacket; it has always to be used for prisoners of this kind.'

'The punishment jacket?' we repeated.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'You don't imagine that any punishment which we have could affect the *spirit* of such a fellow as that. Why, you can hardly even *see* his spirit, so mean and small is it when it first arrives in Hades. No: we have to send up to the earth for his body, and reclothe the immortal spirit—save the mark!—with the gross earthly shell that contains the only feelings which he ever possessed; and *then*, and not till then, are we able to apply any corrective agent. Hence we speak of his body here—as the punishment-jacket.'

At this moment a body of warders, armed with stout canes, hurried into the yard, and began belabouring the prisoner with the

[1] On Saturday, April 13, Henry Harris was tried at the Surrey Sessions for having picked up certain tickets in the street tramways carriages and sold them. He was sentenced to *a year's imprisonment with hard labour*.

On the same day Charles Westhorp, was tried for having so beaten Bridget Macdonald, his mistress, that her eyeball had to be removed, and for having, on her returning to him from the hospital, struck the injured socket with such force as to cause it to bleed. Mr. Commissioner Kerr described the offence as an every-day occurrence. He was sentenced to *four months' imprisonment with hard labour*.

heartiest good-will. The fellow roared and bellowed in the most contemptible fashion, darting here and there to avoid the attacks of his tormentors, who stuck to him like a swarm of bees, administering their blows the while with a strength which I should not have believed their shadowy frames to possess. At last the punishment was completed, the warders retired, and the wretched criminal sank whimpering down in the centre of the yard, the large tears of self-pity trickling down his unprepossessing face.

'The worst punishment is to come,' whispered our guide.

As he uttered the words the door of the yard was thrown open, and the shade of a woman rushed towards the prostrate man, and began to cover him with the tenderest caresses and to lavish upon him the most endearing expressions of condolence.

Immediately the ruffian sprang to his feet with a bitter curse, and fiercely reviling the woman as the cause of his recent sufferings, aimed a terrible blow at her face. It fell innocuous upon her shadowy features. A volley of kicks and cuffs followed, but the woman remained erect, calm, unhurt, her arms still outstretched towards the late partner of her joys and sorrows, looking upon him with the same pitying smile. At length, exhausted by his efforts, he sank down, and again subsided into sullen tears, and once more the woman drew near to him and caressed him.

'That,' remarked the apparitor; 'is the part of the punishment which this kind of prisoner feels most.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the poet, 'you mean the wife's beautiful forgiveness of his past brutality.'

'Not at all,' replied the other drily. 'I mean his exasperating inability to hurt her. It has also the strongest reformatory effect. It is not till he feels that she is stronger than himself that he first begins to appreciate her forbearance towards him. In time he will accept her ministrations after each beating without resentment, and even with gratitude. The process is exceedingly slow with these prisoners, but we have known them at last to express regret that in a past state of existence they ever jumped upon their wives.'

'And now,' continued our guide, retracing his steps to the central corridor, 'you have seen as much, perhaps, as you would care to see. The other, and by far the larger portions of the prison—four-fifths, in fact, of the whole—are occupied by cases of *that* stamp;' and he pointed as he spoke to a door over which was inscribed the words 'CARNIFEX WARD. CRUELTY TO THE DUMB.' 'The punishment of these criminals,' continued he, 'varies much in severity, as, indeed, do the degrees of their respective guilt, embracing as it does every shade of crime, from deliberate barbarity to the thoughtless cruelty which is the result

merely of habit and example, and of a lax popular morality on the subject of human amusements;' and he glanced for a moment at the country gentleman.

'But four-fifths!' exclaimed the poet—'four-fifths of this vast building devoted to cases like this? Surely you exaggerate.'

'Exaggerate!' cried the apparitor, again deeply moved. 'You speak as a mortal speaks. What man knows, or, knowing, would dare to think of that eternal tale of wrong and cruelty which ascends night and day from the dumb creatures to the dumb skies? But draw near for one moment, and look, if you can bear it, on the spectacle which is ever before the eyes of those imprisoned here.'

We looked down from the window at which he stood. A vast courtyard was spread below, filled with dumb animals in every form and attitude of pain—overdriven oxen, dusty and staggering, faint and bleeding from the goad; overladen horses, prostrate beneath their too great burdens, wealed and quivering from the cruel lash; the dog, stunned by the kicks and blows of a brutal master, drawing breath painfully beneath his broken ribs, yet ever looking round with a wistful eye for the savage face he still loved, his tongue ready to lick the merciless hand; nearer to us, and directly beneath, a crowd of wild things in the slow agonies of a lingering death—the bursting flanks and glazing eye of the hunted fox—the rumpled, bloody mass of feathers which was once a bird. A confused murmur ascended constantly from the dying crowd below—a murmur in which we ever and anon distinguished the dull lowing of the tortured cattle, or the piteous whine of the dog, or the child-like shriek of the wounded hare. The very air around seemed heavy and faint with the fumes of suffering. We turned from the window sick with horror.

'It is enough,' said the apparitor, whom not all his familiarity with it had hardened to the scene; 'let us leave this place. And you, sir,' he added sternly to the country gentleman, and pointing towards the wild animals below, 'remember and reflect upon what you have witnessed.'

The squire returned no answer, but appeared wrapped in remorseful reflections.

[*To be continued.*]

A SONG OF THE YOUTHS.

By Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy.

Lo, in the palace, lo, in the street,
  Beautiful beyond measure;
Yea, gods or women, for glory and sweet—
  The youths, the princes of pleasure!

Idle and crowned in the long day's sun;
  Turbulent, passionate, sad;
Full of the soul of the deed to be done,
  Or the thought of the joy latest had;
They walk their way through the crowds that run;
  They pass through the crowds that part;
And the women behold them, and each knows one,
  How mighty he is in her heart.

Lo, in the palace, lo, in the street,
  Beautiful beyond measure;
Yea, gods for glory and women for sweet—
  The youths, the princes of pleasure!

They win with the vehemence of their souls,
  With the swiftness of their fame;
Their strong and radiant look controls
  And smiles the world to shame.
Their rule is large, and, like fair lords,
  They lavish a goodly treasure:
They live of the joy the world affords,
  And they pay the world with pleasure.

One passes bright through the crowd down there,
Named and known of repute;
One hath a scandal of rich flowing hair,
And the musical tongue of a lute;
O the women beholding, who thrill and say:
While that one stays on the earth,
I can have, in the secret of night or of day,
More delight than a man's life is worth!

O the woman who says in the midst of the crowd:
Beautiful riotous one,
Do I not know you through semblance and shroud,
Even as I see the sun?
Burning and swift, and divine you are;
But I have you all to treasure;
Women may love you, but mine you are,
And prince of the princes of pleasure!

Lo, in the palace, lo, in the street,
Beautiful beyond measure;
Yea, gods for glory and women for sweet—
The youths, the princes of pleasure!

A Real Education for Women.

By Amelia Lewis.

III.

In saying that Nature has placed in woman's hands the fostering care of humanity, we gave a firm basis to regulate female education by; in advocating, as the principal means to gain a sound education, the thorough study of our own native language, and the complete acquisition of the primary science of 'numbers,' we indicated the first step to become fitted for such fostering care; and in adding that the very beginning of mental culture must go hand-in-hand with physical training, we directed female education into healthy channels.

On this ground-work must be built any superstructure of further attainments; not in *pêle mêle* confusion, merely suggesting in a desultory manner that the study of any and every subject fits girls for the general duties of life, but on a rational plan, gaining by each step another useful addition to the first basis.

It is probable that we look first in life *around* us, that means into the present, not *behind* us, that means into the past; and yet the knowledge of the past, or history—not even its spirit, but its isolated facts—is considered far more important than the slightest acquaintance with those physical powers which are the very substance of our life. To our view natural philosophy, in however simplified a form, is the first step to higher culture; to give the minds of girls, inclined as they are towards imaginative and emotional fluctuations, some steady purpose, let them early comprehend those laws by which the great natural phenomena are guided. Let them have some insight into the actual powers that underlie creation, and let them know the primary facts of the various branches in natural history. We do not at all go beyond girls' province in this assertion of ours, natural history is taught in Prussian schools to mere children beginning with seven years.

It would scarcely be possible to think that people could live in a house without wishing to become acquainted with its various apartments; in the same way we might consider it self-evident that we should

desire to know something of the globe we inhabit, and combine this study of man's habitation with the study of his career and development, that is, combine geography and history. A great educationalist in Berlin, Ritter, has established a method of uniting the two, and if, particularly with girls, clearness of perception—how the earth is formed and how the various people in it have occupied different dwelling places, have risen to greatness and gone to decay, making way for others, who are *actually* flourishing—is to be produced, then we cannot teach one branch of knowledge without referring to the other. Such instruction will force upon pupils the conviction that they are dealing with real life, not with dead forms. The first cause of a nation's individual development is the climatic influence under which it lives, and the productive power of the land it inhabits. For girls it is absolutely necessary to know something of the industrial progress of peoples; it brings home to them, in positive facts, the necessity of useful employments, the utter absurdity of allowing life to be a dead heap of selfish and inane occupations, that centre only upon individual gratification.

Suppose girls are becoming gradually acquainted with their own mother tongue, are grasping the science of numbers, are beginning to understand the laws of Nature, and acquiring some knowledge of the globe and its former and present inhabitants, with their industrial occupations; what is the next step in rational education? The knowledge of a science until now utterly ignored, because only in our day are we becoming aware that individual life composes the particles of social life, and that such a thing as 'social economy, or science' exists; combined with it is domestic economy, and both are of the highest importance in the education of girls. Households and nations have to be directed by *method* founded on sound principles and correct information, and if either one or the other is under the influence of wayward, uncertain management, we may be sure, to ruin it will go. However clear our perception may be in this matter, unless from early days the value of method and system has been inculcated on the mind, the finest talent and best intentioned will must fail to obtain useful results in life. All government is nothing, but method applied to the management of a nation's large household and 'social science and economy,' comprise both the wider and narrower sphere.

To this social economy appertain many subjects, as the knowledge of maintaining the health of the body, of undertaking the preparation of food and understanding the suitableness of clothing and dwelling, and from a larger point of view the duties which bind individuals to communities. There is no superfine learning in such branches of instruction; on the contrary, they form the staple not the fanciful forms on which education should be moulded.

As the mind imperceptibly grows in actual knowledge, so should instruction be given in guiding girls' senses to artistic development. Sound information is the sap of life, but that sap may take graceful forms, and so may the well-instructed mind blend with the agreeable cultivation of the senses, of sight and hearing, expressed in drawing and music. Again we say begin early, teach the eye to see and the hand to form what it sees; teach the ear to hear melody, and the voice to imitate what it hears; by such teaching will you give the first blow to immorality in after life. If our senses find agreeable and useful occupation, and our limbs fair play, immoral desires of whatever kind, can never gain sway over us, and the more girls, who are unfortunately now the inheritors of feeble minds and weakened frames, are trained in rational sound ways of instruction and cultivation, the more will their strengthened nature re-act upon the male sex, and guide them to purer ways of living.

The acquisition of foreign tongues, however useful and conducive to real universal happiness and mutually good understanding of the human race, is not the primary object of a girl's education; when the first subjects of paramount home importance are being attended to, then subjoin the teaching of the modes how other peoples express their thoughts, and let us not forget, that if we have taught girls to understand properly the signs that express their own language, it will be merely a matter of short time to train the muscles of the mouth in forming the sounds of other languages. Even such knowledge of sounds would be useless unless we can make learners of French and German understand the spirit of these languages, and particularly teach girls the development of the literature of other nations.

Our subjects may appear too multifarious to many people; it is a mistake. Where real forms of rational teaching are understood, one part of knowledge glides naturally into the other, and helps to form a corollary of sequences that alone can be called education. And here we come to the vital question—what is rational teaching?

There is perhaps no part of the great educational phase now stirring the nation less understood than that of teaching. In our anxiety to let children learn, we forget that we must first learn ourselves how to teach, and that particularly the instruction of girls should counteract the evil effects of early, purposeless nursery training. When girls' education will be considered of equal importance with that of boys', then shall we become fully aware of the terrible criminal neglect under which girls have laboured; it is not astonishing that there is so little moral stamina in modern female existence; it is far more astonishing that society is not near dissolution under such a one-sided system of useful development.

The natural capabilities and instincts of woman must be of the very highest order, or she would have utterly succumbed under this educational neglect of centuries, and she must possess an unbounded vitality to try and right herself in some way, as she is doing now.

Let us take the other case. Let us suppose men to have been neglected, and women to have been favoured in educational means; what would have been the result?—a most disastrous deterioration of the male sex. But it will be said this neglect would be impossible, as men *must* be trained to gain a living. How many branches of this system of gaining a living are not partially at work for men's crimes, faults, and shortcomings? The clerical profession rebukes our sins, the legal profession indulges them, and the medical feeds on them; all three would be better employed in maintaining bodily and moral health than in curing bodily and mental disease. And to what efforts, to what expense of means, time, and energy does the preparation for these three professions not lead? While the little girl, who is to be a good mother and a sensible wife, is left in the shade, her brother is endued with an immense amount of importance, as being a boy, and having to prepare himself to be a 'curer of humanity,' when the very cure would become far less needed if the girl's influence were allowed to come into full action and righteous play.

The teaching of girls requires a most thorough investigation. Such books have been until now in use as preclude utterly any development of girls' minds. The method of short questions and sharp answers, to be learnt by heart, is not only so much time and energy thrown away, but it dulls receptive faculties, and chokes up reflective powers. What an annual income must 'Magnall's Questions' not have brought? This book has been actually filled up, in its new editions, by more bits of odd information on subjects of the most various meaning; would it not be best to take it and all its brothers and sisters and make a great, big holocaust of them before they can torture children's—particularly poor girls'—brains any more, and introduce the oddest notions of ancient and modern history into them? The information may be all right, but it is worse than useless, it is mischievous in its effect, if doled out in small, homœopathic particles to minds that do not know what to do with it, or where to place it. These are all lazy books, originated for the indulgence of the teacher and the torment and loss of the learner.

Children, particularly girls, are beings with ideas, with living, active mental organisations, stretching out little sensitive tendrils that 'want to know.' Now, the teacher is not only to satisfy that want, but also to originate it, and remain in constant connection with it; the teacher must therefore be the book of questions and answers; *he* or *she* must know the facts, must have learnt to combine them, and bring them

home to the child in that form. The teachers must in fact become inventors themselves, authors themselves. Half of our instruction books are worse than waste paper; and neither are means taken to get really thoughtful and competent men and women, who can adapt their system to the various stages of instruction, to write instruction books, nor are teachers' seminaries instituted in which the 'art of teaching' is made the first and most conspicuous subject. All we possess in cultivation we owe to those who have gone before us, and in our time conscience is being awakened that our preparation should be the *gain* of those who come after us, since every age does really of necessity depend on its predecessor. Education is therefore in the ascendant; but it must be education, not a make-believe; money, if spent on this object, should be spent soundly and well.

The general education which we advocate for all girls, and on which may be engrafted what more extended education is thought necessary, requires, above all, sound teaching. Where and how can it be obtained? We must candidly own that we do not trust ourselves to speak on the subject of girls' education in comparison to boys', our indignation might get the better of us and shock our readers; but when we look to Germany, to countries where English wealth is unknown, and where female general education is as tenderly nursed as male, then we must say that rich, wealthy England had better awaken from its torpor, and not show such utter indifference to the demands made upon it.

We have a college preparing for the Cambridge University examination; we have local examinations of four universities; we have ladies' colleges with professorial lectures, but we have, besides the attempts of two or three brave ladies to establish something like general schools on the pattern of grammar-schools, no agency whatever for that rational sound early education, which alone can benefit the female sex *in toto*.

This we demand, for this we have drawn out our scanty plan, and this only can in any way meet the necessities of the case. Large public schools, where they are practicable; properly trained teachers; regular examinations; *no* prizes, but certificates of various degrees; governesses that have qualified themselves to teach, where home education *must* be adopted, and private schools over which ladies preside, not from need, but from capability, such are the first remedies of a state of things that must soon become a scandal to the nation. We cannot compute the exact amount of pecuniary means expended by funded property annually for boys' education, but we know it reaches *millions;* we don't *beg* for a share, we say, shame on the men that can withhold a share of it from the girls.

Why do not some courageous women make a tour of inspection abroad to become acquainted with female education there, and bring home

their experience? There are women with means who might do so; we call upon *them* to answer our wish, and on their return force the nation into active enterprise. Such a journey would do more to alleviate the ills 'mankind is heir to,' than many costly institutions on which funds are now wasted; in fact, till women's sound education is recognised as a primary *national* need, we must bear with a good deal of wrong and senseless immorality.

POEMS.

By Sir Francis H. Doyle, Bart.

Andalusian Canzonet from the French of Theophile Gautier.

Down-sliding from my snow-white bosom,
Fell lost a red carnation blossom
Within the whirling river.
Alas! that blossom how recover,
By the rude torrent washed all over,
Then borne away for ever?
Oh, lovely flowret, earth's bright daughter,
Why trust the stream, to ruin hasting?
Had I not tears enough to water
Thy sweet life, slowly wasting?

Imitated from the French.

Amid the green brook-fringing grasses,
Droops Helen, with her young hopes shattered.
O'er brow and arm, in shining masses,
The golden curls are scattered.

Her white feet play within the river,
As throbs her heart, so play they faster,
With sand and foam-bells troubling ever,
Each chrystal wave flung past her.

From a branch o'er the bright flood leaning,
To watch each shadow as it glances,
A bird sings with such force and meaning,
She hears (it seems) not fancies

Remonstance warbled thus: 'Oh, maiden,
Why taint my pure stream thus? Why wrong her?
With sand, and foam, and tears o'erladen,
She mirrors heaven no longer.

The sun, the moon, the stars within her,
Lost nothing of their living beauty.
Depart then, leaving Time to win her
Back to the light of duty.

The maiden murmured, yes! too surely
She brightens when I am not near her.
The blue sky, since she floweth purely,
Holds her as dear, or dearer.
But woe is me—for endless sorrow—
A maiden's soul, unlike this river,
Once darkened, knows no brighter morrow.
Her heaven is gone for ever.

From Heine.

A pine tree standeth lonely
On a bleak northern hill.
And sleeps with ice surrounded
With snow that falleth still.

There is one palm he dreams of,
Far in the morning land,
Who mourns alone, and silent,
Mid rocks and burning sand.

Lines suggested by the above.

They dream, but dreams are of the night;
Will not the sun rise by-and-by?
Or is the hope that thirsts for light
Only a mocking lie?

A wond'rous dawn may wake, and turn
To floods of life the phantom snows,
Whilst desert sands that drift and burn,
Shall blossom as the rose.

The pine and palm may feel that then
  Both cold and heat, and Time and Space,
On Polar crag, in tropic glen,
  To other laws give place.

Through them, whilst the young heavens grow rife
  With joy, and amaranth fragrance sweet,
Distance dies off from spirit life,
  That severed hearts may meet.

Oh leave that thought to float above,
  Each parching leaf, each blighted bough;
It breathes of hope, it breathes of love,
  It worketh on—even now,

In the dark pine's despairing breast,
  To melt the bitter frost of pain;
And on his drooping palm tree's crest
  Falls like the early rain.

A Morning Performance;

OR, A TUDOR VISION.

By H. Shütz Wilson.

'What were the wise man's plan?
Through this sharp, toil-set life
To fight as best he can,
And win what's won by strife.'

Matthew Arnold.

'And for my part, if only one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this,
He is to me a theatre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is.'

Daniel.

In one of the closing years of the great sixteenth century—towards the end of the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and of the life of the last Tudor monarch—a father and a son were speaking eagerly together in the great bay window of the old Hall of Greyscote, in Kent. The subject of their talk was a theme often discussed, but never yet settled, between them—the question, namely, of the future career and prospects of the young man. The son wished to push his fortune, and the fortunes of his house, by sailing with Raleigh, or by fighting under Vere; the father desired to keep his only child with him and at home. The father was sitting in the deep embrasure of the mullioned window, while the son, booted and spurred, stood by him, and looked from time to time restlessly through the window into the court, in which a noble bay horse, held by a servant, stood tossing his proud head, and rattling the chains of bit and curb. The futile talk exhausted itself; the father turned wearily to his book, while the son, with an eager and elastic step, passed out of the room into the court, and mounting lightly into the saddle, whistled to his dogs, and rode away into the July day. Fair shone the summer sun on lovely, leafy Kent, as the young horseman galloped gaily towards his tryst of love; sadly streamed the sunbeams on the bowed form of the pale father, who, in the still noon, forgot to read, and sat with clasped hands—thinking, thinking, thinking!

Francis Grey, the father, a poor gentleman of fallen fortunes, was a sad and soured man. Long a widower, he loved his only son intensely, though with a weak and selfish fondness. He had for many years withdrawn from all active struggle with a world in which he lacked force to push his fortunes. The family had suffered heavily, and had lost title, wealth, and land, in the Wars of the Roses. Once depressed it had remained unfortunate. It had not produced since its first declension a man of mark or energy enough to raise it to its former greatness. Francis Grey lived on dreamily in his old hall of Greyscote, though only a portion of the great house was inhabited, while neglect and decay slowly saddened or beautified the once stately mansion. His establishment consisted of a few old servants, and his stables contained more stalls than horses. Round about Greyscote the county was studded with the splendid homes of more prosperous and more wealthy families; but Francis Grey, a proud, reserved man, brooding moodily and morbidly over his fallen fortunes, rather shunned intercourse with his wealthy and powerful neighbours. The Greys were related by marriage or consanguinity to the Sidneys of Penshurst, and to the Pembrokes of Wilton; though Francis Grey, querulous and inert, resenting secretly the prosperity of others, and feeling irritably his own decadence, did not keep up much intercourse with his renowned relatives. He had been, in his youth, a somewhat studious man; and retaining a lingering love for scholarship, he still killed time through many a long, calm hour by reading Latin authors, in the stagnant stillness of life in weary, sleepy Greyscote.

Vainly would the archæologist or the poet now search for Greyscote. The old hall exists no more. It passed into the hands of other lords than those who, for so many generations, had lived and ruled there. Sorely damaged in the Parliamentary wars, fire completed the ruin which assault began; and in the reign of Charles II. the old house was burned to the ground. The only traces now left of the once stately ancestral home are a few stumps of grey ruined wall standing up in fields, and overgrown with ivy. The house is gone, and its place knows it no more.

The house had, it is probable, been originally a moated manor-house, or walled grange, dating from that Edwardian epoch in which the gentry, who stood below the great nobles, built mansions which were not wholly castles. It may have occupied the site of an earlier castle—destroyed, perhaps, in the struggles of the Roses wars. It had been greatly added to and altered in the days of Henry VII., when one Walter de Grey brought great wealth to his house by marriage. He would seem, however, to have spent his money in building, since his three successors —including the father and the grandfather of Francis Grey—were poor men, who made no mark in life. The house in the years which preceded

the death of Queen Elizabeth combined characteristics which may be in part suggested to readers of this day by a combination of Penshurst, or a small Knole, based upon Igtham manor-house. Greyscote was half grange, half court.

The son whom we have seen riding away from the Hall was Herbert Grey, so named after his godfather, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Herbert Grey had all the energy which his father lacked. He had those qualities which might either form or restore the fortunes of a house, and he longed to repair Greyscote and to renew its glories. Strong and active, fond of riding, of fencing, and of all knightly exercise, Master Herbert had in him also a touch of love for the sonnet, and was especially fond of the Arcadia of his great kinsman and neighbour of Penshurst, and of that anatomy of wit, the Euphues of John Lyly. Herbert was full of youth, of noble young enthusiasms, forces, desires. He might have sat to Shakspeare as a model for Bassanio, or to Scott, as a suggestion for a knightly young cadet of romance. Though fond of poetry he had, nevertheless, no tendency to spend half his nights and all his days in a cell, to get a dark, pale face, and to come forth worth the ivy and the bays. Thrilling with life, he longed for action. He dreamed of sailing with Drake or Raleigh, of fighting against Spain and Rome in the Low Countries; and he always thought, with the thought natural to an Englishman in days in which the ancestral home was the centre of life, of returning, after winning knighthood, to settle at Greyscote, which should once more blaze with light and bray with minstrelsy. The lad's education had been desultory, though not badly suited to develope his character. He had been brought up in early youth by a tutor, indoors, and by a huntsman in the open air.

At sixteen—for men went early to College in the days of Elizabeth—he was entered at Corpus Christi, Cambridge. He passed with fair distinction through his academic career, though his renown was as great for sports, for sword-play, or for inditing an occasional sonnet, as it was for the classics. Herbert had in him a strong strain of romance, and a deeply-seated enthusiastic patriotism. He dreamed of love, and he longed for adventure, with the quaint ardour characteristic of his age and day. His ideal hero was Sir Philip Sidney. Popular as Sir Philip was with all noble English youth, Herbert took in him the nearer interest of relationship. He remembered well what little he had seen in his boyhood of Sidney. He remembered also how the 'heavens were hung with black,' and gloom fell upon all England, when, in 1585, the news came home of the early and heroic death of the poet-soldier at Zutphen. Youth, in Elizabeth's time, did not want for high ideals or for noble models.

In those days life in English country-houses lived its daily course very

quietly and leisurely. The great clock in the turret ticked, the sunshine slanted in the court, the snow lay upon the roof, and day succeeded day in monotonous stillness and calm. Public news travelled slowly, and home events were few. The father was restless with querulous discontent; the son, when he returned from college, was eager with longings for action. In Herbert's boyhood he had looked wistfully after the gentle knight as Sir Philip rode away on horseback from Penshurst to London. Herbert became restless at home; he longed to go to London; he thought that in London he could not fail to make a career and to win a name. In London was the court, the playhouse, the tilt-yard. From London started the great captains for war by land or sea. To London were attracted all ambitious and enterprising spirits, and to London Herbert longed more strongly day by day to go. His father could not bear to part with his son; he postponed decision and kept the youth at home in still and lonely Greyscote, which Herbert filled with the yearnings of active and dreaming youth. He sported, rode, and read; he pined, and fretted, and wearied; until, in the opening of his twentieth year, love came to the young student of the Arcadia and the Sonnets, and stirred up life to sweet but turbulent unrest.

Master Herbert had placed his love highly, as beseemed a young dreamer of romance.

It was placed indeed too high for hope. Fair Mistress Lettice, then nearly the same age as Herbert, was the daughter of old Sir Robert Heygate of Holmswood, and was one of the richest heiresses in the county.

The position af an heiress, *temp.* Elizabeth, was that of a great prize, as Portia was in Belmont.

If the four winds did not blow in from every sea renowned suitors to Lettice Heygate, yet Kent, and even the adjacent counties furnished pretenders enough for a hand so fair and so full: although Herbert was the only aspirant who had received from her bright eyes 'fair speechless messages.' It was certain that her family would never tolerate as a suitor the heir of fallen Greyscote; it was unlikely that a girl surrounded by suitors would be left unmarried until Master Herbert should succeed in winning the fame and fortune that he meant to achieve. Love's present is, however, so dear to youth, that lovers are not frightened by the shadow of the future; and Mistress Lettice and Master Herbert, artful with the instinctive cunning of love, found frequent opportunities of meeting, and found those meetings so dear, that dread was never felt until they parted. In those sunny hours in the hall, or in those stolen interviews in the park, in which the deer crouched amid the fern, or sheltered beneath the oak, Mistress Lettice dreamed not that she should become the stately wife of a noble earl, and Master Herbert divined not

that he should be the last heir of Greyscote. Francis Grey was too proud to have sanctioned, had he known of it, his son's vain suit for the white hand of the wealthy heiress, and Herbert knew that he could not reckon upon his father's help. Fair Lettice also knew (though she did not quite know that she knew), that her parents would never approve the addresses of one so poor as her Herbert, and so the young lovers, happy in the ignorant present, were led to love on in secret without seeking a sanction which would have led to instant severance. They were young, and fair, and fond. They loved and dreamed, but did not think of hope. The future might be dim, but the present was ecstasy.

Of course, such a passion could not remain very long undetected. Perhaps custom made the lovers neglect caution; perhaps very great happiness is not made to last, but certain it is that the young lovers were rudely shaken from their dream of security. They were seen together and watched. Their interviews were reported to the parents, and there ensued a quarrel between the houses. Mistress Lettice was closely watched, or even locked up, and Herbert was forbidden angrily by his father to see her again. Friends interfered, and a very pretty and pretty general quarrel was soon the result.

The lovers, as a matter of course, presently found means to meet; but on this occasion they were not allowed to meet in peace. The parents of Mistress Lettice had found a suitor whom they approved, and this gentleman, the Earl of Faversham, having received some notice of the interview, or impelled by the cunning of jealousy, watched Lettice as she stole through the summer gloaming into the deer park, and followed quickly on her flying steps. The approved suitor summoned Lettices' father, and while the lovers whispered softly, standing together beneath the broad shadow of the 'Lady's Oak,' the father and the rival rushed upon them, and the lovers were separated. Then ensued a stormy quarrel; reproaches, threats, tears, protestations. In the temper in which Herbert was, an antagonist was a godsend to him, and the rivals exchanged words of such high disdain and bitter insult, that before the interview terminated the two gentlemen understood that if either were walking very early next morning in a particular part of the park, he might expect to see the other, who, as usual, would wear his sword that morning. In fact, at five next morning the rivals might have been seen stealing quietly to a meeting in the park, at which meeting they purposed to practise the art which Rowland Yorke imported into England. They had no witnesses of their own selecting, but a forester, one John Wyatt, who was about early to look after the deer, saw the rivals, at once divined their purpose, and ran off to the hall to summon help and to fetch a chirurgeon.

While John Wyatt, the forester, was thus hasting for help, the combat commenced. After brief and stern salutation, the rivals threw off their cloaks and doublets, laid aside sword-belts and sheaths, and gravely measured the length of the bright blades. Herbert was possessed by one fixed idea, which had entirely dominated his mind since the quarrel. He saw ever before him the sad eyes of Lettice, and he glowed with a deep angry indignation at the scornful rival who, unloved of Lettice, would yet, because he was an Earl, and spacious in the possession of dirt, come between him and her. Herbert's white heat of rage shut out the thought of danger and excluded the idea of death. His opponent, some five or six years older than Herbert, was cold with a haughty dislike, which longed to remove a favoured rival, and to chastise impertinence.

The morning was bright and calm; the early sunbeams shone softly on the trunks of the great trees, and on the sparkling grass. They had selected an open space of short and tolerably level turf, near a row of noble elms. The birds were chirping in the boughs, the coney rustled in the near fern, as, armed each with rapier and with dagger, the opponents approached each other. With locked lips and steady-gazing eyes, which reflected an intense look of fixed and dangerous purpose, they came within range, and the bright blades flashed as they clinked in crossing.

It was Herbert's first duel, and he was too rash. The swords—keen, cold, sharp—played round each other, edge to edge, as the rivals feinted for an opening. Suddenly Herbert darted in a rapid lunge in *carte*, which his opponent parried with his dagger, and Herbert sprang backwards just in time to get out of the range of a dangerous *riposte*. They re-engaged, but more slowly, and with more wary determination, until, after several passes and parries, Herbert was slightly wounded in the dagger arm. This scratch intensified Herbert's resolution, and the swift, clear steel gleamed and sparkled as the swords flashed rapidly to and fro between the rivals, who were growing incensed with the very lust and heat and ardour of combat. Twice they paused, and drew back out of range. Neither spoke a word: each knew that the other was a good swordsman and a brave man. Herbert was the more active, and more impulsive in attack; but his antagonist was strong in his parades, and very skilful in riposting. Herbert grew more desperate, and attacked yet more fiercely. His rival drew back a step, and, after feinting in *tierce*, lunged swiftly. Herbert half parried the fierce thrust, but was again scratched—this time in the left shoulder. Ten minutes, at least, had passed since they commenced, and neither could find out the point in which his antagonist was weaker than himself. In the midst of a desperate rally, Herbert bethought him of a *botte* taught him by an

Italian fencing-master, and, amid the quick darting of the blinding steel, his sword passed through his opponent's guard, and entered deep into the body.

As Herbert withdrew his sword, and stood on guard, the Earl fell heavily. Just at that instant the forester, John Wyatt, came running very fast, followed at some little distance by several other persons, also hurrying, but not able to keep up with the fleet-footed keeper. Wyatt, who saw the Earl's fall, shouted as he ran, to Herbert:

'Fly, Master Herbert! fly, and save yourself! I will look to the Earl. Old Sir Robert, and my lady, and all of them are coming, and we have gotten a surgeon. Fly, sir! at once! Do not stop until the rest come up!'

Hastily snatching up his cloak and hat, Herbert sprang upon his horse, and rode off at a gallop. He could not know whether he had killed his rival, nor dared he wait to ascertain. The case was briefly explained to his father, and it was determined that Herbert should forthwith ride for London, and there seek out his godfather the Earl of Pembroke. The father promised to acquaint his son with the issue of the duel, and furnished the young fellow with money and advice. Amid the whirl of his thoughts Herbert felt that he should not be able again to see Lettice, but hoped that in London he might at length commence the career which should win her yet. He reflected with a kind of rage that the Earl would be carried to the Hall, and would be in the same house with Lettice; but the result of the duel would, he well knew, raise him up many powerful enemies in the county, and he felt that he had no resource but flight. His brief preparations were quickly made. His father was very kind and anxious; the good bay horse stood saddled in the courtyard; and with a heavy heart Herbert mounted and rode rapidly off, taking the bridle path by which he had seen Sir Philip Sidney start from Penshurst for the City of the Court.

There were then no coaches and no carriage roads, and the ways were evil, difficult, and sometimes even dangerous. Herbert was young, armed, rode a good horse, and was too much occupied with his own sad thoughts to heed much of danger. He lay one night upon the road, and on the second day reached London, and put up at an hostelry in the Strand, kept by a Kentish man who came from Herbert's own part of the country, and knew well the Greys of Greyscote.

Thus Fate had suddenly brought about the fruition of a long-cherished wish. Francis Grey had steadily opposed the departure of his only son from the lonely old house; but the duel had decided the point, and Herbert found himself in that London of which he had fondly dreamed as the place in which energy could attain to fortune. He had parted with regret from the old father, now left alone in the desolate home; he was

anxious for news of the Earl; he was at times buoyed up by sanguine youthful hope of a successful future, but all other feelings were swallowed up in the master passion, as the young man, sitting alone in his room in the inn, in the great city, kissed a ribbon and a token, and felt his own eyes dim as he thought fondly of the dear eyes of his own gentle Lettice.

Rising the next morning, Master Herbert could not refrain from looking curiously at the royal city of which he had dreamed so often and so long. The Palace of Westminster, and York Place, as also the Savoy, then existed in their splendour. Riding down the Strand, past Somerset House, and the other riverside palaces, set in gardens, of princely nobles, he passed the Temple, and came to the Palace of Bridewell and to Baynard's Castle. Old St. Paul's still raised its stately spire, and the Tower had not then been touched by Wren. Old London Bridge, picturesque with many turrets and houses built above its narrow arches, spanned the river, which, silver and silent, was, above bridge, only stirred by the oars of princely barges, or of ordinary boats crossing from Paul's or from Somerset Place to the Southwark side. Off the Tower lay some ships of the Navy and merchant vessels, the precursors of the forest of masts of later days.

The country to north and to south of London was plainly visible from the Strand, and the streets were charming with the picturesque domestic architecture of gable, cross-beam, and lintel, which marked a home-loving people, whose energy of natural character was ennobled by a sense of the beautiful.

As Herbert rode on, marking with the fresh interest of youth all the fair sights of the strange city, he half ceased for the time to think of Mistress Lettice's golden hair, of her tender eyes, and of her delicate beauty. His sadness was dissipated by the charm of novelty and by the magic of wonder. He saw Elizabeth's London for the first time—and he was young.

Herbert soon found friends in London. He was handsome, tall, brave, and had the frank, sweet manners of noble youth. But while waiting to see the patron to whom, according to the manners of his time, he looked for help—he wrote an epistle to fair Mistress Lettice, in which he assured her of eternal fidelity, prayed her to be equally constant, and informed her of his purpose to win for her a name and fortune. This letter reached the lady; but parental control was in those days a stern and real thing; and vainly did fair Lettice hope to be allowed to wait till a poor suitor, rejected by her family, should win the fortune already possessed by others who sought her hand.

Herbert had friends of influence in London. He was received with great kindness by the Earl of Pembroke, and by that 'subject of all verse'—that Sidney's sister for whom the Arcadia was written. He was

presented to Burleigh, and introduced at Court, where his fresh fair face and stately figure were looked upon approvingly by the old Queen, who, during her long reign, had seen so many splendid specimens of noble English manhood. His habit, costly as his purse could buy—though that purse was not very deep—Herbert waited, and courted, and lived the life of the young gallant of the day. He heard from his father that his rival, though sorely wounded, was doing well under the hands of the surgeon; and in those days of simple faith a man's conscience was not troubled by an honourable duel. One memory kept him pure. The eyes of gentle Lettice, in the portrait which memory and passion painted in his breast, seemed to follow him everywhere. He chafed at all delays that kept him back from winning her. But for the thought of her, and of the difficulties in the way of winning her, he would have been happy in the new and splendid life of pleasure and of hope.

While in London Herbert had the good fortune to become acquainted with the gentle Southampton, and to be well liked of that cultured and courteous nobleman. Southampton shunned the court, but was constant to the playhouse. He was the friend and patron of Shakspeare, who has repaid the obligation by making him immortal in virtue of the poet's dedications to him. Southampton was one of the first to recognize the transcendent genius of the poet who wears 'the crown o' the world,' and he worshipped Shakspeare 'on this side idolatry.' Southampton had a true critical sympathy, which could value at its full worth whatever the poet could create, and not unawares he entertained an angel. The noble and the poet were friends, and often met at the wit combat at the Tavern, or, in quieter hours, in Southampton's house. In days in which all criticism was oral, Southampton had great influence in spreading the player's reputation among the noble and the refined. He urged upon Herbert the necessity of seeing one of Shakspeare's plays. The poet had just written a new play called 'Hamlet,' or 'The Tragicall Historie of the Prince of Denmark,' and had shown the manuscript to the noble, who was enthusiastic in his delight. He proposed to take Herbert to the first representation, and after a dinner in the middle of the day at an ordinary, the friends took barge to Blackfriars, and reached the theatre by three o'clock. Herbert was excited by anticipation, and Southampton criticised the cast, while he prophesied a great success for the play, which he held to be the poet's noblest work. And so Master Herbert Grey found himself for the first time in a playhouse,—in the Blackfriars Theatre in Playhouse Yard,—and was to see the first version of Shakspeare's 'Hamlet' played for the first time by Her Majesty's servants. Shakspeare, though already recognized by the judicious as a great and ever rising dramatic genius, had not then attained to the full altitude of such fame as, even in his lifetime, he acquired; but still

great expectations were excited by his new play, and the house was full of eager spectators. Herbert obtained, through Southampton's influence, a stool on the rush-covered stage itself, and sat there with Southampton and with Rutland, surrounded by other nobles and persons of rank and mark who loved plays and players. The gallants wore plumed hats, and gay cloaks, hanging from the left shoulder, over quaint and dainty doublets. Those who had come by water wore high shoes with rosettes; those whose horses were being held outside the theatre wore long boots and jingled massive spurs. Each gay hanger suspended a rapier, bell-hilted and guarded with carving, tracery, and bar; a picturesque costume, though one that never had its Van Dyck. The pit was filled with the 'groundlings,' and the house was eager to enjoy, and to criticise, through enjoyment. No journals then, or newspapers; no professional critics who wrote notices of plays for payment. Criticism was then the task of noblemen, scholars, poets, who met in the playhouse and discussed in the tavern. The judgment of the competent, disseminated orally, spread through the town and made the success of the player and the playwright. At length the house was hushed and the play began. After three soundings of the trumpet, the prologue was spoken and the curtain drew aside. The opening lines of 'Hamlet' were then spoken for the first time.

Now, to every cultured Englishman the lines of 'Hamlet' are household words; the characters are a part of our experience; the events form a portion of our romance. The play is interwoven with our lives; but on the day which I am trying to recall from oblivion to a faint and shadowy life, the words were heard, the incidents were seen, for the first time. Think of the first representation of 'Hamlet!' Think of the surprise of delight with which the lofty language of the great soliloquy was listened to! Imagine the rapture of interest with which the first spectators followed the development of the story—a story which, admirable as in itself it is, is never allowed to be more than the vehicle for those objects of art which are higher than mere story or than plot. As the play proceeded, and the events which we now know so well unfolded themselves for the first time in action, the audience was moved to the deepest emotion; although Shakspeare feared at first that his highest thoughts would remain unrecognized, and would even imperil the success of the work as a whole. The first popular judgment of 'Hamlet' was necessarily chaotic and confused. The work was so great that its full greatness could not be fully discerned at once. Men felt that they were in the presence of something utterly great, of something almost beyond the reaches of their souls, and yet—though the play was pronounced to be decidedly successful—there were divided opinions, and persons who doubted whether so much philosophy would

great expectations were excited by his new play, and the house was full of eager spectators. Herbert obtained, through Southampton's influence, a stool on the rush-covered stage itself, and sat there with Southampton and with Rutland, surrounded by other nobles and persons of rank and work who loved plays and players. The gallants wore plumed hats, and gay cloaks, hanging from the left shoulder, over quaint and dainty doublets. Those who had come by water wore high shoes with rosettes; those whose horses were being held outside the theatre wore long boots [illegible] massive spurs. Each gay hanger suspended a rapier, bell-[illegible] marked with carving, tracery, and bar; a picturesque costume, [illegible] that never had its Van Dyck. The pit was filled with the [illegible] and the house was eager to enjoy, and to criticise, through [illegible]. No journals then, or newspapers; no professional critics [illegible] of plays for payment. Criticism was then the task [illegible] scholars, poets who met in the playhouse and discussed in [illegible]. The judgment of the competent, disseminated orally, spread [illegible] the town and made the success of the player and the play-[illegible]. At [illegible] was hushed and the play began. After [illegible] of the trumpet, the prologue was spoken and the curtain [illegible]. The opening lines of 'Hamlet' were then spoken for the [illegible].

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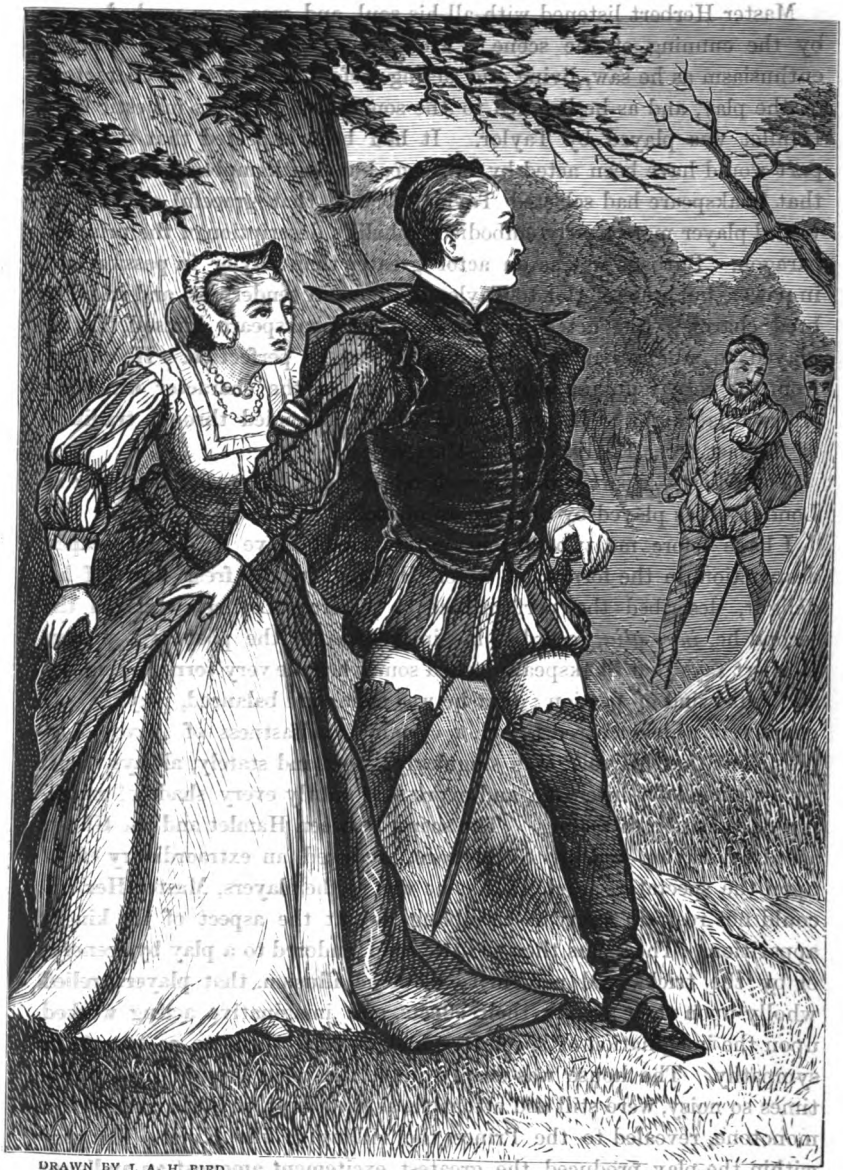


DRAWN BY J. A. H. BIRD. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'A MORNING PERFORMANCE.'

not endanger popularity. Southampton and a few more were, however, sagacious enough to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to rank 'Hamlet,' at its first hearing, as a work not for an age, but for all time.

Master Herbert listened with all his soul, and was soon worked upon by the cunning of the scene. He glowed with a rare and delicate enthusiasm as he saw, living and acting before his eyes, the characters of the play, and as he listened to the sonorous roll of its majestic line. Hamlet was played by Taylor. It had been expected that the chief part would have been acted by Burbage, but Southampton told Herbert that Shakspeare had selected Taylor, because that graceful and silver-voiced player more nearly embodied Ophelia's description of the princely paragon. Burbage was as an actor greater than Taylor in passion and in power, but was inferior to Taylor in grace, in tenderness, and in high-bred charm. Instructed and inspired by Shakspeare himself, Taylor played to admiration, and looked the part to perfection. He caught from the very fountain-head that key-note of the character which he afterwards taught to Betterton, and which descended through tradition to the last great English actor—Macready.

The Ghost—a part which Garrick selected for his second character in London—was played by Shakspeare himself.

I have before me two curious letters, which have strangely escaped destruction, in the former of which Herbert, in the fresh flush of his delight, described the performance to Mistress Lettice, while in the second he, *inter alia*, recorded his impression of the poet as a player. Herbert says that Shakspeare lacked somewhat the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of passion; that he was calm and balanced, playing best characters which centred round a certain steadfastness of grave nobleness; but that his voice was singularly sweet and stately, always tuned by an inner lofty intensity, and expressing subtly every shade of meaning or variation of feeling. The scene between Hamlet and the Ghost, acted by Taylor and by Shakspeare, produced an extraordinary effect upon the spectators; and, near as he was to the players, Master Herbert could not restrain a sort of trembling awe at the aspect of the kingly apparition. There was then so little help rendered to a play by scenery, or by the tricks and machinery of stage illusion, that players relied wholly upon their art for their effects, and imaginative acting worked upon the imagination of spectators, and enabled them to co-operate in sympathy. The house was deeply quiet, the very 'groundlings,' sometimes so noisy, were still and attentive, as the Ghost, in a sad and solemn monotone, revealed to the Prince the villany of the King. The play within the play produced the greatest excitement amongst an audience full of fine and undebauched dramatic instinct, and Master Herbert noticed with some amusement how all the players crowded to the wings

to listen as Taylor delivered, to the delight of Master Shakspeare, Hamlet's advice to the players.

The young actor who played the Queen required, as Herbert thought, the poet's admonition; nor could Ophelia always keep his voice gentle and soft and low enough; but he afterwards heard Master Shakspeare explaining to Rutland how difficult it was to procure actors who could look feminine, or enter into and express the ways, the passions, the characters of women. Master Shakspeare added, that he thought some day the women parts would be enacted by women themselves, though all those to whom he expressed this view seemed to think that the idea was but a 'devout imagination' of the poet. The gravedigger was played in a manner which recalled the memory of Tarleton, though it was thought in the house that Master Shakspeare had had Tarleton in his mind when he admonished clowns, through Hamlet, to speak no more than is set down for them. The Osric was, as Master Herbert thought, somewhat exaggeratedly fantastic, since an actor needs moderation when playing so trippingly grotesque a character; but the Horatio was very nobly rendered, and Laertes, as played by Robert Wilson, was a gallant and fiery youth. Master Herbert heard Lord Southampton whisper that surely Taylor and Wilson did somewhat overdo the fencing scene, which, to the delight of the gallants in the house, they, as Hamlet and as Laertes developed with all the minutiæ of fine swordsmanship. Hamlet dead, the spectators issued from the Blackfriars, and Master Herbert observed how they spread into little knots, and how eagerly they criticised the play and the players. An objective age is the only age in which the drama can have its highest influence. In the day of great Elizabeth a great play was a great interest to spectators who read comparatively little, and who saw history, tragedy, comedy, in the living life of action.

Lord Southampton, whose character and tastes were tender and noble, was deep rather than loud in his admiration of this latest heir of Shakspeare's fame; a piece which would, he predicted, become equally the favourite of players, poets, and public.

The part of the ghost is finished early in the play, and Master Shakspeare had had time to change his dress, and now came out of the theatre to go home to his house in Southwark. He was soon surrounded by nobles, gallants, and poets, and Master Herbert had the honour of being presented by Southampton to the Warwickshire yeoman dramatist. Shakspeare had not then attained to the fullest reputation which his own day could yield him.

He had rivals in the theatre, and enemies amongst the dramatists; but there are in every age a few who can recognize the highest revelation of genius, and a small minority, headed perhaps by the grace-

ful Southampton, already felt that the greatest thing the world had done, stood before them in the flesh. Shakspeare, then a little more than thirty years of age, was, as many great poets have been, singularly handsome in face and person. Master Herbert, basing his judgment upon this and upon subsequent interviews, reports that Shakspeare was extraordinarily sweet and gentle, of a great and perfect courtesy, very quiet and modest in manner; and yet when he spoke to you he seemed somehow to enclose you all round, as water does, to include you and to comprehend you through and through. He was reserved, except with intimates or with altogether sympathetic companions; but in the 'Mitre,' or 'Mermaid,' in the 'Triple Tun,' or 'Dog,' or 'Devil Tavern,' when with Jonson, Drayton, or other of the tribe of Ben, he could become 'nobly wild,' and was of a supreme extemporal wit and gaiety. Quiet, serene, and almost melancholy at ordinary times, he could yet blaze out into a frolic humour and a wild wit; and included within his nature both Hamlet and Falstaff. Constantly occupied in 'gathering humours' of men, Shakspeare never stopped at mere surface observation.

And so, coming out of the Blackfriars after seeing 'Hamlet' with Shakspeare as the Ghost, Master Herbert stands amidst the groups outside the play-house and sees and listens to Shakspeare himself.

How enviable to thousands then unborn seems the privilege of the happy though half unconscious Herbert! Shakspeare was then in the full splendour of his faculties, and of his poet's beauty of person and of face. His attire, says Master Herbert, in one of the letters which I have seen, was 'after the habit of a scholarlike gentleman,' and yet there was in the style and aspect of the immortal player, a touch of cavalier and nobleman. He wore an extremely good and handsome rapier, and was proud, as Milton also was, of his skill in fence. Ah! Master Herbert, how I envy you that sunny day! As I sit down with 'labouring spirits' to rescue you from oblivion and to give a glimpse of you to an age so far removed from your own, I think with a sort of rage of your opportunity of seeing and of speaking with the author of 'Hamlet;' and I know too that if you prized your chance highly, you yet could not estimate the estimate at which we rank a sight of Shakspeare living, moving, speaking. Listen, Master Herbert, do not lose a word—for is not Shakspeare explaining to Lord Southampton how he had first conceited the play, and expressing a fear lest it should please not the million? And does not the Earl answer that it is an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning?

Herbert Grey noticed gradually the many facets that there were to Shakspeare's many-sided mind. With a gallant he seemed to be a gallant; with a sportsman he seemed to be a falconer or huntsman; with a lawyer or with a statesman he seemed to be lawyer or statesman;

with a wit he seemed doubly a wit; with a poet he seemed to be much more than poet. Practical as the highest genius ever is, Shakspeare walked quietly the path of daily life, looked after his interest in the theatre and after the success of his plays, planned the future purchase of New Place, enjoyed the society of chosen friends, and yet retained over and above the life that he shared with humanity the transcendental individuality which lifted him to the fine frenzy of the loftiest imaginings at the very highest range and pitch of human faculty. What woman, thought Herbert, could ever as Shakspeare's wife satisfy all the various needs of that wide ranging intellect and deeply complex nature? He could not be ignorant of his supremacy, and yet he seemed to care little for fame. He was not anxious to print his plays: he left them long as simple prompter's written books in the theatre. The first version of 'Hamlet' was not printed until 1603. He might well guess that the *Euhemerism* of mankind would worship him after death as something godlike, but he was not impatient of the underestimate of his contemporaries.

Herbert grew into a constant frequenter of the theatre.

After many months of this not unpleasant London life, which had however not procured for Herbert any prospect beyond promises, he one day received a letter from Lettice, which was in effect a letter of farewell. She wrote without the knowledge of her parents, and managed to convey her letter to Herbert through the sure channel by means of which they had before succeeded in corresponding secretly. His rival was fast recovering, and her parents insisted upon a marriage between the Earl and Lettice. The sorrowful girl had been compelled to consent to a betrothal, and saw no escape from the marriage. Her sense of duty to parents was very strong, and their power to influence or compel was very great. Admitting her love for Herbert, and telling him fervently that she should never forget her first love, Mistress Lettice yet bid him farewell for ever, prayed for his happiness, and announced that her marriage was inevitable.

Here then was the end of their dream of marriage. Herbert thought at first of riding down to Kent and of carrying off Mistress Lettice, but he soon saw that this step was impossible. His mistress was too well watched and guarded, and Herbert was so well known in the neighbourhood that he could not visit the place without his purpose being suspected and frustrated; nor was it certain that Lettice would have disobeyed her parents. Herbert alternated at first between indignation and despair. Judging of Lettice's sorrow by his own, he sorrowed in her sorrow, and felt his own grief intensified by sympathy. Why struggle and labour to make a career which he could never hope to share with Lettice? He gave up the idea of preferment by a patron, or ad-

vancement from the Court; but with young and adventurous spirits, action is the solvent of all doubt, is the best cure for sorrow; and Herbert became too restless in his wretchedness to linger on in inaction in London. He felt that he must fly and plunge into some active danger, not for the sake of winning fortune, but in order to distract his intolerable sense of loss. He had also that strong love for queen and country which distinguished the Englishman of the days of Elizabeth, and he determined to risk in the service of his land a life which he could no longer hope to share with Lettice.

The youth of England in the days of Elizabeth was animated by a lofty patriotism—a patriotism of which no man need be ashamed since it has been wedded to immortal verse in the mighty line of Shakspeare, the most patriotic of all poets.

No maritime expedition was about to sail when Herbert determined to depart. Essex and Raleigh were away to intercept Spanish galleons on their return from America.

In the Low Countries Sir Francis Vere and Sir Robert Sidney commanded the English forces which were co-operating with Prince Maurice against the able and wily Parma, who was the greatest captain of Spain.

Herbert felt that Lettice was irrevocably lost to him, and hastily resolved to join Sir Francis Vere. He easily procured recommendations to the old warrior, and after a brief leave taking of his London friends, after writing to his father and to Lettice, he took passage on board an Easterling lying off the Tower, and sailed for the Netherlands.

He was well received by the cheery and courteous old soldier, who readily accepted his services as a gentleman volunteer. To Sir Robert Sidney, Herbert was already known. Herbert had lost something of the desire for fame, and had lost in a great degree the care for fortune, but in their stead sprang up an intense devotion to duty and a fierce carelessness of danger. He was much altered. The youth who had lounged about the fields and the halls of Kent, young, ardent, cheerful, had developed into the sad stern captain who could never find too much work and who risked a life for which he little cared with a passionate enthusiasm for danger. Daring as a knight he was yet cool as a commander. At work or in danger he was happy, or could at least forget; but to all healthy manhood (and Herbert's was a healthy nature, though temporarily morbid from love loss) there comes a strong interest in a pursuit zealously adopted, and in an activity heartily discharged. Herbert began to study assiduously the 'disciplines of the wars,' and grew into a soldier capable, brave, and trusted by the good Sir Francis. He had passed from the lover into the soldier: the last of the seven ages which he was destined to reach. He had done the best thing for the cure or the lessening of a great youthful sorrow. In worthy action, in fighting

for the right and for England, he learned to think of Lettice, though always with great love, yet with softened sorrow.

Time went on. He learned that Lettice was married, and on the same day he received the thanks of Sir Francis Vere for gallant conduct in the field at the engagement of Turnhout. Herbert would have risen high in the Low Countries Wars, and would possibly have won even knighthood, the highest honour which a Tudor sovereign could bestow; but across his sorrow and across his rise came that Fate which he had so often risked—a soldier's death. He led a sortie against a detachment of Parma's army. Herbert fought with his usual desperate valour: he was in the thickest of the enemy, encouraging his men, dealing sweeping blows to right and left with his good sword, when his horse was killed under him by the thrust of a pike. As Herbert fell with the horse, entangled in the stirrups, a Spanish soldier fired upon the fallen gentleman with a musquetoon. The shot was fatal, and when the *melée* was over, and the victorious English retired, Herbert Grey lay dead beside his horse and amid his enemies, his sword still firmly grasped in the strong right hand. When they raised his visor the shadow of the helmet lent sternness to the dead young face, fixed in the flush of fight and in the fierce joy of noble war.

The English garrison gave him a soldier's funeral—Sir Robert Sidney and Sir Francis Vere both attending. Borne on pikes to the grave, a volley was the requiem of the gallant gentleman who fell for England on a foreign shore.

The news reached Lettice; and the widowed father was left sorrowful and solitary in sunny Kent, and in the sad old hall of Greyscote.

And the young Countess? Fair and stately in her young matronhood—a lady noble, loved, and gracious, she was yet held to be something cold and reserved. Fine observers noted that some string in the harp of life seemed jarred. Her beauty grew, but with it grew her seeming coldness. Often—oftener perhaps than the Earl, had he known of it, might have liked—she took from a sacred drawer a ring, a lock of hair, one or two letters, and sat with them and her heart in solitude. As the years stole on, and children grew around her, she visited that drawer more rarely, but visited it ever on one day in every year—the day on which her mind was most strongly stirred by that long fidelity of memory to a lost love which forms the sad secret underlying many a married woman's life. She lived to be an old woman, and long time a widow, dying in 1648, the year of the execution of Charles I. In her last days she bade her granddaughter bring to her once more the relics of her love of long ago; and the white-haired grandmother told the wondering girl something of that passage of her life so deeply stamped with the image of poor Herbert Grey. Through a long life of duties worthily discharged,

of many quiet joys, and of domestic calm, the woman's heart, torn asunder in girlhood from her one true love, had clung in secret to the tender memory of the love of her romance and to the passion of her youth.

And thus, in that great reign of the Reformation—a time in which in England, arts and arms, literature and adventure, and all noble public life, flowered into brilliant splendour—young Herbert Grey fell in the noble struggle, and died before he had raised himself by gallant service to success and fame.

When, by accident, the slight surviving suggestions and hints of the loves and lives of Herbert and of Lettice came to my knowledge, I was touched with the sad issue of their passion, and charmed with the glimpse afforded into typical life of the far great days of Elizabeth. But Herbert's chief interest for me consisted in the slight record which his letters left of his intercourse with Shakspeare, and in the fact that he happened to be present at the first representation of 'Hamlet.' This it was which determined me to attempt to compose from the few scattered bones a living whole—which induced me to piece out the slight fragments of suggestive evidence into form and shape. The greatest men are always the products of the greatest days. Great indeed, then, must have been those Elizabethan times which could flower into Shakspeare!

Slight and faint as my sketch necessarily is—feeble and incomplete as is my effort to give a local habitation and a name to beings who lived and felt so long ago, and who have left so small and shadowy a trace of their ways and histories—there is yet allusion, though brief and hurried, in Herbert's letters to the personality of the poet, whom he saw with living eyes, and to a performance which he actually witnessed of 'Hamlet.' The evidence must be read by the light of imagination; but it seemed to me a plain duty to communicate to Englishmen the glimpse which chance afforded to me, through Herbert Grey, of our own Shakspeare.

The Life and Labours of Mazzini.

By Karl Blind.

At the fresh grave of a dear friend, whose face seems yet present with us, it is difficult to take up the pen for critical judgment on an active political life, extending over more than forty years. Here lies before me Mazzini's *Roma del Popolo*, in which he had just run a tilt against Rénan. Here is his last letter, in which he urgently asks for an opinion about the march of affairs in Germany. Here is a note from his trusty friend. Repeating, in his name, the pressing request, she adds touching greetings of his own, which suddenly bring up his whole image . . . . It is not easy, with such surroundings, to overcome grief and to help in a survey of his wide and varied labours.

Throughout Italy an indescribable feeling of sorrow arose when it became known that within the walls of Pisa, against whom the singer of the *Divina Commedia* had launched his curse, there had died, unrecognised and in secresy, the 'Last of the Romans,' the man whose name had once been the terror of tyrants,—he whom patriots had honoured, in the ardent language of the South, as the 'Apostle of the Great Idea,' as the 'Sublime Teacher and Guide,' nay, as the 'Martyr and Angel of Sacrifice.' 'For the tomb of the Master whom we adore,' so wrote one of the popular journals, 'we have no flower. The lily of the valley has not the purity, the violet of the meadow not the fragrance, that would be worthy of him.' The Italian Parliament itself, by whom he had twice been outlawed, led the way in the recognition of his merits. All over the world, in circles where he had hitherto been vilified as the Arch-rebel, men acknowleged now his great qualities, the loftiness of his aim, even the success he had in a measure achieved. A champion of freedom must die before he can earn the praise of those sages.

When, many years ago, I first met the Italian leader in London after the political shipwreck which had cast so many exiles on the shores of England, it was in presence of Saffi, his co-triumvir at Rome. Mazzini was then still in the prime of manhood, but in look much aged. As

soon, however, as he opened his lips, the fire of his eloquence shed a ray of youth over his wan and worn features. He made a startling communication to me, referring to a war-scheme of Louis Napoleon, of equal import to the Italians and the Germans. The interview took place at a friend's house, in a small, dark, corridor-like room. As he proceeded in his exposition, he threw in remarks of a more pathetic nature, designating the man of December as 'Evil Incarnate.' He spoke—as I afterwards found to be his habit—with much passion, albeit not with violence, and in doing so his glance actually seemed to shine through the dusk. Many of the ideas which were emitted during that conversation he some years later embodied in a powerful 'Open Letter,' addressed to the writer of this article, '*On Italy's Position in reference to Germany*,' and which to me constitutes a very precious, early token of friendship.

In that first interview he showed himself informed of a scheme which it seemed impossible for any one to know, except its Imperial originator himself. I still possess the record of that first communication, the only one of the kind I have ever drawn up, so extraordinary did it appear to me at the time; and when I re-read it by the light of events, I found it verified in its minutest details. On several other decisive occasions he proved to have valuable sources at his command, in the most carefully-guarded quarters. The whole plan of the Franco-Italian war of 1859 he detailed to me in autumn, 1858. He was equally well acquainted with the *pourparlers* that preceded the attack of Prussia upon the German Confederation. I will not speak of other matters, such as the last rising in Russian-Poland. Being connected, as he was, with the very project of that movement (though he considered, as I know, the moment of the outbreak an ill-chosen one), it was self-evident that he must have been thoroughly informed of it beforehand.

This man, who held so many threads of political action, yet lived a most secluded life. In England, where he resided for upwards of thirty years, barring the interruption of occasional sojourn or secret travel abroad, he scarcely ever went beyond London, excepting some trips to the sea-coast for the sake of health. In London he did not frequent society, only moving in a restricted circle of intimate friends; and in his own dwelling he confined himself, hermit-like, to a narrow room, to which those only had access who could give the pass-word at the door. He had a fondness for small rooms, as he often told me. For some time he, through whose hands considerable propagandist means passed, spent his days in abodes of almost abject poverty. Only of late years, when his health signally failed, could he be induced to select some better accommodation. When I entreated him to seek renewed force, and fresh power of working, by open-air exercise in all-healing Nature,

he would place himself, with his peculiar smile, before me and say: 'Nature, with its manifold phenomena, disturbs me. When out in the open I must I sit down, cross my arms, and first collect myself in thought before I can enjoy Nature and regain the necessary concentration.' His whole strength, as well as his failings, lay in these words. The long habit of recluse life had spiritualised him to an extreme degree.

With advancing years, when his emaciated form had assumed an almost spectral thinness, he looked—in his dark dress; with his pale, noble brow; his white beard and hair closely trimmed—the very picture of a martyr, whose galled mortal coil is only kept together by spiritual energy. The unearthly impression was, however, greatly softened by his remarkably expressive eyes, and by the pleasing smile which played about his lips when, standing upright in the circle of friends—his hand, in southern fashion, placed on his heart, or high above on his breast—he poured forth persuasive words with a breathless enthusiasm. His utterances then showed that he was a born leader of men. Whilst he thus spoke, his figure (he was but of middle height) seemed to grow—a wonderful delusion, such as I have never observed before. In an age of religious fancy, it would, perhaps, have been called a 'transfiguration.'

It were an error, however, to conceive Mazzini as a gloomy fanatic, to whom joy and cheerfulness were denied. I have never heard him—this, too, was one of his peculiarities—indulge in an outright, hearty laughter. But the sense of the humorous he had in a large degree; among intimate friends he was amiability personified; occasionally he made himself the playmate of a child in thorough sportive manner. A genial simplicity was one of his most attractive qualities. The '*desipere in loco*' of his classic compatriot he understood to perfection. In a moment, however, he would return to serious matters with all the fervour of his soul. '*Ora e sempre*' ('Now and ever,') was his rule in life.

In working for the independence, unity, and freedom of Italy, he looked upon Dante, the great Ghibelline, as his prototype. This may appear strange. It has its explanation in the fact that—even as Dante, whilst siding with the German Emperor against the Pope, hoped for an eventual reversion of the 'Roman Empire' to the Italian nation—so Mazzini, whilst pursuing the reconstitution of Italy, hoped to bring back, if not the universal dominion, at least the universal influence, of his country in Europe. This was one of the reveries so strangely interwoven with the practical aims of the politician. His first political experience dates from the *Carbonaro* conspiracy; afterwards he himself founded the association of 'Young Italy.' Cavour once said: 'I have been a conspirator all my life!' To conspire was then the only way for Italians to attempt re-embodying the poor, tormented soul of their down-trodden fatherland.

It will be remembered how the young republican, assailed by patriotic doubts as to whether even a prince might not be made the instrument of national regeneration, approached Charles Albert with an appeal. The appeal was contemptuously flung aside. Thus seeing his dearest hopes rejected, the unselfish patriot only thought of his country's sufferings, which for ages had been a 'hostelry of grief'—*ahi Italia, di dolore ostello:* and now, even the poniard thrust against the cowardly tyrant, the renegade from the secret fraternity, appeared to him an act of justice. To those who have attached a stigma to Mazzini on that ground, I will only say that they might as well do so against the foremost poets and thinkers of all nations and all times, from Hebrew literature down to that of classic antiquity, and of our present age. Some of their wrath they might reserve even for him who once 'blessed the hands' of Brutus and Tell, and who to-day is the leader of Her Majesty's Conservative Opposition. Perhaps this is a question on which opinions will ever vary. The judgment generally passed on it among nations just rising from political disruption and serfdom, may be inferred from the fact that there appeared, in the great mourning celebration held in honour of the ex-triumvir at Rome, escutcheons with the names of Agesilao Milano and Felice Orsini.

When Pius IX. mounted the Papal chair, Mazzini had another moment of passing doubt as to the course to be pursued. He had often dreamt of a regeneration of Europe by an Italy reborn to national life. He had always regarded Republican Rome of old, as well as Papal Rome during the middle ages, in the light of a series of historically justified developments, to which a third era, representing the more modern Liberal Idea, was to be added. Musing on this notion, the sudden appearance of a 'Liberal Pope' seemed to him like the accomplishment of a pre-ordained law, on which the progress of mankind was to be wrought out by divine will.

This mysticism has influenced Mazzini's doings in many ways. Not that he accepted as truth the children's tales of the Semitic world, or the deceptions of any hierarchical system. But still he moved within forms of thought which, with all their loftiness of aim and conception, were contrary to the more advanced ideas of those with whom he acted. Lively encounters sometimes occurred between him and his revolutionary friends from France and Germany, when the question of an alleged 'historical mission' of medieval papacy was mooted, or when he tried to refute some of the results of scientific investigation by a simple appeal, however eloquent, to his own religious or ethic formulas. After many battles had been fought on that subject, a treaty of peace was tacitly agreed upon. It consisted of a more good-humoured handling of these thorny questions. His natural kindliness helped to render such treatment easy; yet, in his more moody moments, he would, all of a sudden

grasp, as it were, a spear, and throw it with the full energy of his deep-lying conviction. In Italy, where scientific enquiry has latterly gained much hold on the youth of the universities, the influence of Mazzini could not but suffer from his unbending adherence to the old forms of thought.

But to return to Pio Nono's 'liberal era.' The unnatural apparition vanished in a trice; and then Mazzini quickly resumed that republican propaganda which in principle he had never given up, neither before Pope nor King. His efforts some years later culminated in a success. The Pontiff, who had deceived the expectations of Italy, had to fly from the 'Eternal City' in the garb of a valet. Mazzini, the Genoese, entered Rome—for the first time in his life!—a few days afterwards he was at the head of the Roman Republic. A more characteristic change it would have been impossible to invent.

In vindication of the much-abused triumvir, Lord Palmerston, many years afterwards, testified that 'Never had Rome been better administered than under the Republic.' The fall of that Commonwealth was brought about by the attack—we can scarcely call it the fratricidal attack—of the French pseudo-Republican Government of 1849, at whose head a princely pretender stood, whilst an Assembly, composed in its majority of royalists and ultramontanes, sought to outstep him in the race of reaction. This overthrow by the bayonets of a France still marching under the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, planted deep in Mazzini's heart the aversion against Gallic lust of dominion. When on this topic he became very bitter. Even those who in the main joined in his view, then attempted in vain to mitigate his indignation. He liked on such occasions to tell an anecdote about Godfrey Cavaignac (the brother of the general of cannonading repute), one of the best types of French republicanism. When Godfrey Cavaignac once developed the new map of nationalities, Mazzini observed: 'In that case, I suppose, Corsica would return to Italy, and France give up all demands for further annexation on the left bank of the Rhine?' Upon which Cavaignac majestically rose, exclaiming: 'Never!'

As between Germans and Frenchmen, the Italian leader leant more towards the former.

German literature he prized most highly, though his own 'synthetic mind' was averse to the spirit of analysis and criticism so prevalent among the Germans. Among our poets, he preferred, in accordance with his own character, the 'subjective' ones to those who indulged in more 'objective' portraiture; hence he felt himself more drawn towards Schiller than towards Goethe. The Olympian repose of the latter irritated his ardently striving individuality; the poet of freedom was to him more than the self-contained artistic delineator. Even in the

opinions which I heard him express on the most powerful dramatic genius whom England and the world has produced, there was an accent which showed that in the drama itself he sought something else than the description, however striking and unmatched, of human passions and of the fatal concatenation of events. Of English poets, Byron was his favourite author. In Byron, Mazzini would even overlook those utterances of 'gnawing doubt' which he otherwise resisted with such glowing belief.

In early years he had been in connection with eminent German patriots, such as J. G. A. Wirth; from them he had learnt to appreciate our historical aspirations to freedom. He denied the claim of France to exercise a permanent leadership in Europe. He contended against the assertion that the light of political and intellectual liberty had for the first time been kindled in France. To him, who looked back to the Brutuses and the Catos, who found the struggles of the confederated Lombard cities and the existence of various Republican Commonwealths in the tablets of his country's history, the claim of France seemed to have small foundation. Numerous self-governing communities had existed in Europe before the assault upon the Bastille. On the shores of Germany, the liberty of the Frisian people had lived in the invigorating breath of the sea. Our civic leagues, which extended from Aachen to Augsburg, and into what to-day is called Switzerland, gave birth to freedom in the Alpine region of Germany, whilst the Hansa successfully upheld self-government on our northern shores. In the so-called 'Peasants' War,' the democratic tendencies of the German people had once more risen like a towering flame. Our Reformation was directed against the spiritual yoke of a foreign Bonze. Then the English nation had passed solemn judgment on a despot, and substituted a Commonwealth to the government by Right Divine. After that came the foundation of the United States of America, with their declaration of the Rights of Man. At last only appeared the great French Revolution, which, in its procedures, copied much from that of England, and adopted, whilst philosophically amending them, the principles of the American Revolution.

How, then, could it be said that France only had 'destroyed medievalism;' that she had 'begun the modern era;' that she had 'initiated the Revolution,' and 'given birth to Democracy?'

I have often discussed these matters with Mazzini, and always found him just towards other nations. Harro Harring having imbued the Democratic party of Italy with the Danish view of the Schleswig-Holstein contest, I was induced by Mazzini to express the German view in his '*Pensiero ed Azione*;' thereupon he publicly recognised the rightfulness of the German cause. His intellectual quarrel chiefly lay with-

France. Truth to say, he, who so often was misrepresented as an arch-terrorist, never concealed that there was something repellent to him, partly in the principle, partly in the mode of action, of the Revolution of 1792-93 which the more thorough-going minds of his party either regarded as correct in political philosophy, or explainable by the terrible pressure of circumstances. In this respect, Garibaldi, who otherwise is less given to abstract revolutionary principles, held perhaps the more resolute notions of the two. The warrior esteemed, before all, the battling forces of a people, whether in their regular or irregular display. He was not, in their appreciation, disturbed by the overstrained scruples of a delicately-balanced intellect. In so far, each of these great leaders made up for the deficiency of the other.

Mazzini's two great achievements were: the excellent administration of the Roman States in 1849, and the part he played in organising the Sicilian insurrection of 1860. So early as in autumn, 1859, when Lombardy, Tuscany, and some of the smaller principalities had been joined to Piedmont, he had planned an invasion of the South, under the parole of '*al centro, al centro, mirando al Sud!*' Cavour, being informed of it by the king himself, who, I know, had been imprudently initiated into the conspiracy (not, however, through any fault of Mazzini), the enterprise was suddenly stopped. In the subsequent Sicilian movement, which was at first officered by three natives of the island, Rosolino Pilo, Crispi, and Corrao, the hand of Mazzini was in the main active. Only six weeks afterwards, Garibaldi landed with his Thousand at Marsala, assuming the command, and achieving that splendid success which resulted in the deliverance of all Southern Italy. Few are aware that this Sicilian rising had been hastened in consequence of the information obtained by Italian patriots that Louis Napoleon meditated a Muratist restoration in Naples, which Cavour seemed but too ready to allow.

After the conquest of the Two Sicilies, the friends of Mazzini, developing a plan which, to my knowledge, had been laid down from the beginning, urged a march upon Rome, when, after the overthrow of the Pope, a National Assembly was to be convoked for framing an Italian constitution. But the very manifesto which the Chief of the Redshirts was induced to sign in that sense, so as to bind the whole 'Party of Action' to the accomplishment of the programme, alarmed the French Government to such an extent as to make it enjoin upon the Piedmontese Court an immediate intervention. Then Garibaldi, worried by the agents of Cavour at Naples, and wishing to avert a conflict with the troops of Victor Emmanuel, laid down his dictatorship, and with the simple exclamation: '*Re d'Italia!*' gave rise to an Italian kingdom.

The following is an incident hitherto unknown in public. When that crime against a nation's independence and freedom was attempted which

afterwards found its tragic end at Queretaro, a great commotion arose among the exiles of various lands, living in this country. The lowering tempest of the slaveholders' insurrection had not yet burst over the North American Republic. But already the more far-seeing men observed its rapid approach; and with a correct appreciation of the connection of things, they felt that the attempt of the two Imperial adventurers against Mexico was a prospective threat to the United States. Holding to this view, Mazzini participated in a confidential communication to President Lincoln, which, had it been acted upon, might have brought about a change of affairs in Europe of the most decisive nature for Continental democracy. This communication, directed against the Imperial scheme of the Arch-duke Maximilian and his Napoleonic protector, was drawn up by a German hand. It bore an Italian, a French, and a German signature; Mazzini signing for the Republican party of Italy. A plan of action was laid down, showing how the intervention in Mexico could be foiled by an effective blow at headquarters in Paris and elsewhere. President Lincoln did not decline. He reserved his decision for the time of greatest urgency. In the meanwhile, the armies of the North grappled with their Confederate antagonists. When the great crisis came, Lincoln fell under the murderous weapon of Ravaillac Booth, and the plan alluded to was buried with him in his gory grave.

Clear as the Italian patriot's judgment had been in the Mexican affair, he somewhat misconceived the probabilities of the issue of the Union war. He held different views—not as regards principle, but in reference to events—from those of his Radical friends in England. A great many years ago he had foreseen that the irremediable contrast between the institutions of the North and the South would lead to an armed conflict; but he appeared to believe that in such an event a separation could not be avoided. This notion warped his judgment: he doubted the possibility of a full triumph of the North almost to the very last. When the good cause came out victoriously, he saluted the great civic triumph with accents of heartfelt joy; henceforth his endeavour was to interest Americans in the establishment of a 'Universal Republican Alliance,' in which the popular associations founded by him were to be inserted as affiliated branches.

The two expeditions against Rome were not of Mazzini's framing. He had not even been made acquainted with the project of the one which, though disastrously ending at Aspromonte, yet saved Italy from an infamous alliance at that time projected, as is little known, between Napoleon and Rattazzi. Of the plan of the march upon Rome which ended at Mentana, Mazzini disapproved. But it seems to me, having heard at the time all the *pro's* and *con's*, that Garibaldi, making an attempt from the land-side—instead of beginning, as Mazzini advised, by

a naval expedition as in 1860—did that which, under the circumstances, was alone feasible, if the attempt was to be made at all. Disunion in the popular camp, and wily intrigues on the part of the Florentine Government emissaries, brought that expedition to grief.

From thence the two aged leaders, whose names had so long been a common watchword of Italian democracy, understood each other less from day to day. They fell out like the heroes of some old epic, in which the Fate woven by the Walkyres must be inexorably accomplished. If Mazzini declared for the German cause, Garibaldi was sure to be on the side of France. If the one opposed, the other espoused the maxims of the Commune. If Mazzini laid chief stress on the struggle against dynastic institutions, Garibaldi said something for the 'International,' though he is neither a member of it, nor even shares its chief doctrine. If the thinker spoke in the name of a 'Supreme Law' and of the 'Duties of Man,' using formulas somewhat at variance with the modern spirit, there suddenly came, from the mouth of the warrior, enlightened utterances of free philosophy. Nothing was wanted to estrange the two friends. It was so sad, after the one, with the modesty of true greatness, had called the other '*il mio maestro*,' to behold them thus divided, whilst suffering Liberty mutely showed the wounds she received from this strife of brothers. I had had occasion to observe the rise of the feud. Seldom have I felt more afflicted at seeing the chances of a reconciliation between two noble-minded men daily fleeting away.

In the midst of these differences, there ever and anon came, like a touching prayer, some request made by this or that newly-founded popular association that the two chieftains might together accept its presidency. This was always done—and then a new faint hope arose, until the great reconciler, Death, stepped in with sudden effect!

Mazzini's last comprehensive writings were on the 'International,' and on Rénan's last political work. He indignantly opposed the reactionary, Cæsarian views of the author of a famous religious novel. He also took Rénan to task for his misrepresentations about the late war. 'The victory of Prussia,' Rénan had said, 'was the victory of kingship by, so to say, Divine historical right.' 'No,' replied Mazzini; 'the Prussian monarchy is the youngest in Europe. As to the victory, it was the victory of the German nationality over those who arrogantly endeavoured to hinder its development.'

In the rising of the Commune, Mazzini chiefly reprimanded a section whose doings destroyed the necessary union of the Republican forces, thus opening a way for monarchical reaction. To the idea of 'free communes' within a compact nationality he was not averse. He himself wished to qualify the principle of unity by such an antidote of administrative local freedom, not of provinces, but of towns and villages,

so as to avoid the bane of a deadening centralisation. He was averse only to the Federalist principle of States within the State, especially as regards his own fatherland. If, nevertheless, he sometimes advocated the formation of a Federal Danubian League, as well as of a Mountain League from Switzerland to the Hungarian frontier, this idea of his evidently originated from a desire of placing a dividing wall between Italy and the more northern populations, from whose inroad she had so often suffered. In other respects, his strong leaning towards unity made him the warm advocate—even in defiance of the most apparent difficulties—of a Scandinavian, an Iberian, a Sclavonian unity. In the nationality movements of the East, his influence was occasionally felt. There he entertained views which the majority of Hungarians, Poles, and Germans, even of those who pursued democratic aims similar to his own, could scarcely approve of.

In a forty years' struggle with the enemies of Democracy, he had learnt that to dissolve a popular movement into a mere 'class feud' between working men and *bourgeois*, was a sure means of ruin. He knew history too well not to remember that the policy of all tyrants and would-be usurpers is to foster such class-feuds within the popular camp. The Lassalle movement in Germany he therefore condemned. He advocated a combination of the best forces of the working, the citizen, and the peasant class; he would accept aid from wherever it came. He was Socialist enough to be even accused, by his ignorant or malicious foes, of being an adherent of Communism—a system which he utterly rejected. He did not answer the claims of the disinherited millions with the stony-cold: '*Laissez faire, laissez aller!*' He believed that no State can prosper in which individual liberty is not combined with the principle of association and co-operation, as well as with the solidarity of the Commonwealth at large.

These views he did not depart from in his judgment on the recent party struggles in France, and the social movement in general. His argumentation, bringing in, as it did, the religious element, may in part be exceptionable; in his main views he certainly showed strong practical sense. Bitter have been the onslaughts against him, because he rightly foresaw the deplorable turn which affairs would take; bitterest in their strictures were those who had for many years not moved a finger for the popular cause, and who now only came to mar it by raising impossible issues. The mass of the Italian working men, however, as shown by their Congress at Rome, held in November last year (*Società Operaie Italiane Affratellate*), stood to Mazzini's ideas. For Italian democracy, there is only hope in such an unbroken union of the progressive forces of the different popular classes.

This was the doctrine which the great republican teacher preached to

the last—with the sweet persuasion, sometimes also with the anger, of true love. Thus he broke down—a cry for union still on his lips! In him, Italian nationality, which seemed to have lost its very soul, found its most high-minded exponent. In him, democratic Europe possessed a revolutionary force, than which a more indefatigable one has never been concentrated at any time, in any country, in a single man. Coming generations only will fully recognise what strength there was in that slender, nervous form which gave rise to so many important movements, and to which the revolutionary forces always felt an attraction as the iron to the magnet.

That noble, enthusiastic heart is now no more, which once had joyfully borne every privation, against whom so many enemies have violently risen, but whose generous qualities were only the more deeply appreciated by loving associates. To me who had been bound to him by long and intimate friendship—to me it seems almost an impossibility to miss him among the living. With sorrow still fresh, I have here, in a few rapid strokes, endeavoured to sketch some of his traits and acts. But I know how little these pages give an idea of the comprehensive activity of him who held so great a place as one of the Restorers of the Italian Nation, and as the Champion of Universal Freedom.

THE GRIEVANCES OF INDIA.

A MEMORIAL setting forth some of the grievances from which India has been and is suffering even now, has been put into our hands. It is addressed to the House of Commons by the inhabitants of more than sixteen places in India, including the three Presidency towns of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, and was presented in Parliament in the month of April last year, by Professor Henry Fawcett, M.P. for Brighton. It is not our intention to dwell on this Memorial at length, as it would be very difficult to Englishmen not having much acquaintance with Indian affairs, to follow us in any exposition of its twenty paragraphs one by one. The following sketch of the present state of India is offered, as being less difficult to master and much more comprehensive.

It used to be the opinion of the majority of Englishmen formerly that India was a poor country, a burden to England, and was retained only as a trust to be made over to the natives when they would be fit to govern themselves. Doubtless this opinion was a source of honest pride to the patriotic Englishman, and even if it was founded on error, no one from among his fellow-countrymen would be so cruel as to undeceive him. But even now we are afraid there are many Englishmen who entertain the same belief. It is, however, hoped that they will modify their opinion when they are told that India annually pays at least £10,000,000 as the price of her foreign rule, over and above feeding and maintaining about 80,000 Britons. Another fact also deserves mention here, showing that India was not considered poor by her rulers, that a debt of £100,000,000, which was created by the East India Company on its own account, and which, therefore, ought to have been transferred to the English Crown, as the Company held India in trust for the latter, was saddled on India. The application of these facts, which may be supposed to relate to the past history of India, we shall next point out. Of late years we have been accustomed to hear a great deal of the *chronic deficits* in Indian finance. This may prove to a superficial observer the poverty of India; but, if we have succeeded in showing that India is not at all poor—if it is true, notwithstanding the official and authoritative

statement of the Duke of Argyll to the contrary,[1] that 'England has acquired, as the result of her Indian rule, at least £1,500,000,000, according to a favourable calculation (*vide* 'Journal of the East India Association,' vol. i., app. B, page 21, 2nd ed.), and more than £2,100,000,000, according to another but a truer estimate (vol. ii. of the above Journal, p. 242), the only legitimate inference to be drawn, whether Englishmen like it or not, is that the administration of India under the present rule is vicious. What with bad management, owing to the incompetency of English officials, what with unjust exactions from and charges on her revenues, what with her undeveloped, nay, rather straitened resources, India has come to such a pass that a radical reform has become imperatively necessary.

The incompetency of English officials is too well known in India to be disputed, but to convince Englishmen that such is really the case, we shall point out that even the Duke of Argyll has virtually admitted that Sir Richard Temple, the present Minister of Indian Finance, is totally unaware whether he has got a deficit or a surplus (see the Duke's Financial Statement, made July 28, 1870, which also mentions that the India Office committed mistakes, to the amount of between £200,000 and £300,000, in the estimate for 1869.) All of us have read about the late disturbances in the Bareilly jail. Does the English public know how they were brought about? By Dr. Eades, the superintendent, deliberately giving orders that the Brahmin prisoners should be deprived of their sacrificial threads, without which they would be levelled to the rank of the lowest castes, and would forfeit many important civil rights which we cannot stop here to mention, thereby insulting not only their religious feelings, but also those of all the other Brahmins in India. We need hardly add that Dr. Eades was not punished for this offence in any way proportionate to its enormity.

What surprises us is that, in spite of these evils, we are told that the English try to improve India by means of a judicious and sound administration, and watch over the people with a paternal solicitude. An instance of this anxious care for the people is to be found in a recent occurrence. The Government of Bengal deliberately allowed the exportation of rice to distant places, though perfectly well aware that the inhabitants of an adjoining district, Orissa, were dying for want of it. The result was that hundreds of thousands of lives were lost! The loss India suffered in consequence of this neglect of duty by Government no one can adequately measure, and there can be no hesitation in pointing to this

[1] 'The peculiarity of the latter (the Indian Empire) is that it is not a part of our territory in the sense of forming any part of our political system, nor is it a colony, nor *is it a dominion from which we derive, or have ever professed to derive any tribute or pecuniary advantage.*'—*Hans. Parl. Deb. v.* 194, *p.* 1059.

act as one of the most inhuman and savage that was ever perpetrated by any one. It has not escaped us that there have been justifications of the conduct of the Bengal Government, with what truth will be judged from the following letter in the 'Asiatic' of March 28, 1871 :—

'THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ORISSA FAMINE.

'*To the Editor of the* "ASIATIC."

'Sir,—Mr. Dadablai Maoroji and Sir Arthur Cotton have, I see by your report of their speeches before the Society of Arts, rejected the excuses made for Sir Cecil Beadon's shortcomings in the matter of the Orissa famine. At the time Sir Cecil's friends in Parliament and in the press asserted that the coast of Orissa is inaccessible to shipping for great part of the year, from the heavy surf and entire want of harbour. Others among his apologists intimated that neither supplies nor shipping were available. These excuses were accepted, and Sir Cecil was not treated like Governor Eyre. As I was at Chittagong during the Orissa famine, I can certify that there were usually over thirty ships in the harbour there, loading rice, only three days' sail from Balasore. The Commissioner of Chittagong, had he been authorised to do so by the Government of Bengal, could and would have stopped these ships, despatched them to Balasore and Dumrah, on the coast of Orissa, and discharged the cargoes there. I can vouch that Balasore is accessible to ships at all seasons of the year, as it lies, not on the open coast, but some miles up the river Burra Balong. Dumrah also lies on an inlet equally safe from surf. I have no hesitation in saying that, had the Government of Bengal willed it, half-a-million of human lives might have been saved. The Commissioner of Orissa must, I apprehend, have apprised the Government of Bengal of the fact that the coast was quite accessible, of which he could hardly be ignorant. If the Government of Bengal remained in ignorance of the accessible harbours on the coast of Orissa, part of the blame must rest upon the Commissioner of Orissa; but the Government of Bengal cannot be thereby excused for such gross ignorance and incapacity. How can the natives of India believe in our professions of regard, when the lives of hundreds of thousands among them are sacrificed by "blunders worse than crimes," and the perpetrators are not even censured?

'I am, &c.,

'*March 24th*, 1871. MONITOR.'

The treatment which the natives receive at the hands of the English is of a piece with this. A native is a liar; perjury is habitual to him; morality he has not; bigotry and ignorance are his strongholds.

This is a fair summary of the abuses to which we are subjected. It is in fact to improve our morality, and indeed to teach us one as though we had none, that the English Church has been established in India—of course, it is superfluous to mention, at the expense of the natives. But our thankfulness to our rulers does not end even here. We have it on the highest authority that we can at present adduce—viz., the Duke of Argyll's : 'He entirely assented to the general principle laid down by his noble friend (the Marquis of Salisbury)—viz., that it was not only our duty to ourselves, but *to India also, to maintain our dominion in that country*, and to take no steps that endangered the dominion, except such as must lead in the long run to the complete education of the people.' (Hans. Parl. Deb., vol. 194, p. 1079.) Really this is conferring kindnesses on us with a vengeance. Now for the other side of the picture. The English historians of India spare no pains to contrast with the morality of the natives that of Englishmen, and pass high encomiums on Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and Lord Dalhousie ; the one an unscrupulous forger, the other a noted villain, and the last the very incarnation of injustice, and all three, be it remembered, the highest officers of the East India Company at different times, from its foundation even down to its close. Writing of Lord Dalhousie, we are led to inquire what has been the treatment given by the English Government to the native princes. Fair, honest, and beneficial, is the answer put forth with unprecedented boldness by the English people. There are a few among them who see a selfish policy persistently carried out in the treatment of the native princes. But they are ignorant, un-English, partial to the natives, &c. An instance will illustrate our meaning. There was a treaty contracted by the East India Company with the Rajah of Mysore in the year 1799. This treaty, so far from being a personal one, the effect of which would be that on his demise his kingdom would lapse to the Company, bears every mark of being an hereditary treaty. This opinion is the only one which could be sanctioned by men well versed in international law. Besides, in the treaty itself expressions occur showing that it was meant to be a perpetual treaty. (See Major Bell's work, 'Reversion of Mysore.') What, then, shall we say of those men who have the effrontery to tell us that, in the face of all the expressions signifying perpetuity, the treaty is a personal one? On this ground Lord Dalhousie annexed the kingdom, although now, we are happy to say, it has been restored.

Personal liberty is a matter only to be talked of in India. Though British subjects, we cannot have the benefit of the Habeas Corpus, that boasted bulwark of English liberty. The Viceroy of India can have any one arrested on mere suspicion, and made to rot in gaol without the slightest hindrance, as we know from the famous Wahabee case, which, it is erroneously supposed, led to the assassination of the unfortunate

Justice Norman. This is not all. When a native prince is suspected of committing, directly or indirectly, any crime, he is deprived of his principality. Trial there is none. Military ignoramuses, captains and colonels, 'those political officers to whom, as much as to any other men, we owe our Indian Empire,' as Mr. Grant Duff is careful enough to inform the House of Commons, have made up their minds that he is guilty; the Viceroy or Viceroys think so too; he is deposed; he asks for papers; they are not furnished to him till a year after his deposal.[1] If the reason of this strange conduct is inquired into, the answer furnished is short, simple, and comprehensive. Political Plea: what that means let Mr. Grant Duff answer in his own words. 'There was a fallacy which vitiated the view of the Tonk case taken by some honourable gentleman who spoke last year, as well as by the two honourable members who had just addressed the house. They treated it as if the action of the Indian Government could have been judicial in the strict and technical sense; but that was not so. Its action was and must have been political. The Nawab of Tonk was no subject of ours .... He was proceeded against as a small, semi-independent potentate, who had committed a political offence against the *Pax Brittanica;* who had done an act which, if only often enough repeated, would cover India with blood and confusion. .... If there had been any room for a strictly judicial procedure, it would have been adopted. .... The procedure which we did adopt was the only procedure possible,—the sending to the spot the best and acutest officers whom we had in that part of India to investigate the circumstances while they were still recent. .... Complaint was made that the Nawab did not see the depositions; but this proceeding was not a judicial one, and there were no technical rules which it was necessary to follow.' (From the 'Times,' Feb. 24, 1872.) Mr. Grant Duff thinks that the rule for informing the accused of the charges brought against him is a technical one, and not one of equity, and that therefore it is not necessary to show him any documents; that is to say, a man may be accused and condemned without his knowing anything about it till it is too late! The English should take a pride in the saying that '*fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*' is not their guiding principle.

Before proceeding to give an account of the rights of the natives of India, let us announce that we are going to present—a farce shall we call it?—at any rate, a further proof of the goodwill of our rulers towards

[1] Military officers are appointed to very responsible civil and political posts, but no care is taken that they should possess the necessary qualifications. The failures of justice which take place through their ignorance are notorious, and numerous instances of them will be found recorded in the Indian newspapers. We remember that one of these worthies, who was and is still an Educational Inspector of a large division, said that the adverb was an adjective!

us. It is well known how the Abyssinian war broke out. Theodore did not attack or invade India. He did not interfere with India in the slightest degree; yet, strange to say, it was attempted by some English statesmen to make her pay in part for the expenses of the war, even after she had gone so far as to supply the men necessary for the purpose! Whoever thought that India ought to pay a portion of the expenses incurred in this war after reading clause 55 of the Indian Government Act, 1858? 'Except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of Her Majesty's Indian possessions, or, under sudden and urgent necessity, the revenues of India shall not, without the consent of both Houses of Parliament, be applicable to defray the expenses of any military operation carried on beyond the external frontiers of such possessions by Her Majesty's forces charged upon such revenues,' must have proved the truth of 'the force of dulness could no further go.'

Let us now return to the treatment of the natives under the British rule. We have seen the estimate of native character given by Englishmen, not only some years ago, but even now. It is easy to predict thence what the position of the natives would be under the British *régime*. The military career is completely closed against them; the Civil Service of their own country is theoretically thrown open, but practically closed. Imagine a youth under twenty-one getting permission from his parents to come to England (orthodox and bigoted as it must be confessed they generally are), coming to a land whose manners, customs, climate, people, are of anentirely different character, with the full conviction that on his return he will be excluded from native society, and in the case of a Hindu, treated like a *pariah* by the whole of his tribe. What advantage will he derive to compensate for all these hazardous sacrifices? The only reasonable answer which can be given is—the bare chance of passing an examination held in London, in which European languages are greatly encouraged, and only two oriental ones (Arabic and Sanskrit) allowed, and they too placed lower than Latin and Greek, although in the East a knowledge of the former two is of greater importance to all; whether with scholars, antiquarians, interpreters, or civil servants! We say again this is practically throwing obstacles in the way of the Indian youths.[1] Some who try to defend this injustice say that a stay here of two years is sure to improve the native youths, and that therefore they ought to pass through this necessary training. In

[1] That we do not overstate the case, the following words of the Duke of Argyll shall prove. 'If the only door of admission to the Civil Service of India is a competitive examination carried on in London, what chance or what possibility is there of natives of India acquiring that fair share in the administration of their own country, which their education and abilities would enable them to fulfil?'—(*Hans. Par Deb., vol.*, 194, *p.* 1060).

act, they would rather not have any natives in this Civil Service, than have any who have not come to England. This is another instance of, call it either stupidity or dishonesty, with this class of persons. The peculiar advantages if there be any which the native youths will derive from coming to England, and which will lead to a more efficient discharge of their duties as civil servants are not mentioned. But apart from this it is certainly very singular that the less unjust course of compelling the natives of India to come over here after passing the open competition (the preliminary examination for the Civil Service) in India, has never yet struck more than two or three Englishmen. Why should it strike them? The secret at bottom is a misgiving that were the preliminary examination thrown open to natives by being held in India, they would pass in considerable numbers. As we know some of our countrymen who have passed successfully for the Civil Service, and as we are acquainted with the training under which Indian youths are brought up in our colleges, we have no hesitation in affirming that in the case supposed the greater portion of the Civil Service would be filled with natives.[1] Against the statements that the natives of India are practically shut out from the Civil Service, it is sure to be urged that owing to the bill recently passed by the exertions of the Duke of Argyll, the Viceroy is empowered to appoint natives to the Civil Service in India itself, provided they possess the necessary abilities. We quote his words: (Hans., vol. 194, p. 1059). 'I now come to a clause—the 9th. Its object is to set free the hands of the Governor-General, under such restrictions and regulations as may be agreed to by the Government at home, to select for the Government Service of India, natives of that country, although they may not have gone through the competitive examination of this country. It may be asked how far this provision is consistent with the measures adopted by Parliament for securing efficiency in that service, but there is a previous, and, in my opinion, a much more important question, which I trust will be considered—how far this provision is essential to enable us to perform our duties and fulfil

[1] Some object even to the present arrangement by which natives of India can compete for this examination in London. The Marquis of Salisbury says (page 1071, Hans., vol, 194). 'I think that the plan of the Noble Duke contained in this bill—is infinitely better than the system of appointment by competition. The evil of that is twofold—if it fails, as it hitherto has done, and the natives do not take advantage of your competitive system, then they blame you for having excited their hopes, and as they think acted with duplicity; if it succeed, you give them vested rights in the offices which they came to hold, and that in time of trouble may expose you to dangers on which I should hardly venture here to enlarge, but which must spontaneously suggest themselves. Therefore it is far better that natives should be appointed on the exclusive responsibility of the Governor-General. . . If you are too careless you may appoint men educated and competent, but in their hearts not loyal to your rule!' Such speakers require a thorough sweeping out of the House of Lords.

our pledges and professions towards the people of India?' How far these professions of the noble Duke have been put into practice will be rendered clear by the following facts. Lord Lawrence, the predecessor of Lord Mayo, had appointed nine Government scholarships to encourage the natives of India to come to London to study, chiefly for the Civil Service. The scheme was not sanctioned by the Duke of Argyll, because 'to speak of nine scholarships distributed over the whole of India as any fulfilment of our pledges or obligations to the natives would be a farce.' (page 1061). One would imagine, after reading these words, that the Duke intended to do more for the people of India than would have been effected by only nine scholarships; but will it be believed that all that he did was to pass a *permissive* bill, by which the Viceroy is empowered to appoint natives to the Civil Service? It is obvious that it is not compulsory on the Viceroy to appoint any number or at any stated time. He may not appoint any at all, and he may appoint whomsoever he likes for instance, once in ten years. If the Duke of Argyll had the interest of the natives of India really at heart, he could have easily inserted a clause that a fixed number should be annually appointed; for otherwise we clearly think that the scholarships would have done greater good, they being annual, and given to the most promising of our college youths. If, however, there is any doubt left about the indifference (to use a very mild word) exhibited by the Duke of Argyll, it will be dispelled on reading the following inexplicable fact. There are engineering colleges in India established by the Government. The course of study which the students are required to undergo is a long one, and, what is important to know, is decidedly superior to that required from candidates here, and yet the men sent out from England are placed on a higher footing, forsooth, because they are *covenanted* officers. More than a year ago, the Duke, finding that the Indian Engineering Department was not sufficiently attractive to Englishmen, proposed to found a college (the present Cooper's Hill Engineering College) to instruct English youths and to encourage them to seek for appointments in India! Did he at all think that there were already competent natives in India who had no appointments assigned to them at all, and who had derived no benefit from their long course of training? About the Army Medical Service, Lord Houghton shall speak for us. 'It is difficult to see how natives and Englishmen can work together in one service, differing, as they do, in religion, customs, and modes of thought (!). It is only a few years ago that this happened:—so simple a post as that of surgeon to one of our regiments having been put up to competition, it was assigned to a native, but my noble friend (Lord Halifax), who was then Minister for India, felt himself unable to make the appointment. It was apprehended that the appointment of a native would provoke such a spirit of mutiny in

tne regiment that my noble friend thought it would be better even to do an injustice to the individual than to run the risk of the consequences which might follow from his appointment.' (page 1077). We think that any one not destitute of common sense will agree with us in denouncing the conduct of Lord Halifax. If the soldiers of a regiment thought that a native, whom they looked upon as a slave, was unfit to be in their regiment, and that it was an insult to them to have a native as surgeon to the regiment, we should like to know if Lord Halifax could have adopted a better way of confirming them in their foolish prejudice.

It is not known to the English public that public works of a permanent character, which ought to be raised by loans, are paid for out of the Indian revenues. This is not all. When they are erected, they are found to be totally unfit for the purposes for which they were built. Besides, the vast sums spent on them are furnished with little or no delay by the Government. We are taxed in any manner our rulers may wish, and the absurdity of this procedure was evident only last year, when the Government of Bombay resolved to levy a tax on feasts! The salt tax is the most objectionable, because it is levied on an article of every-day consumption. It has been pointed out that in the central provinces of India the quantity of salt consumed is about one-third of that consumed in places where it is cheapest, and that the price of salt is 13*s.* for 80 lbs., this average being twenty times the price in England, and, allowing for the difference in the value of money, four to one, eighty times.' (*Vide* 'Journal of the E. I. Assoc.,' vol. iv. p. 7.) A very favourable exception must be made with respect to the legislature provided for us, and we thank our British rulers for having given us such excellent enactments as the Penal Code, the Civil and Criminal Procedure Codes, etc. But sometimes very ludicrous blunders have been committed, and even at present the law has avowedly shown a great partiality for Europeans. The following instance of the former is the best of its kind:—'We have had in ten years (1860 to 1869) six different Stamp Acts, the second tinkering the first, the third repealing both, the fourth repealing half the third, the fifth repealing the other half, the sixth repealing the fourth, and all these six ignoring the previous old one, which had done duty for half a century.' (Quoted in 'Fraser,' Oct. 1871, p. 496, from the 'Calcutta Review.') Space forbids, or it would be very easy to multiply examples of the abuses current in India. We purpose to end this part of our subject with a quotation from the twelfth paragraph of the Memorial which we have made mention of at the commencement of our essay:

'Further, while native princes whose subjects are not affected by the laws passed by the Legislative Council (of the Governor-General) are

called to sit in it, the educated classes of the natives of British India are unrepresented.'

To those who have accompanied us so far, this is only another example of the sham justice dealt to us. What strengthens our conclusion is, that many of these princes are incapable of understanding a single syllable of English, and are obliged, owing to this cause, to employ an interpreter, and yet they are supposed to be capable (on what ground let Mr. Grant Duff answer) of giving more correct and sound opinions on legal points than would be furnished by natives of British India well versed in English, Roman, Hindu, and Mahomedan law! Even the Maharajah of Jeypoor, who was honoured with a seat in this Council, did not fail to see through this trick of the English.

But we have chosen that paragraph to show our readers how Indian questions are treated in the House of Commons, which represents the British public. We shall first give a portion of the speech of Mr. Fawcett, uttered when he moved for a resolution to appoint a Royal Commission of Enquiry for India. 'It could be easily shown that no investigation into the affairs of India could be complete or satisfactory, if evidence on the subject were not taken in India. . . . . It must not be forgotten that a large proportion of the natives of India absolutely refuse, for reasons connected with their religion and caste, to cross the ocean, and consequently their evidence could not be taken except in India.' (Hans., v. 206, p. 2025).

Another reason which is urged for holding in India Commissions of Enquiry is forcibly stated in a book which, though published nearly twenty years ago (1853), is still true, with some slight alterations, of the present state of Indian affairs (notwithstanding the *progress* of the English rule in India). We allude to 'The Three Presidencies of India,' by J. Capper:

'It is not by such means as the solemn farce enacted in the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons that this work will be aided. The dullest mind of the poorest Indian ryot must see through the transparency of that judicial mockery which pretends to give fair play to the plaintiff by examining no other witnesses than the clients of the defendant. It is in India, and India only, that the work must be done. It is there alone that a Committee of Inquiry will hear the truth, and the whole truth, regarding those matters which so deeply concern the future of British India.' (from the Preface.)

We must clear away some misapprehension which perhaps may exist in the minds of our readers, viz., that we do not approve of having any Committees here. We think with Professor Fawcett, that there ought to be Committees both here and in India, as very valuable evidence will be otherwise lost to the Government. Of the Committee now holding its

sittings we must speak with great respect; and we look to it with great satisfaction, as it contains several members who take a very great real interest in the welfare of India. We shall now place before our readers the slipshod speech of Mr. Grant Duff:

'Now as to the constitution of the Vice-regal Legislative Council, and as to the present organisation of the native army. These may *conceivably* become one day legitimate subjects for separate inquiries; but both the Council and the army are quite new institutions, dating from 1861, only ten years ago, and to inquire into them at present would be to imitate the behaviour of a child which digs up seeds to see how they are growing. These questions, I say, may conceivably some day require examination; but the instrument of that examination will not, I should think, in either case be a Royal Commission. As to the first, a Committee of this House would surely be a fitter tribunal to try the question: How far representative institutions can be extended to our Asiatic possessions. I know no reason in the nature of things why they should not some day or other be so extended; but the time has not arrived for a real representation in India. Even here, representative institutions grew very slowly; and although it is natural enough that these petitioners . . . . should ask for the remodelling of the Legislative Council because they fancy that they will thereby obtain some accession of influence, we must not forget that they are interested parties. . . . . And next, with reference to the cry that the natives of India have not sufficient opportunity of expressing their views before this Committee, what is to prevent any natives of India putting their views directly before the Committee, either in the shape of petitions to this House,—which would, of course, be immediately referred to it,—or by sending over any person to be examined whom they may select, or by instructing any of their numerous countrymen here to go before the Committee?' (pp. 2034—2036.)

It cannot escape the attention of our readers that the memorialists complained of the want of ability in the native members appointed in the Council. They reasonably suggested that in the place of such inefficient members, men properly selected from the educated classes should be appointed. Now what would a stranger, ignorant of the real complaint, suppose from Mr. Grant Duff's speech? The Government Advocate (we are glad that he is not our advocate) would lead him to suppose that these petitioners wanted a representation of natives, where none at present have a place! Curiously a suicidal confession falls from his lips that their interests are opposed entirely to those of the English Government, or he would not have objected to their demand, on the ground that they were interested parties. The advocate has cleverly managed to throw dust in the eyes of the House, by furnishing an entirely false explanation of an admitted fact. Mr. Grant Duff, we are afraid, believes that repre-

sentation would not have been introduced in England earlier than it actually was. But we have no doubt that the correct answer is, that the slow growth of representation in England must be attributed to the desire of the oligarchy to withhold the people from as hare in the administration of their affairs. This is seen even now-a-days; therefore it is clear that the English Government has no intention to give us natives of India any share, if the case of England is to be applied to India. But to crown all, it has been stated that representation is an institution foreign to the Asiatics. Leaving the other Asiatics to defend themselves, we must say that this statement as regards the Hindoos is incorrect. The last sentence is, perhaps, the most wonderful in the speech from which we have just quoted. It suggests three means by which natives can from India make their voice heard. The last means is founded on an error as to a matter of fact. Our number is not at all great here, and we, lacking as we do, the experience which the English and the native officials have derived in consequence of their service of years, are unable to discharge the arduous task which Mr. Grant Duff would like us to undertake, especially as very many of us come to-day for the Civil Service, or the Bar, or the Army Medical Service. The first means proposed is childish, for can it for a moment be maintained that thousands of petitions which might be sent from India will be ever read here? Obviously not, as the Committee has other things to attend to than these petitions only; the second means is the only one left. Even that cannot succeed, because it must lead to the exclusion of valuable evidence, as there are many who cannot afford the expenses of coming to England, and some will not come to England at all. But although these objections are clear to us, to Mr. Grant Duff they are all futile, for he does not even allude to them. We think he has omitted a very happy parallel, which would have served as the best commentary on Mr. Fawcett's remarks. We shall give them, as illustrating what we have just stated, and also as proving the justice of the law. If a European British subject commits an offence, he cannot be tried by any but the established High Courts, which are in the Presidency towns. There then he must be sent, from the place of the commission of the offence (and this distance may actually, under the present territorial jurisdiction of the High Courts, be 600 miles), with all the evidence. The poor witnesses, who are dragged there, and who do not, we repeat, get paid for their expenses, the law supposes have nothing to do but to give their evidence, as if the inconvenience which they suffer is nothing in comparison to the insult that would otherwise be offered to the dignity of the European British subject, criminal though he be.

As these remarks have a great bearing on the representation of the natives of India, we shall, before concluding the subject, give our readers

the benefit of the wisdom of the House which has so many Dukes, Marquesses, and other noble Lords. The Marquis of Salisbury says: 'There is one point in the speech of the noble Duke of Argyll (we have already quoted from this same speech), against which I wish to enter my protest. He seemed to think that the only way in which we could fulfil our pledge, was by admitting natives to the direct service of the Crown. My belief is that the true way to admit the natives of India to a just share in the Indian government, is to maintain the native sovereignties which we protect.' The scheme is to enable natives to get a share in the administration of these sovereignties. This mode, according to this noble lord, fulfils the pledge of the English Government to its subjects in India.

With equal propriety he may suggest that England should consider herself as having discharged her duties towards us, if we were to get a share in the administration of France, China, or the United States! The noble lord cannot for a moment think of allowing the natives to serve directly under the Crown. These lords, however noble and exalted they may appear to Englishmen, appear to us in a very unfavourable light. Their nonsense passes in England for sense; their selfishness for generosity, and their stupidity for dignified gravity! We have quoted them only to prove their incompetency, selfishness, and total disregard to the just claims of others. Having succeeded, we hope in our object, we shall take leave of them with an unmixed feeling of pleasure.

Let us now direct the attention of our readers to the subject of reform. They will have seen from what has been stated already, that the only means to improve the present system has been never tried, although no one can, unless it be Mr. Grant Duff, say that we have been all along unfit for representation. We repeat here, for this truth cannot be impressed too often on the English public, that no reform can take place unless the natives of India are allowed a very large share in the administration. We do not desire to be appointed to some of the highest offices, and it must be admitted that at present we are unable to wield them. For instance, we do not ask the English to appoint a native viceroy, or a native chief justice. But our demand that we should be assigned offices which we are fully competent to fill is indisputably reasonable. Why natives should not be made inspectors of schools, professors in Government colleges, head masters of schools, assistant collectors, &c., it is hard to see. If the Englishman could discharge these duties more efficiently than the natives (that is to say, if they made better inspectors or head masters, than the natives) if they were superior to the natives in their intellectual attainments, we ourselves should be the very last to question the justice of the choice of the Government. But the truth is far otherwise. This explains why the natives are called conceited by the

Englishmen, who to add to the joke, assign a reason for the conceit, viz., the readiness of the natives to quote Shakspeare and Milton.

Our space will not permit us to quote more than one instance of the preference given to Europeans. Some months ago we read in the Bombay papers that the Government had appointed a European to a Professorship of Sanscrit in an Indian College, to which a native had been temporarily appointed. The latter was well known, and he had discharged his duties with such satisfaction that all thought he would be permanently appointed to the post for which he was pre-eminently qualified. The injustice was the more palpable in the present case as the Government thought that to teach an Oriental language, a European was far more fitted than a native who had made it his special study. This is but one out of thousands of cases that happen very often.

By the appointment, then, of natives to posts for which they are competent, the state of things in India will be vastly ameliorated. To enumerate in detail all the beneficial consequences which will result from pursuing this policy would be impossible here, but we shall summarise them for the benefit of our readers.

The deficits of Indian finance will have to disappear, never to give any trouble again. The expenditure will be curtailed, so as to keep pace with the revenue, and this curtailment can be effected in various ways. The salaries which natives would receive would be considerably less than were obtained by Englishmen appointed to the very same posts. Thus it is believed that if a European is paid 500*l.* annually, a native will be content to get 300*l.* At present some of the highest offices are paid for on a luxurious scale. The salaries received by the Viceroy, the Commanders-in-Chief, &c., are quite sufficient to enable them to live like princes. Living in such grand style at the expense of the poor and working classes will be disallowed at once. The annual resort of the Viceroy to the Hills will not be for a moment tolerated. It is not at all necessary for the Viceroy to spend seven months in a year at a distance of 1100 *miles from Calcutta*, the capital. The expenses for this tour, the delay in business, &c., arising from this yearly visit, can be imagined by our readers who, considering the above distance, will not blame us for saying that it is a very costly luxury. The Army expenditure will be curtailed, because when natives have a voice in the Indian administration, this reduction can be effected with perfect safety. The Public Works Department will be carefully looked after, and we may feel certain that public works will not be erected only to be pulled down again, as has not unfrequently been the case with some of the barracks built in India. Taxation will be performed in the way most agreeable and least cumbrous to the people. The financial relations between England and India will be carefully adjusted, and thus this at

present much-neglected problem will then receive a full and satisfactory solution. The Established Church in India, which ought to be abolished even now, will be the first thing that, in all probability, the natives of India will attack. It is set up there in defiance of every fair consideration. It is a historical fact, which the English ought surely to have learnt long ago, that no foreign religion has been able to overthrow the orthodox faith. Buddhism had the best chances in its favour, as it was the purest faith, but its fate is perhaps not unfamiliar to many of our readers. Some Mahomedan rulers forced conversion to the religion of *the Prophet*, but this was the best way they could unwittingly adopt to strengthen Brahminism. The orthodoxy of the Mahomedans is universally known; and we have just pointed out that Brahminism has withstood all foreign attacks.

To expect, then, that a people who could not be forced to abandon the faith in which they were brought up should be induced to do so simply in consequence of the establishment of the English Church, is to expect that an impossible thing should come to pass. Moreover, it will be readily admitted by an impartial observer that there is no prospect of Christianity, or, indeed, of any other religion, finding favour with the educated native youths. Let the missionaries speak and write what they like; they can never convince us that their dogmatic assertions are worth anything, much less that they are true. Some of the highest officers presiding over the destinies of India think with the missionaries that conversion to Christianity is the only means to improve her. If this is the conviction produced in their minds after pondering over the history of religious opinions, extending to upwards of nineteen centuries, we can only say that some men are incorrigibly thick-headed, so to speak.

We are now approaching towards the end of our essay, and before we offer our concluding observations, let us implore our readers to excuse all that may displease them in this essay, and to carefully attend to the following remarks. If we have given offence to some, let it be remembered that we have written in a feeling of honest indignation. Our patience had been long ago exhausted, and there was nothing to assure us that the constant acts of gross injustice perpetrated by Englishmen would not be repeated.

If, then, all that we have stated is correct, as one honestly bent on learning the truth for himself will find by examining our references, it must follow that the remedy above suggested should be at once put into practice. This remedy is self-evident to all but those who, having their eyes open, will not see. The longer, therefore, it is delayed, the greater will be the bitterness between England and India. The English read some time back accounts in their papers of the hearty reception given to the

Duke of Edinburgh by the people of India throughout. They have recently also read about the prayers and the thanksgiving for the life of the Prince of Wales offered by the natives. Reading these professions of loyalty, the English infer that we are satisfied with our present lot. These accounts, perfectly authentic as they are, it must be always remembered, bespeak the feelings of the old generation. The class of educated youths has far different beliefs. They are, we take a pride in saying so, not at all conservative; conservatism is their deadliest foe, so much so that they would not shrink from the difficult task of abolishing the House of Lords. Monarchy is and ought to be, in their opinion, a thing of the past; they have doomed religion in any shape, except pure theism, to the fate it so richly deserves; and the throne of theism is already tottering. They are the staunchest advocates of the rights of women; in short, they are thorough radicals. Missionaries, bigoted and therefore foolish persons, and others, lose no time nor opportunity to express their fears that the Indian youths have great conceit, want of belief, and utter disregard to the feelings of others, &c.; that, in short, they are becoming worse and worse. The statement is correct, as showing the truth of the proverb 'Knowledge is power.' If the native youths find that the Europeans whom they are told to look upon as their superiors in knowledge, learning, morality, &c.,—in short, in everything,—are not better than they themselves are, why should they respect the latter? If the missionaries avowedly insult the understanding and the common-sense of their hearers, as we are sorry to say they do, why should they not be paid in their own coin?

The only reason why these educated youths do not make their voice heard here, is their neglect of the history of India. The want of this study leads them to think that the British rule has been actually productive of the good ascribed to it. But our native press is honestly working to check this indifference, and to expose, from loyal motives, all the abuses that constantly crop up. The time cannot be distant when our educated youths will come forward to vindicate their rights.

It is very important therefore, for Englishmen to hear with patience our complaints, and to pay very great attention to their quick redress. England cannot afford to lose India, and it is beyond question that the English cannot maintain themselves in India against the will of the inhabitants. There have been many apologists for the most scandalous policy of annexation, not established, for indeed it was there already, but carried to perfection by Lord Dalhousie. We have read nearly all that has been urged in his favour, and our calm opinion is that the natives of India cannot believe, although the British public naturally will espouse the cause of their countrymen, that the justifications alleged have any foundation in justice; nay, they will go away with the bitter reflec-

tion that what is injustice in their judgment is pronounced to be justice by their British rulers.

When such apologists are appointed Secretaries of State for India, the natives of India are prepared to predict what will happen. Hitherto English faith has been nothing better than the *Punica fides* made so much of by the Roman historians. The effect of thus deliberately disregarding the complaints addressed to our rulers by us is not difficult to see. The present position of England is far from firm and secure. What with the powerful Americans insisting on the Alabama and other claims —what with the secret enmity of the German Empire towards her people —what with the savage Russian waiting anxiously for a golden opportunity to pounce on India,—England, when her trials begin, will be in an utterly helpless state. Her navy, army, and people will be powerless against superior odds; and then, when it will be too late, the evil consequences of pursuing a selfish policy towards India will be bitterly felt. But if, as we hope, notwithstanding slight misgivings, justice will be dealt to India; if Her Majesty's Proclamation of 1859 to all the inhabitants of India, notorious now for being more a dead letter than anything else, will be adhered to unflinchingly—if all the prevalent abuses will be swept away, be they perpetrated by Europeans or Asiatics—in short, if the English will only do for us what was done by the ancient Romans for their forefathers (and, indeed, it is a great shame to England that, even after the lapse of fifteen centuries, her sense of moral justice is not so acute as that of ancient Rome), then will England be saved in all her trials—then will India, with a population of 200,000,000 millions, leave no stone unturned to help her in her difficulties. May the day of this new policy come soon, for when it comes it will be a blessing to both England and India.

A Hindu.

'From the Altar to the Bar.'

III.

Divorce! He had said it; even in his dreams he had spoken of it coherently, and with his mind clearly reconciled to the idea. There was evidently no reluctance on his part. He had in a singularly concise manner asserted his intention and his reason for forming it. To repeat his own words, 'a separation would be of no use'—could not marry again—'No! it must be a divorce!'

I was certainly very frightened at the first rumblings of what I then imagined was the coming storm. Divorce! what a dreadful word, I thought! How awful a punishment to be led into a public court and accused before the assembled crowd of the most heinous of offences; to have your greatest secret published; your inner life exposed to the public gaze; cut adrift from the only individual who in any way was bound to protect you against the storms and tempests of life. To be *un*-married; put asunder! Divorced! Dreadful, I thought; dreadful. I was much concerned.

So, scarcely had I terminated my honeymoon, when my husband sought to rid himself of me by the convenient agency of the law. His promptitude could only be explained in one way. His debts had been paid, and I was no longer of any use to him. When we were married, my husband had represented to me that he was much hampered by pecuniary obligations, to discharge which a large sum of ready-money was necessary. 'Now' he said 'I have an excellent appointment, with a splendid salary; splendid, at least, provided there were not so many pulling at it in every direction. No sooner does the first of the month come than my creditors' stationery literally descends upon my unfortunate head like a fall of snow. White bills, yellow bills, and blue bills, the first two sorts can be easily consigned to the waste-paper basket; but when the respectful request of the white, and the mild yet resolute remonstrance of the yellow has produced no response, the stern, uncompromising, sometimes minatory blue document makes its appearance

and refuses to be trifled with. "Now or never," it says, "Your money or your life." Now you perceive at once by a single glance at the writing table to what an alarming extent the cerulean tint predominates at present in my monthly correspondence, and you can therefore imagine how very limited my own available resources must be when these sharks have been satisfied. If, however, they could be at once discharged, the whole of my large pay would be free for us to live upon. It is in your power to do this for me if you like, and I shall consider it my duty to repay to the account of your legacy any sum you may assist me with now.'

In a weak moment I consented to do so. A large portion of the 5000*l.* left me by grandpapa was drawn out, the bills were paid, the major pocketed the receipts, and then he began to find me a bore. How was he to get rid of me? In the quietest, easiest, and most respectable (heaven save the mark!) manner. His unscrupulous mind soon hit upon the Divorce Court, that necessary evil of the nineteenth century, that inevitable product of a society which, when marrying and giving in marriage is so vilely rotten as to estimate excessive treasures of the purse and place seventy times as highly as those of the heart. But to obtain a divorce, he well knew he must be prepared with evidence of a somewhat deeper dye than he had in his possession as yet. The manner in which he endeavoured to procure this evidence, my diary, which I now resume, will show :—

'Gupacamund, November 1st.

'A slight movement on my husband's part brought me back to a sense of my position. I moved across the room as lightly as possible, and reached the door without disturbing him. As I ascended the stairs I was scarcely conscious. Horrified at my doom, awakening to the dread reality of this sad and miserable marriage, I was experiencing the first bitter fruits of having smothered my own feelings, likes and dislikes, affections and hopes, at the shrine of the matrimonial commerce. Where now was the truth of the doctrines I had once heard in favour of these abominable "*marriages de convenance?*" Was I at least in an "indifferent state, if not a happy one?" Was I easily overcoming my girlish dreams and acquiring that love for the creature I had married which I had been assured by certain kind friends would gradually come after marriage? Had I found in carriages and servants, in silks and satins, in position and style, any enjoyment for the love I had lost, for the cold, specious life I was leading? No!—a thousand times no! I had had no peace, no indifference, no happiness. My life had been a dreary existence. Cared for by no one, though I had purchased a lover. Caring for no one, in spite of my purchase. Solitary, hopeless, repentant, plagued by remorse, I had had no recompense, no compen-

sation. I was paying a penalty—a heavy and, perhaps, a life-long penalty of misery and shame.

'I reached my room, and throwing myself on the bed, tried to be calm and collected. I lay on my back, and fixed my eyes on the ceiling. Suddenly the punkah, that had been quiet so long, gave a slight, uncertain movement as if it had been accidentally touched. Then it was still again; nor was there the slightest sound. I was in an excited mood, and the merest trifle was sufficient to alarm me. Why, I thought, was the punkah moved in such a mysterious manner? It could not be the punkah-wallah, for if he was awake he would not dare to neglect his duties, and if asleep, he would have no control over the rope. Who, then, had moved it? Who was in the next room? I resolved to see, and had just risen from the bed for the purpose when there was a slight rustle at the door, and, as I thought, a scarcely audible footstep on the stairs. I rushed forwards and glanced down the passage. I thought I saw the tip of a white coat disappearing into the dining-room, but there was still perfect silence. I went to the ante-room adjoining mine, in which the punkah-wallah lay. I gazed in; there was the man coiled up, as I had expected, and fast asleep. It must, then, have been a fancy, I thought, that motion of the punkah, and returned to my own room. This time there *was* a sound, plain and distinct, in the dining-room. My husband was speaking. "Eh? Who the deuce —— what;" and then some one answered, "Hush!" and whispering followed. In a minute or two the light was put out, and I only had time to re-enter my room when I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. When the major entered the room he made no exclamation of surprise at seeing me still up, although the night was far advanced—a fact which at the time struck me as curious, for, of course, he knew that, in the ordinary course of events, I should have been in bed and fast asleep at such a time. He quietly sate down, and, adopting his favourite attitude by crossing his arms and stretching out his legs in front of him, said:

"'You're doubtless aware that you were seen this evening driving from the band with Captain Finesse?"

'I was silent, being anxious to know more, both how he had heard it and what he was going to do in consequence, for I was growing wondrously knowing in my conjugal diplomacy.

'"Do you really love that man?" he continued.

'"It would be idle for me to deny that I have cared for him."

'"No, no! that is not the point. The question is, do you care for him now?"

'Irritated by his composure and unconcern, and losing control over myself for a moment, I replied, "Well, then, if you must have it, I do. I can't help it. I try not to think of him, but it is useless; he seems to be

continually being brought to my notice. I cannot help it if you make me provoke you."

'"Provoke me!" he remarked, with a sardonic smile. "No, you must learn to comprehend my meaning better than that. If you love him, it is a great pity you are not married to him, *n'est-ce pas*?"

'His frightful indifference and horribly suggestive manner galled me to the quick. What could he be meditating? He went on:

'"Of course you will say, 'I am married to you, and there is an end of the matter;' but I don't think so. If you love Finesse, it is a pity that so much sterling, disinterested affection should be thrown away and hidden under a bushel by your remaining Mrs. Graspall. 'Finesse' is far the prettier name. There's a great charm in variety—at least, you seem to think so. Why not become Mrs. Finesse?"

'I was rapidly becoming inoculated with his supercilious *abandon*. "In order that there may be a second Mrs. Graspall, I suppose," I replied, with all the bitterness I could command in that terrible moment.

'"Pray don't become satirical. We shall never understand each other if we are to try who's best banterer. I entreat you, for your own sake as well as mine, to look at the matter dispassionately and calmly, as I do. You are rather young, it is true; but that gives you an advantage in another way—you've got so much more time before you than I have, in consequence. You little puss! you have the pull of me there. With your good looks, and the present loving capacity of your heart, you ought to find no difficulty in getting on in life; but with me the case is different. It is all very well for you to talk in that flippant manner of the next Mrs. Graspall, but I should like you to show me where she is likely to be found first."

'"Perhaps you would like me to introduce you to her before we part," I said.

'"It would certainly be a kindness on your part. But, seriously, as we neither of us care a jot for each other, as you are so far in love with your old love that you kiss him in broad daylight in my drawing-room, and drive about with him in my carriage the same evening, it seems to me that our present relation towards each other is pre-eminently a false one. Moreover, it is a state of things that cannot continue. In a small place like this it won't be allowed to continue. You will find to-morrow that the news of the fresh scandal will be all over the cantonment. The Maitlands will hear of it from their butler when they send him out for fresh vegetables and any stray gup he can pick up. They will immediately communicate it to the Hawleighs, the Boreleighs, and the De Ponsonby Chorleighs. Miss Sauerwein will hear of it before tiffen; and if her bullock cart does not drive up just about that hour, in order that she may procure her information on the subject from the fountain head,

I am very much mistaken. Under these circumstances, and bearing all the facts of the case in mind, it really seems to me that, as you and Finesse are so devotedly attached to each other, and as in any way there must be a scandal now, that the best thing you can both do is to really give some grounds for one, and mutually arrange for your future without delay, leaving me out of the question altogether."

'Was he absolutely in earnest? Could I believe my ears—that the man for whom I had given up love, life, and money was speaking to me in this plain, business-like manner of my elopement with another before our honeymoon was over? Impossible! Such an entire obliteration of all proper feeling and chivalry could not exist in any man who called himself a gentleman. But I was wrong. I had hitherto had the simplicity to imagine that I could read a man's disposition by half-an-hour's conversation with him in a drawing-room. Before my marriage I used to think that the other sex was not half so proficient in the art of acting as ours is. I used to believe my hero, for instance, if he told me with a mild air of sanctity, while sitting next me in a ball-room, that he disapproved of men and women sitting next each other in church; and I did not know then that two hours afterwards he would probably be playing the *roué* to the life in the wildest vortex of London dissipation. But so it is. Such a whitened sepulchre is our modern society, that if a man has money, knows half-a-dozen lines of Tennyson, and keeps his hands in good order, your modish mamma plants him with pleasure by her youngest innocent's side, fresh though he be from the air of Alsatia.

'But I was more unsophisticated then, I could not believe it likely, nay possible, that my husband could be serious in what he had just said. It was the sort of thing one read about in a sensational novel, almost an attempt at what is technically known as "Collusion." Quite dramatic! Alas; of truth and fiction I had still to learn which was the stranger of the two.

'I did not therefore answer him. I was anxious to stop the conversation, and although he rambled on for some time longer on the same theme, frightening me once or twice by his emphatic earnestness, and the apparent intention with which he spoke of it, I still tried to think the whole thing a jest—a dismal joke to try and frighten me into banishing Finesse for ever from my thoughts. He was soon asleep. Not so I. My heart beat so fast, and my mind was such a race-course for the fleeting ideas which helter skelter rushed through it, that sleep was out of the question. I lay and looked through the spaces between the Venetians at the glimmering stars, silent sympathisers, beacons of hope, so soon to fade away and leave me to face the return to care and sorrow, perhaps ruin on the morrow. Happy hour of the Indian night! when the afflicted earth has a little mercy from the cruel blaze of day. That

short—too short hour—when the soil has cooled from the sunset glow, nor felt as yet the dreaded lash of Sol renascent.

'Yes! My husband was right. On the morrow the leech-like tongues of the scandal-mongers would be at work. My poor little lost love would be their victim, till now cherished fondly and reverently in my own bosom, shielded valiantly from every rival, was to be snatched from its resting place, and tossed about by the local "pests of society," the gatherers of Sorrowpore gup. But it must nevertheless be borne. It was necessary to forget Finesse; no matter how hard the trial. He would still live in the station, it was true. The consciousness that I was *near* him must be my only consolation for the future, and beyond that he must be dead to me. I must never speak to him again—never see him, think of him, love him more.

'I went to sleep and—dreamt of him.'

'November 2nd.

'The new day broke. The day which was marked with the reddest cross in my life's history. The great rude blazing sun came hurrying back to the land it loves, unwelcome visitor, as punctually as ever.

'"What, awake already" said the major as he turned out of bed at six o'clock! "Ah, you young people! Sleep or no sleep it seems to be the same to you. Faugh! Bah! This water is hotter than ever."

'He was soon dressed and ready for his ride. "Have breakfast early this morning," he remarked to the butler, as he passed on his way to the garden. I was glad when I heard the sound of his horse's hoofs rapidly disappearing on the road to the barracks.

'My experience of Major Graspall had been that of many and many a girl, the victim of a similar marriage. He was one of those men whose lot it is in life to be denied the faculty of perceiving any poetry in even the most important event in life. There was not a grain of romance in his nature—that is real romance. He had an obscure idea of what it was like, of course, and used it to advantage whenever he had a suitable subject to deal with. But he simply used it, looked upon it, as a commodity which fetched its price with some weak-minded people, and which he therefore kept in stock for such customers of his as might require it in the course of his business—in other words, of his life. The proper vocation of such men, I have always thought, is trade. Their only object in life seems to be to try and drive a bargain, as hard a bargain as they can, and for this purpose they make use of everybody who comes within their reach. Trade, of course, does naturally number in its ranks many of them, and when there they are least objectionable, for they then come to you duly marked and docketed, and you know at once with whom you have to deal. But there are besides, many others of undoubted commercial proclivities who, either by the

force of circumstances or their own wilful obstinacy in fighting against their destiny, have managed to escape their appointed vocation. These men sometimes very wrongfully slip into the Church and the Army, and stand behind the altar rails, or on parade, as the case may be, with just the same ideas as to their calling in life, as Dregs, the wine merchant, or Chop, the butcher. Their immeasurable coolness and cunning, combined with an artificial polish which they have managed to pick up in the course of their journey through life, enables them to be welcomed in society whether they are provided with a golden passport or not. They are useful men. Designing mammas are not only satisfied that their daughters will not flirt too deeply with them, but look forward to a word or two of flagrant adulation for themselves, in place of the tribute of honest admiration which they have long since failed to obtain from the sincere, and therefore prefer them to their more honest and disinterested rivals. In due course these clerical and military tradesmen resolve to marry, in other words, to take a fresh partner into the firm. They then divide into two classes,—those with money, and those popularly known as detrimentals, or poor men of good birth. Without one of these two qualifications, they are, of course, inadmissible; but it is rarely that matters come to this climax, for, if a man has not position, he very soon discovers that he is twentieth cousin twice removed of my Lord Broad-acres, and in these mushroom days it does not do to inquire too closely into detail. With money or position, then, the commercial wife-seeker is sure to succeed, and, as he never felt the want of love himself, does not hesitate to place his wife in the same delightful state. Miserable man! the *slave*, not the enjoyer of money; the possessor of a mistress, not of a wife.

'Breakfast was ready when my husband returned from his ride and galloped in the compound—a most unusual thing on his part—and hurriedly dismounting, met me in the verandah with the words:

'"They're off on Monday."

'"Who?" I exclaimed.

'"The 115th, ordered home after all."

'"What!" I cried, "*to England?*"

'"Yes; and now to breakfast, with what appetite you have."

'He passed by me, leaving me as pale as a ghost. Then *he* was going, going where I should never see him again or even hear of him. The thought of remaining in that dismal up-country station, or in any other, without him near me, was agonising in the extreme. I felt sick and faint. Of course I determined to get over it and accept my lot, but it was hard, very hard at first. I mechanically returned to the breakfast room, and, seating myself at the table, handed my husband his tea.

'"Why, what is the matter with you?" he muttered; "Don't you see I have helped myself?"

'I had not seen it; my thoughts were elsewhere. A few moments passed in silence, when my attention was distracted by the butler entering the room with a fresh plate and cup, and laying another place at the table.

'"What are you doing?" I said; "Who is that for?" "Finesse!" broke in the major. "He is coming to a farewell breakfast. I met him at the barracks just now; he starts to-night in advance of the corps. I told him I was sure you would like to see him again before he leaves us; and ah, here he is!"

'Before I could overcome my astonishment at the major's inexplicable conduct, the big dragoon, handsomer than ever, had lounged in triumphantly, and was seated once more at the same table with me.

'"How do?" he said to me, with an easy familiarity, but a world of meaning in his eyes.

'"Quite well, thank you, Captain Finesse," I replied, as distantly as possible, whilst I stole a look at my husband's face. He was gazing intently into his plate, and the wicked mouth wore its wilful calm as placidly as ever, so suggestive, as it was, of the depths of cruelty and wrong within. Noticing the awkward silence, he looked up and said:

'"Well, Finn, my boy, you'll get a run with the Pytchley yet. Lucky dog! while I've got to broil out here—unlucky dog! What's the steamer of the 5th?"

'"Oh, Mongolia, I think," said he, gently pressing my foot under the table, which I at once removed from his reach.

'"Mongolia! Fine boat, splendid boat; I was in her three days once. Jolly captain, jolly officers, jolly boat—don't sleep in the saloon, that's all;" answered the major, breaking the shell of another egg.

'I could not understand my husband's behaviour at all. Here was the man whom he had discovered, only the day before, in his drawing-room, kissing his wife, seated at his table, and received all the same as an honoured guest.

'"Why, what's the matter with the saloon?"

'"They always stow the children there," replied the major; "and some people don't care for children, that's all," he added, happening to glance in my direction as he spoke.

'"That's rather a bore," said Finesse, paying rather more attention than usual to my husband's observation, "I've taken a saloon cabin."

'"How is it you go, by the P. and O.?" I enquired. "The regiment goes in the troopship, does'nt it, and don't you accompany it?" I saw him visibly change colour. He looked as if he didn't quite know what explanation to give.

'My husband came to his rescue.

'"Officers on the sick list, unfit to do duty with troops, are sometimes excused a troopship voyage," he said.

'"By-the-by, I've got to be at the barracks by twelve; you must excuse me, Finn, if you'll be so good. Ada, keep our guest to tiffen; don't let him be running away. Well, good-bye, both of you. Bon voyage, mon ami."

'He was gone. Little did I think then that I had breakfasted with him for the last time.

'I turned immediately to Finesse. "Why are you here?" I said. "Did I not implore you to avoid these meetings,—these miserable, hopeless, wicked meetings?"

'"I was invited by your husband," he replied, in a tone of injured innocence. "He told me you would like to see me once before—before—we were—separated." His voice quivered audibly.

'"Oh, God! of course I do; but it is no use. It only makes the parting harder. You should not have come; indeed, you shouldn't."

'"I could not help it. A summons from you, even in the shape of a whisper in your dreams, is to me law. I must obey."

'"Then leave me now! You are driving me mad. Oh, heavens! why am I afflicted thus? Why tantalised, why tempted, till flesh and blood rebel? What, what have I done?"

'"You have married a man for whom you do not care,—a man whose disposition and nature are utterly opposed to your own,—a coarse, vile, entirely masculine character. You were intended to be the ruler, not the ruled; to reign supreme in your husband's heart, not to supply his purse; to have your slightest wish forestalled, your every fancy gratified. In him you have a master; in me a slave. His desire is to live by means of you; mine to live for you. This is the difference,—this the reason of your misery and despair."

'"Cease," I cried, "for pity's sake! You know not how my mind is racked. Oh, God help me!"

'"Dear Ada, be calm. Listen to me, trust me as you used to trust me in dear old England, in the happy days gone by, and I will advise you for the best. In the first place, look upon me as a friend, a friend whose only care in life is to secure your happiness. Have confidence in me, not fear of me. Remember that, however a man may be hardened in after life, his first love is always the key with which to reach his heart. My heart is at your feet. Tread upon it, if you will; crush it, kill it. It is there, nevertheless; and while it draws one breath of life it still will love you, work for you, slave for you, willingly die for you. Say you will believe I'm your friend in what I am saying to you."

'I was silent; half in dreamland, and yet conscious that I was listening

to what I ought not, but held completely in thrall nevertheless, and almost powerless to resist. I still felt, however, that by a tremendous effort I might yet overcome his influence, though I did not think the proper moment had arrived for making it.

'"Silence gives consent," he continued. "Now listen to me. What hope is there for you in the future? What prospect of relief from misery as long as your life lasts? Your husband will never alter now, except to grow harder, colder, and more mercenary than he is. There will never be any union, bond, or mutual pledge of affection between you. He will laugh at your confidences, despise your fancies, and tread upon your tenderest feelings. You will be all alone out here, without a friend to confide in; for you know as well as I do what amount of sympathy and constancy may be looked for from Anglo-Indian society when you happen to be under a cloud. Words fail me to describe sufficiently the loneliness and misery of your future life here. Is not what I say true? Can you see any single ray of hope to cheer you on?"

'"None at present; but ——"

'"Shall I draw another picture?"

'The hot blush suffused my face. I knew to what he alluded. My temptation was indeed beginning to overpower me. Though I ought to have forbidden it, I couldn't; my tongue seemed tied. He took my hand in his, gently, kindly; he raised it to his lips, and our eyes met once more. Oh, ecstatic moment, when we both lived indeed in the present!

'"With me," he went on passionately, "you will live a life of love! Our old youthful dreams will be actual realities. We shall live in each other. My son will be yours, your daughter mine. In a happy home in our native land, near the well-remembered scene where first we met, we shall experience the delights that were only visions when there before—now glorious, thrilling, maddening realities!

'"And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!"'

"Oh Arthur, Arthur!" I moaned, "spare me! tempt me not! We must still hope; hope for the future. No, not yet, not yet! I cannot betray my husband."

'"Your husband! Oh, Ada, if you only knew him as thoroughly as I do. But no, you see him through the deceptive lens of a wife's so-called 'duty.' 'Duty!' how is it not abused! To many a tender, shrinking wife it is nothing less than 'slavery,'—a slavery which a generous man will not permit his wife to submit to, but which too many husbands, and yours notably so, absolutely require,—a slavery which, if not at once resisted, increases invisibly year by year. Be not mistaken in him; he

is a man of no principle or honour—a man simply bent on benefiting himself, at any cost, at the expense of others. Believe me, if he could turn a dishonest penny by your death he would not hesitate to kill you, if necessary, by inches."

'"No," I said, making a last effort to defend him whom I had sworn to honour, "I will believe no such thing. My husband may not love me, but he would defend me in my hour of need, I know; defend me, if necessary, Arthur, from the false, alluring tongue of a false friend."

'"Read this, then!" he exclaimed excitedly, hurriedly drawing an undirected letter from his pocket. "Read, and see what the devotion of your miserable partner is worth. Read! I would have spared you this, but you would not."

'With a faltering hand I took the paper, and read as follows:—

"Sorrowpore, Nov. 1st.

'"Madam—You will doubtless be surprised to receive this communication from the hands of Captain Finesse, but as it may be of much use to you at a moment when you may not care to be interrupted by a third party, for the purpose of acquainting you with my views on the subject of your leaving Sorrowpore with him this evening, I have thought it best to let him deliver it ~~to you at what he considers to be the~~ best moment. If you feel at all inclined to accompany him, I entreat you not to hesitate on my account. You must feel by this time what a farce it is our pretending to care for each other. We never did; our marriage was not what is generally known as a love affair at all. Like hundreds of others in the present day, it was one of mutual advantage. This being so, I do not scruple to write plainly, and to tell you that I am too poor a man to let slip this opportunity which you have given me. I hope you will at once acquit me of any sentimentality in the matter when I tell you that my simple object in recommending you to leave Sorrowpore to-night is that I hope to benefit by such an act on your part in a pecuniary way. There is, or soon will be, a scandal about you and Finesse; as this is inevitable, I must have something to compensate me for the loss of *prestige* in having married what the world calls a frisky wife. Such a benefit can only accrue to me by a fresh marriage for money; of course this would be impossible whilst you are Mrs. Graspall, and I therefore propose that I shall repay you £500 of the £3,500 you advanced to me last month, and that with that sum you and Finesse should make the best of your way to England, whither I will shortly follow, and arrange with some experienced solicitor for a nice quiet respectable divorce. The proceedings shall be instituted by me, and as you will not oppose my application, in six months' time you will be again free to marry

Finesse if you think fit. I may add that if you stand in my way now, and elect to remain here, your life will not be a particularly pleasant one, as far as I am concerned.

"WILLIAM GRASPALL."

'The letter dropped from my hands. In that moment my whole nature seemed changed. I was delirious—reckless.

'"Ada! darling Ada! Are you mine?" he said.

'"Yes! Ha, ha! Yes; yours or anyone's—body and soul!'

'The next moment I had fainted in his arms.'

[*To be continued.*]

What the Queen's Shilling Buys.

By an Ex-Private Hussar.

The question of the hour seems to be how are soldiers to be procured? and while every one who knows—or what is the same thing, pretends to know—the whole interior economy of our recruiting system, its weakness and its wants, offering suggestions how the first should be remedied and the other supplied; I am struck by the total absence of practical knowledge which the writings of many of these individuals display, when endeavouring to handle the subject of enlistment. In theory, each of their schemes is admirable in itself. On paper, armies are formed and distributed throughout the country, commanded by officers who could mass each fraction of the host upon any point of the coast in twelve hours, completely equipped for a long campaign. Notably among these agitators are civilians, who, by their own showing, can know nothing of the matter which they criticise or attempt to criticise, but who depend more upon the loudness and frequency of their talk, than the weight of their arguments. For instance, A considers that the purchase system—which, by-the-by, has nothing whatever to do with recruiting—is the sole cause of that lack of military ardour existing among our agricultural and town labourers, our mechanics, and our clerks. B, on the other hand, puts all down to what is now styled 'Pothouse enlistment.' C blames the low pay given to the soldier, and D says we don't bid a high enough bounty. Now, believing that 'the cobbler should stick to his last,' I, a practical soldier for about the last quarter of a century, am of opinion that these writers do not understand the subject of recruiting sufficiently to give an opinion thereon; while I may know something about it, having served over three long apprenticeships to the profession of arms, and I consider that it is neither purchase, pay, public-house recruiting, nor the poorness of the bounty, which keeps good men out of the ranks; the true cause being principally due to the general ignorance among the working classes of the really good pay, lodging, clothing, and recreations which soldiers enjoy while serving, together with which is combined the supplementary benefit of a life-pension on discharge.

Doubtless a little of the unpopularity of the service is owing to old

traditions connected with the Peninsular war, when to supply our armies with men, the gaols and workhouses in the kingdom were drained to fill up the ranks. And some of the existing ill-feeling to soldiering among civilians might be traced to men unsuited by vice or ill-temper for any position. Those possessed of good abilities, but who find that they could no more do as they liked in the Army than they could out of it, have vented their spleen in the public papers of the day; giving therein grossly overdrawn descriptions of barrack life. That soldiers are far from being saints I will readily admit, as well as that some of their language would not be tolerated in a drawing-room. But, on the other hand, I as stoutly deny their being half as black as they have been painted by those, who, had they possessed but a spark of soldierly feeling or pride in their profession, could never have written such libels upon their comrades. If the conversation of most young men, when congregated together, was put down in writing, I much doubt if it would be found greatly in advance of the barrack-room talk; and therefore I claim for soldiers, that as a body, their conduct is quite as good and as moral as any class of men could be who were placed under similar circumstances.

As I have already stated, however, the chief reason for the antipathy which those in civil life have to the Army, may be safely attributed to ignorance. The barrack-life of the soldier; his daily toils and trials; his recreations and enjoyments; nay, even his most common habits, are as unknown to the general public, as if their brothers in the ranks were the inhabitants of another sphere instead of living among them. Nor is this so much a matter for surprise, when we think of the high walls and prison-like appearance of most barracks, which are sealed repositories to civilians; sentries at the gates barring all entry, as if their main duty was to prevent enlistment instead of fostering it. But for such and similarly useless restrictions, the customs of the Army now-a-days would have become better known and consequently more popular than either the police or post-office services, to both of which, in my opinion, it is far superior.

By these means the soldier has come to be pitied and looked down upon by the rest of his fellow-men, commiseration or contempt in his case being alike undeserved or required. He is, as a rule, not only better fed, clothed and lodged than either policemen or postmen, but he enjoys privileges to which they are strangers. He may have a couple of days' leave weekly, and is, besides, entitled to a month's leave annually. Whether on leave, or sick in hospital, his pay goes on as if he were at duty. His daily work is far from being fatiguing—in fact, is but sufficient to keep him in good health; and he has not only plenty of excellent, wholesome food to eat, but he has this well cooked, and takes his meals at regular stated intervals. In all barracks now there are baths, in

addition to the ablution rooms, where he can wash himself. At his club—the canteen—he cannot only procure drink cheaper and better than he can elsewhere, but the profit arising from the sale of the beer is used to lessen the price to him of tobacco, butter, and other luxuries, causing a reduction to him of about 20 per cent. in the purchase of those articles; so that two shillings goes as far in the canteen as half-a-crown would do outside in the town. At the gymnasium, under qualified and efficient instructors, he can learn to fence or box, to leap or run; and should his tastes lie in quieter amusements, there is the reading-room open for him, with its billiard and bagatelle boards, its games of chess, draughts, and backgammon, and its regular supply of the daily and weekly newspapers. In addition to all this, there is a good library in each regiment, where he can be supplied with books of every kind, which he can take with him to read in his cot in the barrack-room.

Having thus sketched lightly the privileges and other advantages which are open to every soldier, I will now direct attention to his pay. As however, the daily pay varies in the Army—the Household Troops, Army Service Corps, and Artillery, drawing more than the Cavalry, and that arm more than the Infantry—I will take the Dragoon's pay as the average, and endeavour to show how much better off he is in every respect than most labourers and many mechanics, both of whom, it must be remembered, seldom enjoy fifty-two working weeks in the year. Recruiting should be conducted upon the same principle as any common description of business; the Government requiring men to act as soldiers, just as our farmers want labourers to till their fields, merchants clerks to keep their accounts, or shopkeepers assistants to sell their wares. In the case of the farmer, the merchant, and the shopkeeper, each publicly informs those that they are about to engage the amount of remuneration they (the employers) are willing to give for the services of the others, and is simply a bargain which both parties hope to benefit from. But by some strange fatuity, our Government neglects to do what the other competitors for labour—the farmer, the merchant, and the shopkeeper—effect: it never fully describes the equivalent given to those who agree to serve it faithfully for twenty-one years. Appealing to the eye and the ear more than to any of the other senses, it aims to secure a sufficient supply for the demand by such aids as drink, music, and fine clothes give. It attacks the worst passions of men, and when successful, is astonished to find that the seed thus sown should bring forth and blossom into such fruit as drunkenness, desertion, and insubordination. We may as well expect thistles to bear grapes. Years ago, when a soldier's pay was only sixpence per diem—and he was cheated out of a portion of that—one can understand why a certain amount of reticence was necessary, and that, while the large bounty, honour, and glory

should be paraded well to the front, the small wage should be kept well to the rear. But now, when a private's pay in the Artillery and Cavalry ranges from about eleven to fourteen shillings a week—and in the Army Service Corps and Household Troops considerably more; that, in addition to this, he is well lodged and comfortably clothed, found in coals and candles, has the best medical advice procurable provided for him, reading and recreation rooms open for his amusement or improvement, and last, though not least, is allowed to retire upon a comfortable pension while he is yet in the prime of life—the necessity for such procedure is gone. This annuity, representing the interest of three hundred and sixty-five pounds at five per cent., is paid to him monthly, quarterly, or yearly, as he may wish, and in any part of the world nearly where he may choose to take up his abode.

I have not mentioned yet the chances which every soldier has of promotion to the rank of sergeant or sergeant-major, with the accompanying pensions of two shillings and half-a-crown a day respectively. Neither have I put forward the possibility of getting a commission, the chances against which are lessening every year; nor have I touched upon the amount a soldier can easily save, even as a private, while serving. With regard to the former, it would astonish most people were a list published of officers now living who have been promoted from the ranks; and I may further add that such a document would be of immense power in forwarding a better knowledge of the advantages which the Army opens to the intelligent educated classes as well as to agricultural labourers. And with respect to the latter—the opportunity for saving—those who run down the occupation of the soldier will be rather astonished to learn that a private of Cavalry could put aside in twenty-one years, easily, £255. 10*s.*, which with interest would in that time amount to about £300. This, remember, would still leave him two shillings and eight pence a week to spend.

Let us look how this matter stands. A Dragoon when he joins has eighteen pence a day, which, by good conduct, though he still remains a private, he can increase to two shillings. Of this he has to pay for food and washing daily eight pence, for which he receives one pound of meat and one pound of bread, tea, coffee, milk, vegetables, pepper, salt, etc., at a cost of as under:

1 lb. of meat or mutton, and 1 lb. of bread ...	4½ pence.
Tea, coffee, etc.	1½ „
Vegetables and milk	1 „
Washing	1 „
	8 pence.

This leaves the recruit five shillings and ten pence per week to spend,

which, to a youth of 18, is far from being an illiberal allowance. Then as he gets his rations, etc., for less than one half of what they could be purchased for were he in civil life, we may honestly add five shillings and ten pence more to his pay weekly, and if to this sum we add four shillings for lodging, fuel, and light, and two shillings and sixpence for clothing, boots, etc., sixpence for medicine and medical attendance for the like period, it will be seen that what a young soldier really receives weekly is at least one pound three shillings and fourpence in the cavalry, while he can eventually draw one pound six shillings and ten pence, or about £62 and £69 per annum respectively. I have not taken into account here what I have already mentioned, viz., the undoubted advantage a soldier has of purchasing his beer from the canteen at a reasonable price, while the profits of the ale and porter go to cheapen other articles that he consumes, such as butter, tobacco, etc. For instance, the latter is retailed one penny an ounce less than it is sold at outside the barracks, potatoes one-third less, and other things in proportion. Then, now-a-days, a soldier, so long as he knows how to behave himself, has the *entrée* into a style of society that probably he could never have aspired to had he remained a civilian.

Now let us see what work a soldier has to do in return for his pay, and the other advantages he receives while serving. First, he has to learn his drill, and, when that has been accomplished, his duties may be summed up to a guard once a week, a drill every other day, and, if in the Cavalry or Artillery, to attend stables thrice daily. To do this much he has to get up at 5 a.m. in summer and 6 a.m. in winter, cleaning his horse and drawing forage for the first hour and a half. Then he has an hour to breakfast; then riding for a couple of hours, either to drill or exercise; then stables till 1 p.m., after which comes dinner. If there is a drill in the afternoon he goes to that, and, as it only lasts an hour, he is back in his barrack-room by 4 p.m. Tea (or the supper meal) is at 4.30 p.m.; stables again from 5 to 6 p.m.; after which he is his own master until 10 p.m., when the '*Last Post*' sounds. Should he want to stop out longer he has only to apply for a pass, an indulgence that is never refused to the well-conducted man. Life in the Infantry is still more easy than this, with the accompanying disadvantage of one shilling and nine pence less pay weekly than the Cavalry receive. Still, it must be allowed that an Infantry soldier is far better off, not only than the policeman or postman, who receive only eighteen shillings or a pound per week, but has a preferable life to the footman or groom, whose wages are not more than £26 a year and '*all found*,' as it is termed.

As for day labourers, there is as much difference between their lives and that of a soldier as there is between the latter and that of a pauper; and it has always been a mystery to me how men could be found who

would willingly slave for eight or ten shillings a week, when they could get much better pay, and superior treatment altogether, by enlisting. I can remember, in 1857, when marching from Birmingham to Wales, being billeted at Ledbury in Herefordshire. Standing in the afternoon outside of my billet I heard a smart young fellow complain to a farmer that he had only been paid one shilling and sixpence for *two days' work*. 'What the mischief do you want?' was the coarse answer to the complaint; 'you only began work on the morning before yesterday at ten o'clock, and I'll only give you half-a-day's pay for it.' I thought then, as now, how much preferable soldiering was to such an existence. Some years later, at Newbridge, I was witness to a similar incident; but I need go no further than the daily papers for examples of what I allege. In one now before me, the 'Telegraph' of the 10th February, 1870, the following appears:—'Groom wanted for horse and chaise, and to make himself useful in the house. Wages *5s.* per week, with board and lodging. Apply &c.' In the same paper for the 3rd February this year, a gentleman wants a lad, eighteen years of age, who can 'clean plate, wait at table and valet;' to which is added, '*Wages 14s. a week, and nothing found.*' And these are not solitary cases; day after day advertisements appear for workhouse porters with salaries from £15 to £20 per annum, with board and washing, as also attendants in lunatic asylums on the like liberal terms. Clerks and shopmen—smart, intelligent, active young men—willingly give their services from 8 a.m. to 8 and sometimes 10 and 12 p.m., for £40 and £50 a year; while there are hundreds—I may say thousands—who, unable to get employment at these rates, are supported in idleness by their friends, a misery to themselves and a burden to others. Yet each and all of these would think it a descent in position, if not a disgrace, to enlist, simply because they are ignorant of the great opening a military life affords to a young, intelligent, well-conducted man, irrespective of the advantages of pay, position, and pension on discharge.

This dislike to the service is, as I have said, partly due to ignorance and partly to the traditions of the last century, for it is little more than a hundred years since magistrates and others were empowered by Act of Parliament to *press* as soldiers, 'Such able-bodied men as do not follow or exercise any lawful calling or employment; churchwardens and constables to be employed in searching for and securing able-bodied men, and to receive a reward of £1 for every man they pressed, and sixpence a day for every day they kept a man in confinement; none to be exempted from the operations of the Act but persons who have a vote for a Member of Parliament, and labourers during hay and corn harvest.' So in those days young men were seized, sent to the nearest garrison town and forced to be soldiers against their wills, and to prevent the possibility

of escape sent off immediately to a regiment abroad. 'This unnatural conscription (says George Penny, a writer of the period) rendered men callous to the yearnings of humanity; no appeal was listened to; the unfortunates were seized and sent off without a moment's notice, although in many cases the heads of families, or the sole support of aged parents.' And it is through such practices in times long past that the public have continued to believe and look upon the Army, either as the national sewer into which the male refuse of the country falls, or as the refuge for the destitute ne'er-do-weels of society. That this opinion is a wrong one, I will further endeavour to prove by facts alike indisputable as to the present well-to-do condition of the soldier, as those of a century back, which show how low his state of existence was then.

When our regiment returned from the Crimea, in 1856, and was joined by its depôt, the strength of the corps was over 1100, and as this was much above even its war footing, an immense reduction had to take place. First of all, volunteering was opened for three regiments going to India, then a return was called for, from the captains of troops, of the men they would like to have discharged, and by these means about 500 were got rid of. But as we were still over the strength[1] an order was issued that any men who wished to have their discharge from the service were to send their names in to the orderly-room for that purpose; the commanding officer meaning to select from the list those most unqualified to serve, for discharge. The order was duly read at the head of each troop on three successive parades, and then only *one* (a sergeant about to purchase but for this order) of 637 men in the regiment took advantage of the privilege, a plain proof that the service fourteen years ago was preferred to civil life by over six hundred soldiers who had tried both. Of the men who were compelled to leave, numbers re-enlisted into other corps the following year, when the Indian mutiny broke out and soldiers were again wanted.

My next fact is, that three-fourths of the soldiers when their first term of enlistment expires, re-engage again for the remaining period to make up twenty-one years, while the greater portion of the other fourth, after tasting the comforts of a civilian's life for two or three months, re-enlist either into their old corps or a fresh one. Can anything, I ask again, be more conclusive of the benefits which a military life confers than these facts? I have spoken to many who have gone away and returned, and their unanimous testimony all went to support what I now advocate—viz., that even a private soldier is immeasurably better off than any man out of the Army whose earnings do not exceed a guinea a week.

But this is not all; for if we look into that part of military statistics

[1] All cavalry regiments were reduced from eight to six troops at this time.

relating to desertion,[1] we shall find that nine out of every ten men who return and are tried for this crime, *were not apprehended, but surrendered themselves*,—giving themselves up willingly, knowing before they could again reach the platform of existence they had so easily left, that a long and severe imprisonment punishment was before them; and yet they come back and face all in order to regain their former position of soldiers. Again, the number of men whose friends purchase their discharge from the service yearly is great, yet more than one-half of these are known to join again; and so well aware are all military men of this fact, that soldiers' friends have been always advised not to purchase any one's discharge for this very reason.

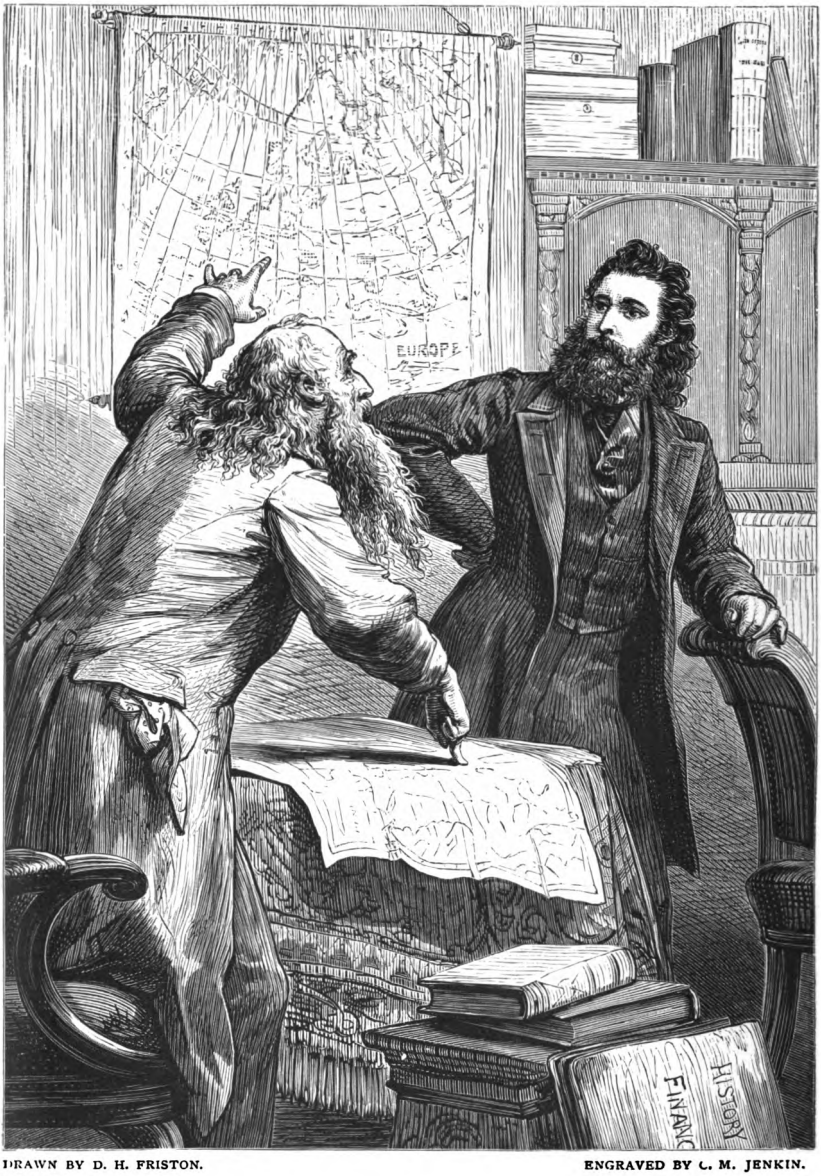
It is a great mistake to fancy that soldiers would either commit crimes to get out of the service, or hail with satisfaction an order which would place in the hands of commanding officers the power to discharge incompetent, insubordinate, or incorrigible characters. And yet I fully believe that such a power in the hands of colonels would prove of incalculable good to the service at large; for there are in each troop or company two or three men—who are always in trouble or in hospital—that could be well spared, both by their country, their corps, and their comrades. If the Government were to put all regiments on the same footing as the Household Troops are in this respect, and publish, in a cheap pamphlet form, the many advantages the Army now holds out to young men, the present distaste for the service would soon disappear from among civilians. And this would not be all; for with such a state of things, the service would be more eagerly sought after than either the police or employment in the post-office by clever young men, who would see that through the ranks were the paths which led to permanent preferment of far greater value than they could ever otherwise hope to reach.

When I joined the service, there was nothing like the advantages in it

[1] Surgeon-Major Tuffnell, the medical officer at the Military Prison, Dublin, states in his last report: 'The subject of desertion in the British Army requires notice, because in an experience of prison life, extending now over many years, I have been constantly struck with the appearance of men sentenced for desertion, whose military bearing seemed quite opposed to the idea of quitting the service; and in consequence of the remarks made in the House of Commons, and through the press from time to time, upon the unpopularity of the Army as a field for livelihood by the lower orders, being evidenced by the number of desertions from its ranks, I have, during the past twelve months, ascertained from each man coming in under sentence of court-martial for desertion, his reason for leaving the regiment.' In an appendix Dr. Tuffnell gives, in the precise language of the men themselves, their reasons for deserting; and from this table, which can be relied upon as thoroughly correct, it will be seen that only five men in seventy-seven had deserted because they disliked the service. Recklessness, women, and drink, with thoughtlessness of the consequences of the act, influenced, more or less, the other seventy-two; from which it will be easily perceived that soldiers, as a rule, are fond of a military life.

then that there are now; yet had I my life to live over again, I should select a military career before any other; and it is with a hope that I may help to clear away some of the cobwebs which for years have covered up from civilians the real truth of what a soldier receives, that I have ventured to pen these lines. Those advantages, I confidently believe, need only to be well ventilated; and should Government, as I have humbly suggested, publish a small comprehensive pamphlet at a low price, and in it enumerate in detail the benefits which a military life affords to either the labourer, the mechanic, or the clerk, the results would—to use the language of theatrical managers—be 'a tremendous success.' The labourer would gain, not only an increase of pay, superior education, a healthy physical training, and hold altogether a better status in society than he could ever have hoped to do, but he would be going on for a pension of at least one shilling per diem, which, if he enlisted at eighteen, would allow him to retire on it at thirty-nine, still a young man, and capable of undertaking duties which he would never have dreamed of aspiring to had he remained in his former position of a day labourer. The mechanic, by enlisting into either the Army Service Corps or the Artillery, can nearly depend upon getting extra pay if he chooses to work at his trade; and, being better educated than the day labourer, has a more certain chance of rising in the service. The same remarks apply to the clerk, who, if he chooses to evince an equal amount of steadiness as would keep him in an office, can as surely calculate upon promotion as upon the daily rising and setting of the sun.

In conclusion, I beg again to urge that all bad characters, or men fond of hospital, should not be tolerated in any corps—they should be simply discharged; and that those once discharged could not re-enlist. I do not mention what a prevention such a device would be to desertion, for if a man deserted he ought never be allowed to serve again. If this measure was adopted we should soon feel a permanent benefit in our military prison expenses—in the number of courts-martial, and in the cost of recruiting. So far as the last is concerned, I believe that we would soon have no need for a recruiting staff at all; the Army, like the Irish constabulary, would become so popular that there would always be a number waiting to fill regimental vacancies as they occurred. The Government have power to make the trial I have suggested, and there being so much to gain and so little to lose, I sincerely hope that what I have here stated may be put to the test.



DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

JUNE, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION IV.

ISRAEL TORRIANO had drawn the gamester through the hall of the Count's house, the servants staring at the two; outside, Israel had himself called a *fiacre*, and driven to his hotel. The young Frenchman, having perfectly collapsed, was with difficulty got out of the vehicle and made to ascend the stairs, and, once in Israel's room, he fell on the couch exhausted and helpless.

Pedro rushed in from the street.

'Who is it, maestro? Will he die?'

'A moral death, if he does; be quiet and help me.'

Is there a mesmerising power in perfect pure manhood, that has its own healing influence? Why should the herb and the mineral, far lower in natural development, cure bodily ailments, and the electric stream from human nerves, far higher in intrinsic worth, not be efficacious? Why do we acknowledge one kind of strength and smile at the other?

The Frenchman lay on the couch, in a heavy swoon; it was doubtful whether his reason had not received too violent a shock, that it could recover from the palsying terror of worldly prostration—the man looked a human wreck. Israel's sympathetic nature had never been called in requisition; his remarkable self-concentration had given him an insight into the larger concerns of mankind that depend upon the action of principles, and left him almost callous opposite individual sufferings. But this man's life was ebbing away it seemed, and the desire to preserve

a fellow-creature's existence stirred imperceptibly hidden springs of strength in Israel; he took the young man in his arms, laid him down in a straight position, gave his throat air, and then unconsciously moved his hands gently over his countenance, as if pitying or blessing him. It was all done from an inner uncontrollable impulse. While Pedro fetched water to throw over the fainting man, in order to bring him back to life, Israel was lulling by his superior vitality the shattered nerves of the Parisian into comatose repose, in which they would remain at his will, gaining renewed strength, and perhaps recovering from the dangerous shock they had received.

Angrily Israel waved back Pedro and the water, pointing to the placid expression the facial muscles of the young Frenchman were assuming. A few more sweeps with both hands over the prostrate form, and a gentle, profound sleep seemed to envelope the miserable gamester. Then Israel sat down by him, wiping the heavy drops of anxiety from his own brow. For the first time in his life Israel Torriano had a dim wavering notion what terrible wretchedness man prepared for himself in this world, and how awful was the curse of individual suffering, covered over by the deceptive outside of our loose civilisation!

The patient, his preserver, and Pedro, all three had been asleep for some hours. Israel started up from heavy dreams. It appeared to him as if the time had come when he, too, must enter individually into the strife of this our life—when he, too, must make it a hand-to-hand fight with someone else's interests—when he, too, must give up contemplation and mental repose—and when that animal nature of his would assert its pugnacious tendency, and draw him into the magic circle of struggling for superiority with his fellow-creatures. 'Go back to Olivet,' whispered an inner voice. Ah! but he could not; the draught, once tasted, must be drained; the world of man, once entered upon, would be thoroughly known; the lesson must be learnt, and, come what may, Israel must enter upon that inheritance which the taste of the first tree of knowledge has given to us all.

He recollected himself, and bent over the Frenchman, taking his hands into his own; suddenly the young man sat up, staring round him as if risen from a trance.

'Let me go; I must get the money I owe the Count.' Recollection took up the thread of the very last occurrence.

'But you have not got it.'

'Then I must sell what I have.'

'That will beggar your family, you say.'

'It cannot be helped; it is a debt of honour.'

'A debt of honour?' asked Israel, sternly. 'You call that honour, to take their all from innocent people, and throw it to such miscreants?'

'They are gentlemen, men of my own set; the laws of society must be obeyed. I cannot be called a coward, surely?'

'Better bear that and live it down, by paying the debts gradually and leading a more rational life.'

'You do not know what you say, man; my very name is at stake. Gambling debts must be paid within twenty-four hours: tell me how long have I been here?'

'A few hours.'

'I thought much longer; what has refreshed and strengthened me so? I remember not how I got out of the Count's house.'

'Perhaps my desire to help you has done it: I believe human sympathy might cure much, bodily and mentally, were it exercised benevolently, and not madly destroyed by irrational ways. Come, now, shall I pay for you.'

'You! Are you rich?'

'Do you not know who I am?'

'Ah, yes; I remember now, the rich Jew, whom we all were to pluck, and who plucked us.'

'Well; shall I pay?'

'No, they would know it; and if they did not, it would be all the same. It would be *your* money not *mine; I* must pay, *I* must be ruined, and *I* must suffer, for I have deserved it. I must go—look there, the morning is full upon us: let me go, I'll go to another Jew; he'll let me have the money, and sell me up before the week is out.'

'Whom else will he sell up?'

'Oh, pray don't speak of it. My sweet sister, who lives with me, my Elise will have no home. My little brothers at the military academy will be beggars, and I shall have to join the army corps in Algiers—my marriage is as good as broken off.'

'Have you no father or mother?'

'Both dead: I am the head of the house, and take care of the others.'

'A fine head,' said Israel, ironically; 'look here, shall I buy all up?'

'You! But will you settle here?'

'No, I cannot; let me buy it and return it back to you, till you have paid *me* back.'

'No, no; you do not understand the matter. You Jews don't see our fine points of honour. *I* must pay; *I* must be ruined, for I *must* keep my honourable name. *That* nobody shall touch.'

Israel rose: 'No; I, a Jew, as you say, do not understand your fine points of honour. To lose your all and that of others in a drinking bout, and to refuse reasonable help, that those others should not be beggars in a state of society where a poor man or beggar is below the level of humanity almost, appears to me drawing honour to a very fine point. Young man, you are a selfish brute still.'

'You dare call me so? My name is still untouched; I'll call you to account.' He sprang up with threatening gestures.

'No, you madman, I'll not allow you. Let me go to your family.'

'Ah, my Elise; how she will weep, my good angel sister. Look here, will you marry her? You are a Jew, it is true, but you seem a noble fellow, and it does not matter now; we are too much advanced in France to trouble about it. Come, when you are in the family, *then* you may buy me up.'

Israel's face was dyed scarlet at this off-hand offer of marriage.

'I shall never marry; how dare you offer your sister like that, as if she were a piece of chattel?'

'Oh, it is done every day, and she would do anything to save me. Elise is beautiful,' whispered the brother, 'and pure; not like her you saw last night;' meaning the Countess.

'No, no, no; I'll have no human buying and selling; besides I would not marry.'

'Then I must be sold up. Let me go, I say. The place will be given up: Elise go to her aunt in Normandy, or to England as governess; I shall join a regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and my brothers have to struggle as best they can till the Emperor is good enough to make war and give us a lift. Merci bien for your goodness; you cannot help me, only a member of the family could, for the name must be maintained.' He prepared to leave. 'Oh, by-the-bye, do something for that poor Countess. She had to invite you, on her husband's account, to get 100,000 francs from you; they'll be sold up, if you don't. For old Torriano, your cousin, when in a rage, is not to be played with, and he is jealous, since the Countess, with whom he flirts outrageously, preferred you to him at the dinner. It's the talk of the set; do help her, she is good to my Elise.'

Nothing could retain him; he went, as he said, to prepare Elise, and then to ask the Paris Torriano to buy him up as a favour, that the affair might be done quietly.

Israel sat down and wrote to his cousin; told him that a young man who had incurred a heavy gambling debt at the Count of Montferil's house, would call upon him to sell his property, and that Israel begged his cousin to buy it in, and make it over the next day to the young man's sister Elise *absolutely* as a gift; he also begged him to send him 100,000 francs in French paper money, and place both amounts to the account of old Moses, who would but be too pleased that his master drew money; both matters were to be kept a secret. Finally Israel took leave of his cousin, having, as he said, satisfied his curiosity in becoming acquainted with French life, and being about to proceed to Vienna.'

Pedro was sent with the letter and brought back the 100,000 francs, and a short epistle.

'Mon cher cousin,

'Nous sommes chagrinés de vous perdre, mais je comprends que la France ne vous convienne pas; ici-il faut perdre les petites idées de la vie individuelle et comprendre les intérêts vastes de la vraie civilization. Vienne vous ira mieux, là on est encore dans l'enfance. Je pense vous auriez pu dépenser votre argent mieux. C'est affreux, un Torriano, et depuis votre séjour à Paris pas une affaire faite. Allez donc, perdez vos scrupules et revenez.

'A toujours, votre cousin, ANTOINE.'

Israel Torriano smiled a bitter smile when he read that here one must understand the vast interests of true civilisation. What civilisation? he thought; surely some new heathen god had been set up, some other golden calf, as did his forefathers of old, below Sinai; the calf of 'gain to satisfy selfish material desires.' Nothing else seemed to move these people.

'Pedro, when this letter has been delivered to the Countess of Montferil, come back quick and pack. I can stand it no longer.'

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Israel sat at his table, his head supported by both his hands; a faint, desperate feeling of nothingness overcame him. What was the purpose in creating this beautiful planet, perhaps an offspring from the disc of the sun, if no better use could be made of it than that the highest developed beings on it should for ever carry on a strife of separate and concrete opposing interests, and should mutually rejoice at their success over each other? Should think it right to gratify every voluptuous desire, whether it clashed with the well-being of others or not? What was the use, that He had walked Palestine and taught human mutual sympathy, and love of the originator of our being, if His teaching had been twisted into such shapes? Why call this religion Christianity, for Christianity it was not? Before Israel's mind's eye arose that noble, placid figure on Olivet, teaching the stubborn thousands to love each other and to understand that true humanity can only progress if all interests are regarded as sacred. Ah, Israel comprehended that if that figure had stood up in the streets of Naples, in the nunneries of Spain, and in the Madeleine of Paris; the multitudes, particularly the well-born multitude, might have understood Him less than did the stubborn Jews of old.

Someone knocked at the door; again, louder and louder still.

'Come in,' said Israel, without looking up; someone entered slowly. At last Israel did look up; who stood there before him? The bent, venerable figure of an old man, whose long white beard reached far down, whose partially bald head topped a face of the sharpest sagacity, whose dress bespoke a Jew of strict rule and immense importance.

'And thou art Israel Torriano, my brother's child! I am thy father's

eldest brother, and come from Frankfort, in Germany.' The old man spoke in the purest Hebrew.

Something like reverence, something like kinship was stirred in Israel; he approached the old man, took both his hands, shook them heartily, and answered in Hebrew: 'At last there seems to be somebody who belongs to me; uncle, *you* come nearer to me than all I have seen. Oh, thank you for coming to see me.'

'I have come to fetch thee from this modern Babylon, to take thee to a place, true, defiled now, since it belongs to those cursed Prussians, but still something of a home for us. Pshaw, Paris is but a sink of iniquity —come, pack up, get out of it as quick as thou canst. I told thy cousin thou shouldst not stay here. I have but just arrived and heard from him where you were. Let us be off.'

'I was going to Vienna.'

'As bad as Paris. No need; I have greater things for thee to do; come with me, and the plans of a life-time shall be developed before thee. Jehovah be praised, I behold *one* worthy offspring of our race; my sons are all modernised. One in Petersburg, one in Berlin, one in Vienna—all fallen away from the true Jehovah, worshipping nothing but their own social finery. Pshaw!'

Old Torriano, Israel, and Pedro reached Frankfort; the journey by rail had been a taciturn one. The old man watched his young relative whenever not perceived; he evidently pondered over some scheme, and weighed in his mind the pro's and con's for its success. Here and there he would break out into some furious 'tirade' against modern ideas, or the superficial life of the day, or the horrid Prussians and the changes in Germany. Then again he recounted eagerly passages from his life, while he had been with Israel's father in the East. But he neither wished to be answered nor to be reasoned with; his whole conversation seemed rather a passionate denunciation than a consecutive pursuit of ideas. He paid the expenses throughout with a kind of princely disregard to money value: on Israel, who cared very little whether he was thought generous or not, it made no impression. If his uncle would pay, let him pay. A certain unexplained enmity had arisen between Pedro and the old man; Pedro actually sneered at him.

'A fine old curmudgeon, to take my master, God knows where; he looks more sinister than the gipsy-smugglers; I'll watch you, my man.'

Pedro did watch unremittingly, and by the time the trio had reached Frankfort they were as uncomfortable as three people could be. A certain depression had come over Israel; life appeared unreal here, there seemed no bright spring at the bottom of the well, nothing but a muddy substance to draw from for sustenance. He began to think, as perhaps many of us have thought; 'What is the use of this existence, whose

purpose seems nothing but the frittering away of each day in some renewed toil, to supply the lesser or greater wants of the body, and leave those of the spirit crippled and sparingly attended to?'

Old Torriano had shut up his fine house 'Auf der Zeile,' in Frankfort, and lived in an old banking place near the Jews' quarter. Neither wife nor daughter existed; the three sons were all settled elsewhere, money princes themselves. So Israel's reception was none of the most cheerful. A veteran crusty man-servant received the three into the sombre hall, and opened to them a reception room more sombre still. Pedro shuddered: surely this was not the same world as sunny Italy and bright Spain? It was getting worse and worse, and had it not been that Pedro seemed bound hand and foot to his master, he would have turned tail and rushed off back to his home, where the sky swam in light, the air was embalmed with sweetness, and life was pleasant and enjoyable.

Great attention was paid to Israel, whose chamber appeared more fit for an inhabitant of centuries ago than for a young man accustomed to the free breath of an eastern life on the mountains of Palestine.

Old Torriano retired early on the evening of their arrival, but not before he had solemnly blessed Israel in Hebrew and pronounced endless benedictions on his sacred head. The welcome Israel had given his aged relative on first meeting him seemed to vanish into distance; this earnest, passionate, concentrated old Jew had no affinity with him, Israel felt it, no more than the gorgeous, luxurious cousin in Paris.

'No time to lose, Israel, thou blessed child,' said the old man the next morning, after a stately breakfast. 'We have business, a great, vast immense business to settle. Come into my private room.'

Into the private room they went, a close old-fashioned place, smelling of calculations in millions, musty with many transactions to which clung the fates of thousands of human beings. The room had an uncanny appearance, as if it were an inquisition chamber; against the wall hung a large map of Europe and Asia, on the table in the middle lay another. Heavy volumes stood on the shelves against the wall. Large ominous safes were heaped up in corners, and money was written on every article in the place.

The old man drew himself up. 'Israel Torriano, here no one enters but my old confidential manager, not even my sons are permitted to come here. But thou art different even from them. On thy head rests the sacredness of a race; in thy veins flows the blood of the pure eastern land; in thy face something shines of former grandeur and future hope. I feel it, my eyes are seeing the only man that can realise my long hopeless dreams.'

Israel shuddered. What could he mean? What ambition would so excite a man to whom the world had given all the prosperity it was

capable of? But the elder exercised a certain power over the younger, and as if spell-bound, Israel stood opposite his uncle, listening attentively to every word that fell from his lips.

'Listen, Israel Torriano, child of the East, and interrupt me not.' The old man stood on one side of the table on which lay the map, Israel on the other. 'Listen: two years ago this town was the stronghold of our race; here we had gained a new power over the world; here had arisen, according to present civilisation, a fresh empire which we held over mankind. Money rules the earth, and money had we created and absorbed to such an extent, that kingdoms cannot reckon upon such a revenue as we possess. And this revenue is not stationary, for money begets money. It has branched off wherever a number of our or some other great Jewish family settles. It seems to collect around us, to cling to us, to raise us into importance wherever we go. For one moment imagine, if thou hast even a faint idea of it, what would be the power in the hands of the richest Jewish families on the globe? Ha! they cannot even conceive it. But Israel, this cash power wants realisation; I know it; it wants men—human flesh and blood, and human flesh and blood *I* want to buy with it. My Frankfort, my home, has been desecrated; the hard stern man of the sword has come and whipped it like an offending helpless child. He has taken our liberties, our free Reichstadt, and made it into an appendix of his own paltry sandy possessions. The Prussians have swamped us, drained us, despoiled us, humiliated us. God of my fathers! Jehovah of the Patriarchs! how I hate those spike-headed men! Listen, Israel,' and the old man bent more forward still, 'listen: look at this map. Two hundred years ago these Prussians were a paltry concern in the east of Germany, patching up little bits of stray lands from the rotten corners of the great German Empire, even then swelling up with pride and self, and talking about schools and universities, about reformation in their religion, and hardy defence of their miserable country; about taking in industrious protestants whom Spain and Austria turned out; in fact about all the dirty, petty means people who are needy and poor employ to swell their little importance. They never had much money; one of their sovereigns had to employ a Jew every now and then to patch up the concern; another half-starved his court to amass a few heaps of silver thalers in his treasury; but ha! see Israel, what even these few silver thalers did, they enabled his son to make head against Austria, the only thing a Prussian could do, and to astonish Europe. That wily serpent, that indomitable, plucky fellow, Frederick II., did more with his father's few silver thalers than half the realms of Europe have known to do with their heaps of gold. Look at them now. The silver thalers and wiliness have made use of human flesh and blood, and Frankfort, the stronghold of money capital,

the old town of the German Empire, has fallen under their clutches, and if *one* man does not stay them, soon the rest of the land will follow. But it shall not, Israel, we'll prevent it; we will keep back the march; we, like the Maccabees, will turn the stream; for we have gold, gold, gold; we have brains, and we can buy human flesh and blood, we can train armies.' The old man wiped his brow, his eyes shot forth a lurid internal fire, that had been feeding on its own intensity. 'Israel, here it is: next door to the Prussians lives a man who has also a long head, though rather given to possible calculations than actions; from his gorgeous metropolis you have just come. Napoleon III. is that man. It won't last long, the affair, any Jew could tell him that, for we know intuitively when people have outrun their credit; but he can serve us. This new comer, this political, dexterous free-lance, has what we want—human flesh and blood—he has armies. Listen again, dear Israel, the scheme is coming, the scheme of my hatred and of my ambition—listen.'

'Where you come from lies a land that God had given us and man has taken from us—Palestine: What right has that stupid, plethoric Turk to sweet, holy Palestine,—my dream of dreams? What right? None. Turn the Turk out, he is nothing but a burden, a cumbersome, lazy human machine, that won't go forward to improve and can't go backward to brighten up his old, insolent, bloodthirsty sword of war. But how turn him out? Israel, your and my money can do it. Give it me, man; give it me; let *me* but handle it; I am not quite so clear-sighted as was your father; but revenge and ambition will make me. They will make my brains penetrate into the brains of other men and look into the future! We'll go to Napoleon III.; we'll promise him support to stay the Prussians, who will one day prostrate him, be sure of it, if he does not hinder them now; we'll give him the sinews of war, money, and ask nothing in return but help against the Turk. He'll give it; *I* know him. He'll be set up as a renewer of nations, as leading back an old powerful race to its home—he'll beat the Prussians, if he has untold resources, he'll beat them now; but not much later, they are swelling up wonderfully, and there is no time to be lost. He'll become the greatest hero of our time, and whatever fall may come later for his people, if he minds now, *he'll* not see it, and we shall be secure. Oh, once back in Palestine; what would we not be? Think, dear Israel, our money; our cleverness, our talents, our united action, and the old blessing on us: we would bring forth a new, a powerful Messiah, who should govern *the world!* And thou, dear Israel, with all the traditions of our ancient race in you, thou shouldst become our first king. Israel Torriano, king of the Jews! Man, I would rather be that than the king of the universe. Israel, dear Israel, disappoint me not! When I hail thee as king in Jerusalem, my eyes shall have seen the Lord's delight, and I can depart in peace. No

first, I'll help thee to be secure in thy possession. Hearest thou, Israel, hearest thou me, thy prophet,'—the old man snatched at Israel's hand; 'can'st thou understand the greatness of that which I propose?'

Israel stood there, his eyes directed up to heaven, his soul going right into divine realms, searching there for the words to quiet this ecstatic old man. He looked entranced. Old Torriano called out: 'Israel, Israel, the Lord's spirit is coming upon thee, thou lookest already a king of the Jews.'

But Israel bent down his head; mournfully his eyes looked into the old man's. 'Uncle Torriano; you have painted the picture of the tempter, but not for me; I have no money, I have never owned that trash. Take it, if you will; you as the eldest have the best right to it; but you cannot have me—I belong to myself and to Him; I want no worldly kingdom. Whenever our race is again to be reunited, it will be by other means. Never by those of blood and revenge!'

'And pray, by what others?'

'By the teaching of the Nazarene's true words—not by what they call Christianity now; but by that mutual understanding that will let us see in our fellow creatures' interests our own, and that will make our souls purer to exult in admiration and adoration of the creation we inhabit?'

'Man, Israel; thou followest the Nazarene. Thou, thou, thou? Quick, tell me.'

'Yes, I do—I am a sincere true follower of His word, but not as it is flimsily taught here; no, as I have found it and put it together for myself. Not slavishly, but quickening me daily to new life and right understanding; making me see more and more what He meant, when He threw the teaching of His seeing soul among the multitudes, to find it distorted in shape two thousand years later. The Nazarene never said what I find many of these Christians believe, and long will it be till we have understood Him at all. Even I, earnest searcher as I am, even I, shall not know His motives quite. Go on, revile Him, Jew of the same race as He was; go on, misunderstand Him, so-called Christian of the modern race; go on, despise Him and sneer at Him, philosopher, who dost not even take the pains to look for His meaning under the deceptive dress of an eastern, little understood language, and the misrepresentation of centuries. We still can look no higher than letting our brother's interest be like our own and extending civilisation by making *all* fit for worthy existence in their various places. We still can look no higher than loving this dwelling place, its mutely speaking plants and animals of lower development, and in them loving the highest existence. Christ taught no more—nothing else is possible! *I* would rather devote myself to mere contemplation, my soul is not with man; but still I am learning to subdue even that, if He wills it; and for it am I making my journey.

Take my money, uncle, you are welcome; take it and let me go!' said Israel, mournfully.

'And thou art a Nazarene, a follower of Him whom the Jews detest!' The old man hid away his face: 'Then leave me; now, this instant; go, go, go. I'll have none here; none but those of the pure old faith shall tread my house. Be off! be gone! thou defilest my room in which I worship.'

'Worship Mammon and God! I go uncle.'

Israel left the room.

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Within a few minutes Pedro had packed what there was to pack and had left the place, with Israel; as they passed the door of the old man's room, Israel heard a few broken sobs. But he knew there was no help, old Torriano must be left to himself!

'La madre sia benedetta,' exclaimed Pedro, as they stepped into the close narrow street, 'questa casa mi fa horore.' Pedro's earnest feelings always employed Italian for expression; he kept close to Israel, as if for protection.

'Dove andiamo, maestro?' he asked of the young Jew.

'To the railway-station;' answered Israel, in French.

'Non parlate giammai Italiano;' answered Pedro, sulkily.' Zillah mia, poveretta; oh quando te verrei?'

'Pedro, lascia me ——.'

'No, no, no—maestro, maestro; sono a voi!'

Through Frankfort's narrow streets they wandered till they reached the station; a porter had easily been found for the two moderate portmanteaus they carried. Israel had become a little desponding; his money seemed a loadstone, dragging him down from every unselfish aspiration, and being continually in his way. Wherever he went it was not he who was wanted, but the cash he represented; it obliterated him as man altogether, opposite man and woman. Under whatever pretext it was done;—the Jewish family affection in Naples, the association with the Gentile and gipsy in Spain, the care of the Christian nuns, the pretended love of the French countess, the rash marriage offer of the gamester, the exaltation for which his old German relative had destined him —money, money, and money was the moving principle of welcome, dastardly attack, social amenities, and political rising. He felt it, like a curse it would cling to him, who positively knew not what to do with it, for had he employed it in any great concern for the benefit of humanity at large, and given it out of his hands, his whole people would have risen against him and called him *insane!* Aye, perhaps locked him up as a lunatic! Well, he must see England, his mother's birthplace, the land whose name had an all-protecting influence in the East. Here

perhaps, money took another shape, and was used rather as a means to greatness, than greatness itself; and here, he was sure, that Christian light which English missionaries were said to carry to the most distant lands would shine brighter than elsewhere. The glimpse his uncle had given him into German politics had disgusted him, and he was positively afraid to go to Berlin and Vienna, and be hawked about for what he was worth.

With such thoughts Israel occupied himself, as he sat outside the station on the bench, waiting for the train to take him to the Rhine; suddenly Rebecca's image came before him. Bitterly as he felt the money influence of her gorgeous home, he saw her before him, stately, noble, beautiful, ardent—his heart was not touched, and yet he should have liked to be with the cousin who was so far above her condition. He would not have left her so easily now, the crust round his heart was melting in contact with the world: Israel was becoming sympathetic.

Suddenly a sharp, loud cry was heard, a child's cry: Israel sprang up. Where, what was it? Another, sharper still, and then a moan. Israel looked right and left, the outside of the station was deserted at the time; Pedro had gone off to fetch some refreshment for himself, and the young Jew was alone. He hurried round the corner of the building and there beheld such a pretty picture. A young lady was holding a child to her, from whose forehead blood was streaming: quick as lightning Israel was by her side. The young lady was well dressed, the child poorly clad, and not very clean. It clung to its rescuer, and moaned and sobbed; Israel took up the child in his arms, said 'Come with me,' to the lady, and found his way to the waiting room. Here the wound was washed and dressed, and some restoratives used to the little fellow, who was very pale. The moment, however, he felt his strength revive he sprang up:

'Es war die Kröte, die Marie; ich werd's ihr geben.'

Knitting his little fist, he started off, leaving both Israel and the young lady in astonishment at such a sudden transition from helplessness to revenge. The lady laughed outright, and wiped carefully some spots of blood from her glove. Israel seemed affected by that hearty laugh—he, who smiled so seldom, scarcely ever, could neither help laughing. How much true human harmony there is in a laugh!

They looked at each other; the lady blushed, Israel trembled. 'The little fellow soon recovered himself,' he said, in French.

'Oh; I am not French;' she answered, 'I am an English girl; do you speak English?'

'Yes a little; my mother was English.'

'And you are an Italian, are you not?' inquired the lady, naively.

'I come from Palestine.'

'From Palestine? Oh, tell me something about it. How beautiful it must be! the very name has a sound all its own.'

They had walked round, and now sat down on the bench outside. Others might have called the young girl unlady like, to converse so speedily with an utter stranger: Israel did not notice it. He felt only the undefined charm of having beside him an ingenuous, unaffected human being, whose outer appearance was pleasing in the extreme.'

'Do you live in Palestine, or have you travelled there?'

'Both; nights and nights I have wandered on its hills; have slept on Olivet, and made it my home, my natural home, not what you call here a home.'

'Ah, you are a little romantic; so am I. I would not give up my romance for anything; it is so beautiful to look at the world with one's own eyes, not with everybody else's. But there is my papa, and there comes the train; I must go. Thank you for your assistance with the little boy, it was very kind of you.'

A tall, stately man approached them: the young lady hurried up to him. At the same moment the train appeared, they entered it; so did Israel impulsively, but in the crowd that came from the carriages he got into another carriage than that of his companion. Pedro, flushed, ran up and just caught his master, while two little children rushed forward; one a little boy with bandaged head dragging along a little girl, who was screaming vociferously. The boy caught sight of Israel at one window, of the young lady at the other.

'Here ist sie, die Marie, die hat's mit dem Steine gethan, die Kröte; die haben mir geholfen die da, der Herr und die Dame, du böses Mädel. Danke schön, danke schön; Marie wills nicht wieder thun.'

Many passengers joined in the general hilarity, as the little fellow bawled out his remarks at the top of his voice. The train started off with Israel and the young English girl in it.

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Reader, you will think Israel Torriano a very imaginative character; he is not so. He is but the reflex of what you and I see every day, the power of money; he is the possessor of what the world values, himself not valuing it; himself seeking ground higher and sounder. He will become the martyr of that possession, for believe us, reader, the old saying is still true: 'Sooner can a camel pass through a needle, than a rich man go into heaven.' It means, that life is a far harder matter to encompass for a rich man than a poor one. The world does not think so; the world is mistaken. Money, the possession of money, not gained by ourselves, is a dreadful responsibility, a responsibility it is better not to have; for money can buy man *and* woman everywhere and among every creed! Let us follow our hero, whose fate we have sketched; single-

minded as he comes from regions of thought and life into which the value of money had not entered; let us follow him, how little by little he enters upon the European world and its various conditions, and how everywhere there greets him the eternal cry for 'Money, money, money!' How everywhere the world is so imbued with the power over means, that the means have become the end and have confused our ideas. How everywhere these means are used as incentives to struggles and efforts that create either crime and dishonesty, or heroism and honesty; how the latter often fail, when the former conquer! Let us follow our hero as he sees money worshipped and Christianity misunderstood—treated as a dry rule, that represents forms, not principles—the living principle to commiserate the weak and leave the strong to themselves. Reader! come away for a time from all the pretty mannerisms in which the ways of the world are described, and look with us into the truth of its principles! Forgive our style; forgive our peculiarities—we meant to show you a man whose mind was free from worldly taint, perhaps selfish in being self-absorbed; and who has to learn a heavy lesson, when he comes into actual contact with the world—though the possessor of untold heaps of *money!*

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Israel Torriano passed into Belgium and came to England; he had missed somehow the young lady on his way; and had never again seen her. Again and again the bright face, would peep at him, and the pretty full mouth ask: 'Are you Italian?' He, so unimpassioned to great beauty before; he who had remained callous to Rebecca, to Zillah, to the handsome young nun, to the seductive French Countess, he began to feel the charm of a plain child of nature, who said what she meant and said it boldly; not courting him, not caring whether she caught his attention or not.

Israel was not a man spoilt by too much contact with women; his feelings once engaged, they were fresh and strong, they carried him away from himself, they overpowered him. That young face haunted him; it sat by him, spoke to him, smiled at him; he heard its merry laugh, and saw its bright eyes. Israel tried to think of other things, and could not. The ecstatic political visions of his old uncle disappeared in the distance, and there in the foreground she stood, that simple young girl. Oh, must we say it? Human feelings would have their way; even Olivet, even Palestine, disappeared—and still the pretty figure kept its place, and obstinately stood before him.

Israel became taciturn, and Pedro was unhappy. The strong personal tie that kept him to his master could not be broken, but his being was elsewhere; these northern countries were unbearable to his southern nature.

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They arrived at the Charing Cross Terminus, and found two carriages waiting for them. How their arrival had been known was a riddle, but an elderly gentleman came up to Israel and requested politely to know if his name was Torriano; if so, would he make use of the carriages that were ready, sent by Baron Torriano, his master. He was the butler of the great house, and Israel found that, from the first moment he put his foot on London ground, he would be a lion. He submitted this time, not to shock his relations, and rolled along the London streets to a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly.

'My master considered you would prefer to be independent of others, and engaged this suite of rooms. He will himself call upon you to-morrow morning.'

Israel said little; he looked around him nervously, and could not help noticing the peculiar appearance of dignity that pervaded the show of wealth. Perhaps here, thought he, the problem of wealth is solved, and it will take the proper place of righteous profusion, while leaving to others the enjoyment of moderate means.

Was Israel mistaken or not? We shall see.

Israel was tired, so was Pedro. Both went early to sleep, and dreamt of being at last in that England, whose name has cast something of a spell over the known world; a spell that is not yet broken.

The next morning came, and with it early a visit from Baron Torriano, an urbane, kindly gentleman, not pompous, not overdressed, but easy, and so conscious of his power that he seemed to care little about it. Just a slight twinkle in his eye, and a scarcely perceptible twitch at the corner of his mouth, showed that he took stock of all around him, appraised it, and turned it to his advantage on the instant.

'Well, cousin, I am happy to see you at last, and in the height of the season. Here we have been waiting for you for months. Old Moses sent us word that you were coming from Jerusalem, and it occasioned a flutter of excitement among all the Jewish families here. Jacob wrote from Naples that you had been with him for one day, that you were a very eccentric personage, and might perhaps pay us a flying visit. Antoine from Paris telegraphed that you were there, but so peculiar in your notions that he could make nothing of you, and that old uncle Torriano had carried you off to Frankfort, but that you would most likely be here some time within a month. For fourteen days have the carriages been at the station, and also the butler with your photograph, surreptitiously taken in Paris without your knowledge; for fourteen days have these rooms been ready for you. So you see we did not mean to part with you so easily. Come now, you must call on my home people, dine with us to-night, and then we will make some nice plans. You will like England, I am sure; you will be surrounded by the best society,

and you shall become acquainted with the very cream of its aristocracy, and the most agreeable sides of its life.'

Israel smiled: 'Suppose, cousin, I do not care for these things.'

'Hem! then you would show bad taste. Thousands can wallow in dirt, but few can live in cleanliness.'

'That's just it,' said Israel, mournfully.

'I don't see it; we belong to the few, instead of the thousands. That is all; suppose in time the thousands will become thinner, the few thicker.'

'Meanwhile'—

'Meanwhile, we must get on as well as we can, and we Torrianos have made a good thing of it, I think.'

'I think so, too. You seem to.'

'And you? Why, Israel, you are made of money; your father coined it by millions: old Moses has hoarded it, and we hope you will spend it.'

'Perhaps; to get rid of it quickly.'

'Oh, no; our race never does that, it is waste. That's the style of foolhardy young English noblemen; we should disdain such paltry ways of spending means.'

'Well, cousin, I'll come to-night; let me first have a look at your London.'

'Just step to the window and glance at my carriage; Can you see elsewhere such blood-horses?'

Israel stepped to the window: as he looked down on the exquisite turn-out, there drove past such a bright open carriage. Two ladies and a boy—he caught sight of them through the window. It was she—she, she, she—it was the face, the mouth, the hair. Israel's blood rushed to his head and heart; his breath came quick and fast; within an instant he dashed open the window, broke a pane with his fist, and stepped on the balcony to bow, and, having excited the attention of the passers by, by the crash of the broken glass, to receive back *such a smile!* The open carriage dashed on, others came up fast to the hotel; Israel stared after the former, not seeing the latter; he turned round at last, with bleeding hand, to see before him his cousin Torriano, with that twinkle in his eye, and to hear announced at the same time 'a Royal Highness,' 'a Grace,' 'the oldest member of the proudest Jewish house in England,' and 'the Lord Mayor,' all come to pay their respects to the great eastern banker, whose fame had been trumpeted all over London.

Israel, astounded at the announcements and assembly before him, bowed, pale and abstracted, scarcely noticing the blood that trickled from the cuts in his hand.

'Just a little weakness, somewhere,' said the cousin to himself, and aloud to Israel:—

"My dear Israel, you have cut your hand, let us see if there is glass in the wound. Pardon your Royal Highness, pardon your Grace, pardon Sir Moses, pardon my Lord Mayor; we shall be back in a minute." The man of all situations led off Israel, half demented with that smile.

[*To be continued.*]

ACROSS THE SCANDINAVIANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A PEEP AT THE PYRENEES.'

Most travellers to Norway are well acquainted with the Vöring Foss, and even those among us who have never visited that wonderful land of peaks and falls are tolerably familiar with its name and repute. The renowned waterfall forms, indeed, one of the principal sights of the Scandinavian district, and from its convenient approximation to the beautiful Hardanger Fjord is, at anyrate, from one point, very comeatable by tourists. While, however, this queen of fountains receives such universal homage, it is rare, I believe that travellers explore the broad highlands beyond, and trace out the torrent towards its source, where a whole series of magnificent falls are to be met with; none of these, can it is true, compare with the Foss as regards height, being in fact rather cascades than waterfalls, but for true grandeur they are perhaps without parallel. One of them in particular, some ten miles above the Vöring Foss is a veritable mammoth fall, emitting a volume of spray that hangs over the spot like a cloud, to be seen miles away.

It was to explore these falls, as also more particularly for the purpose of making our way from the Hardanger Fjord to the Hallingdal Valley and Southern Christiania Road, that determined our party of five pedestrians, all well practised in mountaineering, to push past the Vöring Foss and to attempt the high level pass, plainly marked in the principal Norwegian maps. Our path was indicated on the chart by a single line, with habitations now and then upon the route, and as the lakes and streams appeared carefully noted down, the way, we thought could scarcely be mistaken, even if the beaten track were not invariably followed; a good compass formed part of our equipment, for the value of this little instrument, as every pedestrian knows, cannot be too highly eeteemed in mountain excursions; and it being still early in July, when uninterrupted daylight prevails throughout the twenty-four hours, no chance of being benighted was to be feared.

Shortly before eight o'clock, then, after a refreshing bath in the Har-

danger, we left the miserable little inn at Vik, where the landlord, by-the-bye, only requires a little persuasion to abate a good deal of his exorbitant charges, and started on our way; a short walk led to the banks of the Saebo lake, across which we were ferried to the village of that name and thence commenced our actual journey. Our knapsacks contained besides a change of clothing, one full day's provisions, together with a good supply of Liebig's extract of meat: a stout biscuit-tin to serve as soup kettle, mess utensils, and other articles necessary for cooking were not forgotten.

We were not long in reaching the Vöring Foss. It is a stiff climb to the waterfall, as all visitors know, up a very wall of a mountain and then across a barren table land, and a sharp drifting rain that shot into the eyes like grey peas from a shooter, contributed to render this march less agreeable than it might have been; however, the shower had this advantage, that it took off our attention for the nonce from any difficulties to be surmounted, and by the time, too, that the Foss was reached, the weather had cleared a bit, so that a good view of the mighty waterfall was vouchsafed us. A mass of spray and foam dashes over the cliff with desperate force, and falling into space disappears altogether from the spectators' view, although the noise of the roaring water beneath, and the cloud of vapour that rises to the brim of the awful cauldron, conveys to the shuddering senses a vivid idea of the elemental strife below.

At the shepherd's hut near the Vöring Foss we were provided with a meal of fladbröd and milk. This fladbröd, with which travellers to Norway soon become on intimate terms, is an exceedingly thin rye or oat cake, prepared in discs some two or three feet in diameter, such as a mathematician might describe as breadth without thickness, being in truth so papery in consistence, as to be capable of being folded into sheets like ordinary cardboard. It is said to keep good for six months together, and therefore the operation of broad-making is of but rare occurrence, reams upon reams of the edible stationery being prepared on the occasion of a family baking. To the taste it is not unpleasant, but the annoying part of the matter is, that if at all hungry, one becomes tired of eating long before the stomach is satisfied. Quire after quire may be consumed until the lips become parched and the jaws weary, while one's hunger still remains unappeased. How much more to be preferred is a mouthful even of the blackest bread, for here at any rate there is something into which the teeth can enter, and the stomach appreciate and catch hold of.

From the Vöring Foss we continued our journey in a south-easterly direction, the way in front appearing exceedingly clear and well defined. We were in the first instance, so our map told us, to

cross the stream and then to keep on steadily by its banks all the way to Maursact, a hamlet or group of huts some seven or eight miles ahead. The path was not much trodden it is true, but still the route was straightforwad enough for we knew that as long as the torrent was kept on the right hand, we must necessarily be upon the proper track. Cascade after cascade was passed, some of them of marvellous beauty, and really if the pedestrian desires to go no further, it well repays the fatigue of a couple of hours' walk to witness the 'Grandes Eaux,' that are always playing hereabouts, despite the sad want of patronage bestowed upon them. And let the traveller take care to approach as near the foot of the cascades as possible, for it is only in this way that their grandeur can be fully realised; indeed, at the risk of uttering oft-repeated advice, I would say that this rule holds good with all waterfalls, for under these circumstances only do the senses of seeing and hearing combine to impress the mind with the true character and extent of the scene.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when we passed Maursaet, the huts standing out but dimly on our left, by reason of the driving rain that once more began to descend with blinding force, but we were gratified indeed, that the compass had guided us so correctly.

Nybu, the next point, was like Maursaet and other spots we proposed to rest at, marked upon the map with a circular sign, proving them to be, so we imagined, places of some importance, and we pushed on therefore without misgivings in regard to suitable shelter or supply of food. 'Should you feel tired before reaching Nybu,' said a farmer whom we met, 'you can stay the night at a hut of mine one hour this side;' and then he wrote in my note-book a message to be delivered to his wife: 'These are Englishmen, they are not vagabonds,'—a certificate as to character which we carefully treasured up, in order hereafter, if necessary, to produce undeniable proof of respectability.

We were now fairly upon the mountain plateau, and according to the aneroid barometer, nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. In front, as far as we could see, stretched an endless moorland, covered here and there with broad patches of snow, imparting to the landscape the appearance of a gigantic laundry ground. Around on all sides were mountain peaks, some of them with snowy hoods and closely drawn mantles of white, and on our right stretched a broad glacier of vast dimensions. Every now and then there would come up angry clouds, and the landscape darkened, and then down poured the rain heavily upon our devoted heads, and especially upon mine, for my hat unfortunately had parted company from me at the Voring Foss; then again the storm would blow over, and we enjoyed pleasant sunshine for an hour or two.

Our manner of proceeding was to march in single file, every man looking out for such landmarks as might be likely to assist our progress or to correspond at all with our map information; in this way we kept on steadily and with perfect confidence until Maursaet had been left nine or ten miles behind, and then it gradually became apparent that the map was failing us. Broad lakes and swollen torrents appeared around, of which no trace was given on the chart, and the main stream along which our track had hitherto been carried now led straightway into one of the numberless marshy tarns in front and disappeared from view. There was however as yet little to be annoyed at, for at a liberal calculation our destination might still be another mile or two ahead, and if the direction shown in the map could be strictly relied upon, our compass ought to carry us through all right.

For another hour we tramped 'o'er moss and fell.' But the way became more difficult. After a point had been fixed upon in front, it was often a long job to reach it, for besides occasional swamps of an exceedingly risky nature, and ice slopes more or less secure, there were torrents to be crossed of unusual force and swiftness. Indeed, it was just this dodging up and down the banks of the rivulets, seeking for a good crossing that lost us much valuable time, and very frequently jeopardised our bearings. Not, be it understood, that we were at all squeamish about getting our feet wet, or wading even knee-deep into the streams—we were long past that; our only object in picking and choosing was to find a ford where one would not be altogether washed away, an event which now and again appeared extremely likely, so even at times was our contest with the element.

Our leader, on whom we could all rely implicitly, was entrusted with the compass bearings, but these were always carefully verified and confirmed by the rest before proceeding. A prominence, a gap, or a patch of snow behind would serve as basis, and a further point, well seen in front, was fixed upon as a goal, and agreed to by all as the right direction before starting. The compass was then pocketed, and proceeding in single line we sought to reach the point by the nearest way. But all our leader's efforts to keep us in a straight line were unavailing. One obstacle after another arose to keep us from the chosen direction, and the surmounting of these, as may be supposed, contributed much to alter our bearings.

Once a very serious difficulty barred our progress; it was a wall of congealed snow, or rather ice, to attain which a broad stream had to be passed. For some time we followed the course of the torrent, seeking for a convenient crossing; for the ice bank was so high and perpendicular that an attempt to scale it would be dangerous, if not impossible. At last a suitable spot was discovered, where the ice sloped

down to our feet, spanning over, in a great degree, the torrent below, and forming one of those treacherous snow bridges familiar to the Alpine mountaineer. The affair seemed altogether very risky, for the crust of ice was by no means thick, and large cavities showed the rushing stream below undermining the icy structure. However, there was little choice, and after probing the mass, our pioneer cautiously drew himself over the fragile bridge, holding the next man's pole firmly in case of a fall; the ice fortunately withstood the weight quite well, so one by one we helped each other over the natural viaduct. But all was not over yet, for when the firm slope of ice was reached, the surface was so hard and slippery that we were all in considerable danger of gliding bodily down again. The aid of our alpenstocks was not sufficient for our progress, and as we were unprovided with ice-hatchets or similar tools, we had to cut footsteps in the frozen slope by means of the iron points of the poles, and making use of these foot-holds we succeeded one after another in ascending safely the glassy incline.

Thus we really made but little progress in a straightforward direction. Everyone kept a keen look out for the habitation that was to serve as night quarters, but not a farm or even a hut was visible. The first house or cabin, we decided, whether good or bad, was to be our resting place, and a hot, strong soup, before a roaring fire, should be the reward of our labours, for of this meal we were at any rate certain, seeing that we carried all things fit and ready in our knapsacks. With this prospect before us then we cheered up wonderfully, in a manner indeed as only the anticipation of savoury food can cheer the tired pedestrian, and we continued on in our old S.S.E. course with new freshness and vigour.

It was between nine and ten in the evening that the idea first crossed our minds that we had lost the way. According to my own calculation Nybu should have been reached at least an hour ago, and yet as far as the eye could reach, and that was no inconsiderable distance, there was not a trace of human habitations—only a dreary waste of bog, snow, and rocks. One point after another we left behind us, going on over innumerable wastes of snow, across rushing streams, and through stretches of soft black mire, and mountain swamp. There was nothing to be done but to go wearily forward through the same business over and over again, and this was all the more fatiguing by reason of the dreary unchanging landscape.

Upon one point we were fortunate. There was no night; and indeed this was an element of safety upon which we had calculated when deciding on our route. At ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, and even at midnight, it was as light as in the evening of a midsummer's day in England, for no marked darkening of the prospect was at all perceptible. The

DRAWN BY HARINGTON BIRD.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

sun went down, but there never was an absence of light [illegible] justify one in denominating the effect as twilight.

Those who have seen a Norwegian sunset or sunrise [illegible] be called, for the same phenomenon answers both purposes [illegible] easily forget the peculiarly gorgeous character of the [illegible] not only one portion of the landscape that is lit up by the [illegible] temporary retirement, but half a circle almost of the [illegible] with the soft luminous halo that affords so [illegible] the mountains, and throws up their rugged outlines sharply in [illegible] Against the snowy peaks the effect is [illegible] which flashes up from the horizon threatens, as it were to [illegible] the glacial masses it supports. The highlands [illegible] ruddy glow that envelopes them, the rays of unlight [illegible] modified and changed in tone until they assume [illegible] and then the effect again grows more and [illegible] meeting to a more golden and brighter [illegible] Indeed when it is remembered that the sun is [illegible] so short a period, no very appreciable diminution of [illegible] course be felt.

From the eminence on which we were stationed the [illegible] night sunshine was truly magnificent, and for the time [illegible] our troubles in the contemplation of the lovely scene. [illegible] less thoughtful than the rest called out to us to look at the [illegible] was now on the point of rising. And presently up rose the [illegible] but it was not the moon, it was the fiery [illegible] from the point almost of his descent, and proclaimed that [illegible] had begun, and that we unfortunately had been robbed of [illegible] rest.

A ration of victuals was now served out, for although [illegible] collectively we were firmly convinced that the same was [illegible] sary (we told each other we must infallibly reach a habitation [illegible] very few minutes), still our hunger was such that we [illegible] food. We had been walking briskly since early [illegible] therefore much in need of rest, as in truth our [illegible] time to time tell us. A house, a man, a chimney smoking, a herd of cows—all these appeared at intervals before our vision, only [illegible] assume the form of fantastic rocks and boulders as we approached. Sometimes so plain and distinct would the objects appear that one [illegible] another of us confirmed the impression first received; thus a hut would be pointed out somewhere on the slope of a hill and instead of its existence being at once questioned, a second observer would [illegible] he saw a chimney or door, while a third descried an [illegible] about in front of the building, and so on. But it always turned [illegible]

sun went down, but there never was an absence of light sufficient to justify one in denominating the effect as twilight.

Those who have seen a Norwegian sunset or sunrise, whichever it may be called, for the same phenomenon answers both purposes—will not easily forget the peculiarly gorgeous character of the spectacle. It is not only one portion of the landscape that is lit up by the orb during its temporary retirement, but half a circle almost of the horizon is flushed with the soft luminous halo that affords so charming a background to the mountains, and throws up their rugged outlines sharply in relief. Against the snowy peaks the effect is especially fine, for the lurid colour which flashes up from the horizon threatens, as it were, to dissolve away the glacial masses it supports. The highlands never actually lose the ruddy glow that envelopes them, the rays of sunlight merely becoming modified and changed in tone until they assume a lovely purple bloom; and then the effect again grows more and more vivid, the halo gradually melting to a more golden and brighter hue until the sun itself reappears. Indeed when it is remembered that the sun is hid below the horizon for so short a period, no very appreciable diminution of daylight can of course be felt.

From the eminence on which we were stationed the effect of this midnight sunshine was truly magnificent, and for the time we quite forgot our troubles in the contemplation of the lovely scene. Presently one less thoughtful than the rest called out to us to look at the moon that was now on the point of rising. And presently up rose the luminary; but it was not the moon, it was the fiery sun again that came forth, from the point almost of his descent, and proclaimed that another day had begun, and that we unfortunately had been robbed of a night's rest.

A ration of victuals was now served out, for although individually and collectively we were firmly convinced that the same was quite unnecessary (we told each other we must infallibly reach a habitation now in a very few minutes), still our hunger was such that we eagerly eat up the food. We had been walking briskly since early morning and stood therefore much in need of rest, as in truth our tired eyes would from time to time tell us. A house, a man, a chimney smoking, a herd of cows—all these appeared at intervals before our vision, only however, to assume the form of fantastic rocks and boulders as we approached. Sometimes so plain and distinct would the objects appear that one after another of us confirmed the impression first received; thus a hut would be pointed out somewhere on the slope of a hill and instead of its existence being at once questioned, a second observer would joyfully declare he saw a chimney or door, while a third descried an object moving about in front of the building, and so on. But it always turned out the

same story; and after a time our disappointments were so frequent, that we one and all forbore to mention our little discoveries.

Thus midnight passed away, and the small hours of the morning began slowly to arrive. No change took place in our prospects, except that if anything the snow slopes were more frequent, and the boggy swamps became transformed into marshy lakes that seemed to bar all further progress, at any rate, in the proper direction; there was nothing to do but to skirt the margin of these waters, and in doing this I fear the last hold upon our bearings was lost.

Our compass was of no avail, for it pointed right across the dreary water and this of course could not be the way. Look in whatever direction we would, there was nothing but a wilderness of grey moorland covered in parts with those hateful and monotonous stretches of snow, and bordered only with craggy mountain peaks; an endless waste of rocks, intersected with torrents, lay in front, and beyond the sound of the rushing waters there was nought to be heard but the mournful notes of a marsh bird—a short plaintive whistle that was maintained incessantly both day and night; this sound was indeed peculiarly dismal and monotonous, rendering desolation more desolate, and exerting a profound depression upon one's spirits.

Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, passed away and found us still plodding our weary way over the endless plateau; of provisions we had sufficient to last for upwards of a day, and in that respect therefore the prospect was bright enough. But what was to be feared most of all was the chance of one or other of us being overcome with cold, wet, and fatigue, for the inhospitable plains afforded no place of shelter, and what fuel could be collected was obviously damp, and useless for burning. If but a halt of a few minutes was made, the cold was intense, for so keen was the air that our damp clothing became covered with a white deposit of hoar frost, and one's limbs stiffened with the chill and intense fatigue to such an extent, that there was really no alternative but to keep going. Added to this our stock of brandy was but small, and we feared to diminish it too soon lest a time should come when its aid would be even more urgent than at present. So on we marched, farther and farther still, keeping as good heart as possible and tramping along, in fact, quite mechanically, until an occasional stumble or fall over rock or ice-furrow reminded us of our unenviable condition.

It was approaching five o'clock when our foremost man shouted that he had distinctly heard the neighing of a horse. The fresh hearty manner in which he made the announcement, as also the fact that it was his ears and not his eyes that had been the agent in bringing us hope, filled all with rapture. We stopped and listened eagerly with bated breath,

and sure enough after a short interval the sound was repeated, and this time all were satisfied of its reality. Our eyes we had learnt to distrust long ago, but one's sense of hearing, not being so continuously at extreme tension, could still be relied upon. We followed cautiously in the direction of the sound, and very soon lighted upon a mountain track that was, you may believe, religiously followed; and then in a hollow not half-a-mile distant there was seen an old grey pony, his forelegs tethered together, limping about and neighing in a most pitiable manner. Before we reached the animal, a hut also appeared on the landscape, and this time there was no illusion, for its door and chimney could be well distinguished, as also a stack of fuel, and other indications of inhabitants.

It is impossible to express the delight we felt on seeing a human habitation; it was but a solitary hovel it is true, built of grey boulders such as could have been piled up in a week by half-a-dozen peasants, but the transition from darkness to light could not be more startling than was the welcome change that had suddenly taken place in our condition. Any place of refuge which would shut out from our gaze the dreary wilderness around, was all we longed for and desired, and here before us lay such a haven of rest.

An old man shivering, I fancy as much with fear as with cold, came to the door and pointed out the direction in which our route lay, for we opened negociations cautiously by requesting intelligence as to our whereabouts. A woman inside the hut, and whom we found out afterwards was in a wooden bed or partition at one corner of the dwelling, kept up a running conversation during the time, being by far the more intelligent of the two, and upon our making another step of progress by requesting a sup of milk, she and her daughter at once descended from their manger and came out to look at us. Some milk was brought to the door, and we then suggested a fire wherewith to warm it; this last request gave rise to some indecision on the part of the host, and by way of cutting short the argument we forthwith made our way through the door and proceeded rather abruptly to take possession.

I don't know how it was, but the knowledge of being once more between four walls after continued personal exertions for upwards of twenty hours seemed to take away at once what energy and strength we still possessed. Two fellow-travellers became, indeed, so ill and exhausted that their condition was a matter of much solicitude, and after a dose of hot milk, well strengthened with extract of meat, they were hoisted into the bed of juniper bushes, which had been but just vacated by the family, and in a few minutes were slumbering heavily. My other two companions and myself, whose health and strength were somewhat better, sat round the fire, which had now begun to blaze up

cheerfully, and we dozed away as well as we could against the sharp, angular stones that composed the walls of the dwelling.

It would have been only too delightful to have stopped at the hut for half-a-dozen hours, but the scarcity of food and absence of all sleeping accommodation proved such a course to be impracticable. We feed our host so heavily that, had he not been a very usurer, and less rheumatic, perhaps, he must have danced about his hearth; but as it happened, the sight of money only excited his cupidity, and did not change his manner towards us; while, however, he was exceedingly anxious to get quit of us, the wife, on the other hand, was a good, tender-hearted body, and seemed unwilling to let us go until we had rested sufficiently. We had passed Nybu altogether, it appeared, and had come off too much to the right, as in fact we felt convinced, and it was now decided to make for Halne—the next habitation marked on the map—without going to Nybu at all. But the question was, how to proceed, for we were now fully determined not to trust to the mountains again without a guide.

It is difficult to say what really would have become of us had we not been fortunate enough to reach this hut, for, being so many miles south of the track, we must have inevitably crossed into the Tellemark district, and journied, probably, another thirty miles before finding shelter; for the mountain refuges are so small and difficult to distinguish in the landscape—being generally a lean-to against some massive boulder, or rough structure of grey stones—that until one approaches very closely, their real character is not apparent. The map had led us to believe that there was, at any rate, a horse-path the whole distance, with hamlets, or sæters, along the line of route, so that, with the additional aid of the compass, the way would be easy enough to find. Moreover, the distance to be travelled from Vik to Hammerboen was exceedingly deceptive, for while sixty miles appeared the limit of the journey on the chart, the actual length, not taking into consideration the deviation we had made, could not have been less than eighty-five or ninety miles.

About eight o'clock, after a halt of nearly three hours therefore, we proceeded on our way. The grey horse that had befriended us so well we determined to take with us, although, I will admit, it was a kindly feeling towards ourselves rather than to the animal that prompted us to this decision. The amount asked for by the man for his own and beast's services to Halne was a couple of dollars, and this sum, although an exorbitant one, we accordingly promised. The distance was said to be a six-hours' walk, and for this reason our guide exhorted us to lose no time in making a start. Besides the draught of milk we had swallowed, nothing could be obtained but a few spoonfulls of rye porridge, which, you may be sure, was eaten almost ravenously, the people

turning a deaf ear to our request for more, which we preferred, in order to husband our own provisions as much as possible.

If not perfectly easy in the stomach, however, the heart was lighter as we set out again, for now there would be no more anxiety in respect to the path. The old shepherd was a capital guide, and although frequently desirous of improving the bargain, and of receiving a slight instalment on account, we got on very well together, he leading the way with the horse and knapsacks at a good round pace.

The mountain air was wonderfully exhilarating. Our stiffened limbs became warm and pliant again with the exercise, and, barring a little discomfort on the score of sore feet, all were in excellent spirits. At starting there was an indescribable repugnance against putting one's dry feet into the swamps and slushy snow through which we passed, but the feeling was only momentary, for there soon came bogs as deep and torrents as swift as any we had crossed the day before. There was no help for it; it was the same thing over and over again. Up to the knees, almost, went our legs into the black mire, to be speedily washed again by the swift mountain rivers. In this particular, however, the horse was of much service in helping one across the water; two of us went over at a time, one remaining on the further bank while the other returned to fetch another passenger, and in this manner we crossed streams which otherwise would have proved almost impracticable on foot. Sometimes, it is true, the horse and his riders seemed in considerable danger of rolling over into the noisy rapids, but the animal was a trusty and sure-footed beast, and evidently well used to the work.

After a three-hours' march, we halted opposite a magnificent glacier, so extensive in character that it entirely covered the side of one vast range, the ice sweeping down in beautiful masses of white crystals. It was certainly the finest specimen of Norwegian ice scenery we had yet beheld, and the panoramic effect was of surpassing grandeur. Similar in form to the elongated Mont Blanc range, the outline was flatter, and with fewer points and pinnacles, as if the irregularities of the summit had been softened down by the deposition in the cavities of masses of snow. In front, and in perfect keeping with the scene, was a suitable foreground, formed of a broad, still lake with snowy banks, and the appearance of the whole lit up in the sunshine was exceedingly fine.

Provisions were here unpacked, and a ration of bread and sausage served out with strict fairness and impartiality, the guide, of course, receiving his due share. This was the first solid meal that had been eaten since leaving Vik on the morning of the day before, and although not hungry at first, the sight of the food soon brought on an appetite.

There was little to drink, but the bracing air, as also the dripping state of our garments, rendered such a proceeding almost unnecessary. A walk of about eighteen miles brought us to Halne, a hut scarcely eight feet square, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright therein. It was inhabited at the time by five men in charge of flocks of sheep that move about during the summer in search of the scanty pasturage, and our arrival proved quite an event for them. Obviously there was not room enough for both them and us in the cabin at one time, so while we squatted on the floor, they crowded at the entrance to look on. The question of sleeping accommodation could not, of course, under these circumstances, be entertained; and as to food, we were at once given plainly to understand that none was to be had. A small sack of rye flour was, in fact, the only source of food in the hut, and of this a water porridge was made, and eaten, with salt and goat's milk, by the men in our presence. Even a bowl of this mess was refused us, so precious and rare were provisions in that deserted spot.

Close to the hut is situated the Halne lake, a broad expanse of water, of which some portion is generally frozen. In the sunlight the sloping green pasture land and grazing cattle looked quite homely and pastoral, affording a pleasing contrast to the numberless bleak and marshy tarns to be seen around. The snow too, hereabouts, was very thick, and sweeps down the mountain sides in large masses, thus tending to soften much their otherwise rugged outlines.

It was evident we could not remain long at Halne, so information was sought for as to the next stage of the journey. There was a cabin, it appeared, eight miles further on, but with no people in it; at another hut, however, double that distance, there was, we were assured, good shelter and food to be had, as many as three families actually living there. Despite our fatigue therefore, and the lateness of the hour—for it was now nearly four o'clock—we were compelled to further exertion, and to push on for another sixteen miles. Dinner was served out in economical proportions from our slender stock, and we enjoyed to the fullest extent the scanty meal. Surely enough, the food we carried was fast coming to an end, for though there was still extract of meat and compressed beef tea in plenty, the bread and biscuit were ebbing rapidly, and two more full rations would determine the end of our solid food. As we had but little rest, food was, of course, all the more imperative to keep up bodily strength, and it was truly a hard matter to keep from sleeping, even when at meals. One by one we dropped off, quite unable to keep our weary eyes open, and it required all the energy and resolution in the world to strap on our knapsacks and to start off again on the tramp.

This time a fresh guide accompanied us—a stout, broad-shouldered young fellow—who did not fail to profit by the hint given by our former cicerone. Two dollars was again to be paid for the guide during the next sixteen miles—a sum of money which otherwise would not have been earned in a month. However, there was no choice, and, doubtless, a large portion of the reward would have to be divided among the other occupants of the hut, who listened with wrapt attention and delight to the terms of the bargain. I may mention, by the way, that we had in this case, as on many previous occasions, sought to gain the good-will of our friends by judicious presents of English fishing-hooks and sewing-needles, and although, as a rule, the donations were highly appreciated, they did not, in the present instance, move the recipient, except in so far as to cause him to shake the giver warmly by the hand—a quaint and universal custom of expressing thanks among the peasant classes in Norway, and participated in even by beggars when the objects of charity.

There was only one incident of importance in the next stage of the journey, but it is one I shall never forget. The way led across a strip of land between two lakes, one of which was at some height above the other, and it was the crossing of some rapids communicating between the two that was the circumstance to which I refer. With my inexperienced eyes I should at once have said that the fording of a stream of this magnitude was a human impossibility. Though not very broad, its velocity was terrific, and so deep was the water that it reached to the thighs of a well-grown man. The guide crossed first, to demonstrate that the thing was really practicable; then our broad-shouldered leader ventured into the foam, and slowly and firmly made the journey across, but at every step he gradually but surely was borne in a slanting direction downwards with the stream, and escaped the deep rocky basin by a margin of but a few feet only. This gave all the rest confidence, but it was some time before courage enough could be mustered to make the venture. Vainly did we look above and below the spot for a more favourable crossing, and on many occasions, as it will always happen, believed we had found such an one, until on near approach the stream was discovered to be by no means so narrow and tranquil as from a distance it seemed. There was no other alternative left, if we did not wish to retrace our steps from the very commencement, but to ford in this particular spot, and it certainly was only sheer compulsion that made us undertake the task. Wading into the water as high up the bank as we could, so as to allow as much margin for drifting as possible, we stepped into the swhirling water, which at once seemed to grasp the feet with the strength of a dozen hands, and to draw the ankles firmly and surely downwards every time a step was made in the icy foam. The rushing of the stream,

too, caused the head to swim and to turn giddy, and one positively felt a longing—a sort of fascination—to throw oneself backwards and abandon oneself dreamily to the persuasive embraces of the rapids. A friendly pole was stretched out from the opposite bank, and it was not until this was tightly clutched, and one was fairly dragged from the sucking torrent, that the senses of hearing and seeing completely returned. How truly thankful we were at the result only men in our position can understand.

Passing over a broad ravine, filled with snow, brought us to the first hut,—a lot of loose stones roughly placed in position,—into which we had to creep on all fours. There certainly were no people in it, and so little room, in fact, that the wooden partition that served as door could not be closed without inconvenience when all were inside. Two of us, who were the least fatigued, gathered some fuel together, and soon made up a cheerful fire, the cracks and crevices, of which there were no lack, securing a singularly good draught for the purpose. A tin full of snow was put upon the embers, and, by means of some extract, broken biscuit, and mushrooms and sorrel (of which we had gathered a large quantity the day before), we prepared a cauldron of boiling hot soup so readily that our companions, who were by this time nestling in a corner fast asleep, were loth to believe in its existence.

The savoury mess picked us up wonderfully when we set out to do the last stage of the day's journey, hopeful of a good night's rest—perhaps upon a truss of soft hay—and, at all events, of a bowl of rye porridge. We went along famously, keeping up at the heels of the guide, and surprising him much with our new-found energy. Mile after mile, and hour after hour, were left behind, and still we kept on, without stopping once, buoyed up with a hearty belief that our troubles were at last at an end, and that we should presently be able to rest and recruit to our fullest desire.

A gap in the mountain soon presented the welcome form of another hut, larger, indeed, than those we had just visited, but still rough and unpromising enough, goodness knows. Something, too, struck us that all was not right. Everything was silent and still; no smoke was to be seen issuing from the chimney; no cattle were visible; and altogether a very ominous quiet prevailed. Our guide had no need to look into the hut and to shake his head as he muttered *ikke folk*, for we had long ago come to the conclusion that there were no people, and consequently no food. Remonstrances were, of course, of no avail, so we made the best of a bad bargain, and took possession of our new quarters. According to the guide, whose inventive faculties were largely developed, there was another habitation yet, one hour's march further on, where people would certainly be found; but not only was our confidence in him much

shaken, but it was, furthermore, simply impossible for us to go on, so distressed were we from our double day's march and want of food. All the persuasions and even commands of the guide were of no use, for having now a tolerable roof over our heads, we resolved not to budge one inch until we had taken some rest; so after due payment and the inevitable shake of the hand, we parted, our Hardy Norseman being resolved to go elsewhere for night quarters.

The mansion improved on acquaintance. The mud floor was covered in part with juniper bushes, which, though damp and scrubby enough, afforded a good resting-place. A door was found, and, after a little carpentering, this was skilfully hung in its proper place. The fire arrangements were complete, the open chimney-work allowing of our alpine staffs being stretched across for drying the wet clothing; and as to furniture, why there was a wooden bench that made a capital table. Of fuel there was little to be found, for the scanty mountain brushwood, when burned, only blazes and gives out a sudden heat, failing to yield any lasting embers; but this point, as also the fact of there being by far too much ventilation, were the only two circumstances productive of uneasiness. Our boots and nether garments were, of course, sopping wet, so these had to be removed before lying down, and then every available rag of clothing was donned to keep out the piercing cold. The fire was soon lit, and two tins of water, the one for cooking and the other for ablutionary purposes, having been fetched from a small lake at our feet, we proceeded to make our evening soup in the accustomed manner. Some broken biscuit and sausage were put in to thicken the potage as much as possible, but we could allow ourselves nothing to eat with it, so exhausted was our stock of bread. Indeed, after compelling every one 'to declare' the contents of his wallet, there was found sufficient for a limited meal in the morning only, and then the reserve would consist of but two small luncheon biscuits each. I verily believe that on that very evening any one of us could readily have eaten the entire stock we collectively mustered, without being in any way inconvenienced by such a meal.

To rest we went, but not to sleep. We all laid down together in a huddled heap, vainly seeking in this way to keep away the cold, but it is no use. First a chilling draft at one's feet, then a cold in the neck, then the cramp, and, worst of all, a shivering or agueish fit throughout the frame—all combined to keep our eyes from closing. Musquitos, which had been our bane for many days previously, were unable, fortunately, to withstand the dense smoke that filled the cabin, so, at all events, we were rid of that evil at least. One or other of us was on the alert during the night to attend to the fire and to keep a sort of look-out in case of intruders, as in these

mountain huts there is always apprehension of the rightful, or perhaps wrongful, owner turning up, and, very possibly, insisting either upon one's departure, or an unlimited tribute of backsheesh. For while, in all probability, these refuges constitute a sort of common property to harbour herdsmen or travellers, no doubt foreigners like ourselves would have to pay a good footing if found located upon such premises.

Considering, therefore, intrusion by no means improbable, we were not greatly surprised in being disturbed by a call that some one was outside the hut. We attended patiently, but no one entered; the look-out, however, stated positively that, through a chink in the wall, he had observed a man pass and repass two or three times. Matters looked serious, and we were all completely aroused; for might it not be that our guide, having been handsomely paid, and knowing us to be in possession of untold dollars, had come back again with a friend or two to procure some more eggs from the golden goose. Being a goodly number, we were in no way nervous in respect to an encounter, but at the same time it was prudent, no doubt, to be well on our guard. Suspicion was, however, soon dispelled, for, on a closer investigation, we found the cause of disturbance to be due to a bush waving to and fro in the daylight before a crack in the wall. Wishes and exhortations of a particularly pronounced character were hurled at the devoted head of our gallant sentinel on the discovery of this mistake, and once more we composed ourselves to sleep.

In this way the weary hours passed away, the cold becoming more acute as the morning advanced, for our supply of fuel began to fail, and we were perforce compelled to burn a portion of our bed furniture to warm our shivering limbs. The damp from the bushes seemed to penetrate to one's very bones, and gave rise to pains of cramp and rheumatism which could only be dispelled by an occasional course of gymnastics, so that our rest was far from smooth and unbroken. Presently the warning came again that some one was approaching, and this time there really could be no doubt about the matter, for footsteps coming towards the hut were distinctly audible. All became once more on the alert, and we waited anxiously the issue of affairs. The person outside made straight for the door and knocked, whereupon the impediment placed before the partition was pushed on one side and we bade the stranger enter. But it was only our guide come back again, bearing on his shoulders a fir tree of decent proportions to serve as fuel. Both he and his burden were welcomed, and in a few minutes the fire was again burning in right good style.

The guide had gone on to the next hut, and had found it, like our own, quite deserted; so after resting a short while he had returned with

the twofold object of obtaining something to eat, and of tendering his services for the next day's walk. It was very trying to be compelled to give up to him food which could be ill spared, especially as it was only the afternoon previously that we had been curtly refused a mouthful by himself and companions. And this was not all, for knowing there was no one else in the neighbourhood to act as guide he at once doubled his demand of yesterday, and requested as much as four dollars to take us to Tufto, nineteen miles distant, and not far from Hammerboen, our destination. This amount however, we stoutly refused to pay, and it was not until we resolved to dispense with his services altogether, and had started on our way alone, that he consented to come to reasonable terms.

Our morning soup and thin slice of bread consumed, we began our third day's journey with a stock of food not weighing in all half-a-pound. We had enjoyed not more than four hours' actual sleep before setting out, but the fact that we had now desisted from walking for five or six hours had rendered us quite competent to proceed. Forward we went across the highlands, our way beset with the same bogs, the same snow drifts, and the same rushing waters, of which we had had so much experience; indeed, it was the same thing continually over and over again. Past another stone cabin—desolate and deserted like the last—and then—oh, goddess of plenty! we sighted a little sæter, or shepherd's hut, hospitably placed on the mountain side.

For the first time this three days we were enabled to satisfy our hunger and to eat without stint, and the large bowl of milk porridge that the good woman of the house prepared especially for us, was a meal of the most *recherché* kind. Cream too, there was in abundance, and you may be assured with these good things at command, we did not stop once in our devotions until such a course was simply imperative. Never shall I forget that meal, and never in truth may I want another so much. A present of money and sewing needles put our hostess into as delighted a frame of mind as we ourselves were, and we departed on our way with a store of strength and energy that seemed unlimited.

It was not long before we sighted Tufto at the head of the Hallingdal Valley and dismissed our guide, for thence to Hammerboen, about nine miles, there was a well-marked road. We were half inclined to punish the man for his exorbitant demands, by deducting from his earnings the price, to us, of the breakfast he had eaten, and which in sober earnest we could ill afford to give him. But the satisfaction at being so near the end of our journey outweighed any angry feelings we may have entertained, so with a moral lesson read in our best Norske, he was sent home rejoicing.

The last part of our march into Hammerboen was not, I will admit, a

very smart performance, but if ever weary souls enjoyed a night's rest, it was certainly on that evening when our party turned into the little village inn, and casting ourselves down upon the mattresses in the common room, fell at once into a sleep that lasted fourteen mortal hours.

H. B. P.

A BILLET AT CARRIGAHINCH.

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A Billet at Carrigahinch.

We had been expecting a move for some time, and at last the order came. We were to start at dawn next day for Dublin, *en route* for Scotland. It was unanimously resolved that we should make a night of it—not to go to bed at all in fact, so that we might the more fully enjoy the company of Captain Jack. We determined to detain him till the very last moment.

Notwithstanding the perpetual drain upon his resources since our arrival, he was brimful as ever of anecdote and fun; but there was on this occasion a mutual feeling of regret at parting, which each of us endeavoured vainly to conceal, and which saddened us somewhat.

I proposed a round of toasts in due form, and at last, when I considered him equal to a sustained effort, I toasted *him*.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'a full bumper! Fill! I give you the guest of this and of many pleasant evenings: "The health of Captain Jack, of ours." May we meet again, and that soon. When the time arrives for each of us to retire from the service, may our actions shed an equal lustre upon the regiment, and our successors keep our memories as green as we shall keep his.'

There was a pause after due honours had been paid. The captain rose to his feet uneasily.

'Confound it!—don't you know,' he said; ''pon my life and credit I feel quite unequal to the occasion—I do indeed. I don't deserve it. I am sure I shall miss you all most confoundedly—a deuced deal more, I dare say, than you will readily believe. I can't make a speech, you know, and what's more, I don't mean to try. You young fellows are so much better up to that sort of thing than we old stagers. I pledge you my word, old as I am, I never made a speech in my life, and I'm not going to make an ass of myself at the end of my days. You must excuse me.'

We did excuse him, but we did so on the implied understanding that he was to give us some more of his military experience in Ireland before the night was out.

'Meanwhile,' said I, 'here's to the memory of the faithful, the matchless Tim!'

'Ah!' sighed the captain, thoughtfully and solemnly filling his glass, 'here's to him with a heart and a half! "I ne'er shall look upon his like again!"'

Sadly, but withal steadily, he raised the wine to his lips, gazed for an instant into the empty glass as he replaced it on the table, helped himself to a fresh cigar from my case, and took a light from the hand of his next neighbour.

'Did I ever tell you anything about Carrigahinch?' he inquired, during the preliminary puffs.

'Never,' said I; 'we have only a promise that you would do so.'

Leisurely he took the cigar now from his mouth, turned it to see if it was well aglow, replaced it between his lips—giving it a few rapid twirls with his finger and thumb as he did so—took one long whiff, and then began.

'We were quartered there, I remember, for three or four months after we left the west. It was a little town in the north—the "black north," as Tim called it. He wasn't comfortable there, neither was I—to tell you nothing but the plain honest truth. We had to put up with an old building called the fever hospital, which was attached to the workhouse—there were no better quarters to be had.

'The place was a hot-bed of Orangeism, and we were sent there just before the July "Anniversaries," as they are called. There are two of these in that month—on the first and on the twelfth. The authorities anticipated riots, and sent us there as a precautionary measure.

'The population consisted of about a third who shouted "To hell with King William!" and two-thirds who shouted "To hell with the Pope!"

'It was quite an uncommon thing to see a soldier in Carrigahinch. There was a tradition that a troop of horse once galloped through the main street—in at one end and out at the other—in the "troubled times;" but the oldest inhabitant had not seen an entire company actually quartered there. Now a great and striking change had come over this little community. They had begun to hate one another for the love of God. It was found necessary some time before our arrival to appoint a permanent resident magistrate for the district, and he was kept busy every court day in trying to settle cases arising out of party riots. From having been a sane, sober, steady-going people, they became suddenly rabid and wild, and the worst features of party intolerance and party strife began to manifest themselves.

'All this arose from a very simple and apparently harmless transaction. The newly-appointed parish priest had a "mission," and invited two Dominican fathers to preach at Carrigahinch. On these occasions the

proceedings are rather sensational. There is confession, absolution, exhortation, solemn vows of amendment and repentance are made, and a powerful and earnest preacher—as one of these fathers undoubtedly was—has for the time an enormous power over an excitable Irish congregation. The immediate result of these gatherings is always beneficial; you find less drunkenness, less debauchery of every kind. But the change is in its nature spasmodic, and its effect is in the main transitory. Human nature is only human nature, to the end of the chapter. Precisely the same sort of thing, under a different name, had been going on among the Protestants—sensational prayer meetings or "revivals," introduced by the Rev. Mr. McGosh. The whole population was drunk from excessive spiritual dram-drinking. The few sober and discreet among them kept wisely in the background, while the froth and scum boiled over.

'Matters were brought to a crisis by the erection of a large wooden cross in the chapel yard, commemorating the visit of the Dominican fathers. The religious convictions of a party of Orangemen returning from church were so outraged by the spectacle of an old woman kneeling at the foot of this cross, offering up her prayers, and perhaps renewing her vows, that, in their zeal, they pelted her with clods and stones. Next day they were somewhat astonished to find themselves severely punished by the new magistrate, who was immediately branded as a Papist in disguise. He was no more that than I am, but a blunt, honest, fearless, sensible, even-handed gentleman (as I soon found out), honestly accepting the broad truths of religion which admit the possibility that there are priests and parsons who will enter heaven, as surely as that there are priests and parsons who will not. "That's what plays the deuce with a fine country, sir," said the Captain, rather confusedly. But we all understood him.

'"You mean religious discord?" I interrupted.

'"I mean religious *balderdash!*" he replied, striking the table with his fist—a habit of his when he wished to add emphasis to his remarks; "I mean confounded religious *bosh*—between man and man."

'"That's the real Irish difficulty," I remarked.

'"Of course it is," said he; "it's at the bottom of all our misfortunes."

'"I vote we don't enter into it," said I. "It is as abstruse a question, to all appearance, now, as it was a hundred years ago. We'll shirk it. We can't settle it in one night."

'"In one night!" he retorted. "Look here! By the living Jingo, I'd settle it in less than five minutes, and prove it in one generation of ——"

'"If it was left to you."

'"Just so—if it was left to me; denominational education, and all the rest of it into the bargain. I'd just add a common clause to all the

Christian creeds professed in Ireland, declaring that any man might be saved who followed, honestly, any one of them just as well as another. I'd insist on every child being taught *that*, at all events; and every father, priest, or parson who objected to it should have three months' hard labour!'

'We let the argument go by default, and assented without opposition or prejudice, for obvious reasons. It was a subject, evidently, upon which his mind was made up; and when an Irishman's mind is made up, it is just as well not to disturb it—if you wish to consult your own ease. I speak as a 'native,' to the manor born.'

'Well, gentlemen,' he continued, 'the magistrate had a temporary triumph. The Orangemen were punished, but they had their revenge; for, the following night the cross was cut up into square bits, which were piled in a heap and left there, by some person or persons unknown, as the phrase is, and who were never discovered from that time to this.'

'It must have required some skill,' said I, 'to keep a fellow of Tim's temperament out of scrapes in such a place as Carrigahinch.'

'Scrapes! Confound it; that's a mild word,' responded the Captain. 'If he had been a soldier, the consequences might often have been serious; but, fortunately, he was only a retainer in quite a civil capacity—my servant, in fact. When he got into difficulties, he was always brought before the town authorities, instead of a Court Martial. It was generally a case of fine; and as I had to pay, he did not mind enjoying himself.

'The very next night after our arrival he was locked up. A policeman came with the news to me while I was at breakfast, and I started off immediately to hear the case, which had been on some time when I got in. It was the result of a public-house row. An assault was clearly proved, in which Tim got the best of it, for he always contrived to keep himself sober.

'"Now," said the magistrate, addressing him, "you may consider it most fortunate that your position is not more serious. You have had a narrow escape. This is your first offence, as far as I am aware, and——"

'"Yes, your worship, by raisin it's my first visit," said Tim, apologetically, "I only kem yesterday."

'"Do you know anybody in the town?"

'"Divil a wun I was regularly introduced to yet but your honour."

'"Is there no one who will speak to your character, or go bail for you?"

'Tim hesitated: it was a critical moment. I advanced from the rear of the court to the bench. I was in uniform, and the crowd made way for me, out of curiosity as much as anything else.

"'Arrah! Captain, darlin',' shouted Tim, 'More power. Sure, didn't I make up the mare before I stirred out?'

I spoke a few words in his behalf, which had the desired effect.

"'You'll be more cautious for the future, I hope, said the magistrate; 'let this be a warning to you. I am determined to allow no party expressions here—mind that. You must hide your proclivities or—'

"'My what, your worship? That's a very scarce word.'

"'If you wish to express your sentiments about King William, you had better not do it in such a way as to render yourself liable to be brought before me again. I fine you five shillings. Call the next case.'

'The next case was called; but, before Tim could get out he was surrounded by the idlers in court, who got him into a red-hot rage by bantering him.

"'You'll let King Billy alone for awhile, I'll take my davy,' said one.

'Tim retorted, in an unmistakeable Kerry brogue, and at the top of his voice—"Why would I? To hell with him, the owld reprobate! Get out of my road, or I'll—"'

'"Bring that man up again," shouted the magistrate, rising to his feet. "I fine you now, sir, an additional five shillings."

'There was a shout of laughter.

"'Long life to your honour," responded Tim.

"'Silence!" said the magistrate, or I'll have the court cleared. I can't allow such unseemly exhibitions. Look you here, sir, I have a great mind to fine you separately for each of the five assaults. What would you say to that?"

"Well, that would be too expinsive intirely, your worship," replied Tim, going down this time very meekly; "but there's no charge for sintiments, I suppose, your worship?"

"That depends on how you express them."

"Well, thin," said he, making good his retreat towards the door, "barrin' the cost, your worship, I THINK SO STILL." And he vanished as the last word was uttered.

"Tim," said I, as we walked back together, "I don't mind ten shillings now and again; but I must warn you, once for all, that if you don't keep yourself quiet in Carrigahinch, it will be absolutely out of my power to retain you in my service. It is as much as my commission is worth to run the risks I am running every day. Confound you! We are in a most ticklish position here, and will have to be on our guard."

"Ticklish, is it Captain; worse than that by long chalks! It bates the divil—saving your presence—and 'tisn't for want of religion naither."

"What's that got to do with it?" I inquired.

'"Sure there's the chapel and a church, and a power of praitching

houses besides. The place is alive wid 'em, so it is. I counted nine of 'em I'm cartain sure."

"'The more the merrier, I suppose," said I, not paying much attention at the moment.

"'Bedad, may be so! But, sure, Captain, I never heard tell of more than two religions in Ballybog, where I was reared. Father Welsh, and the minister had it all between themselves."

"'There are a great many more than that," said I; "how do you make it out?"

"'Make it out, is it? Aisy enough. Catholics and Protestants—that's all they had in Kerry."

"'Every one who doesn't go to Mass, Tim, is a Protestant,'" I exclaimed.

"'Faix, may be so," he exclaimed, "but there's *only wan'* right church at all events—the other is like the owld woman that had so many childer she didn't know what to do—and all of 'em fighting like a pack of red divils."

"'I'm not going to argue the point with you," said I, "and I'd advise you not to argue it with anybody else while you're here. Take my advice and keep yourself quiet. Sergeant Skinner is quite at home in Carrigahinch; and I see that, in spite of my wishes, he has taken to preaching again."

"'Sure enough," said Tim, "I saw him out last night, arm in arm with owld McGosh—him that used to be ranting in Cokehampton, long ago."

"'I remember. It strikes me very forcibly Tim that you'll get your head broke before a week is out."

"'Bruck, is it! bad luck to the stick in the parish that's able to brake it. Don't be in dread, divil a dint they'll put in it."

I hoped not, quite as fervently on my own account as on his; but I had misgivings as I parted with him. I left him reading a huge placard on the pier, which announced in large capitals the fact that the Rev. Mephibosheth McGosh would next day deliver an open air discourse on the errors of Popery, taking for his subject "Prayers for the dead."

I went in to my quarters. The local newspaper, just out, fresh and damp, lay on my table; it had been sent without solicitation on my part, I therefore naturally concluded that it contained something unpleasant, and intended expressly for my eye. I was right. The leading article consisted of a bitter attack upon the Government for sending us to Carrigahinch at all. It went on to say that nearly all the men were Papists, and that of the three officers in command, one was hopelessly ill (this was poor Denis), another was a Papist, and a third, this was me, nothing in particular—only luke-warm, or something like that. It wound

up by calling upon all the good and true men of Carrigahinch to assert their rights to assemble in their might, and a lot more to the like effect; and it called upon me to see that McGosh was protected from mob violence in the exercise of an undoubted right. Evidently Sergeant Skinner was at the bottom of the whole business; he owed me a grudge for endeavouring to stop his preaching in the regiment. I wished him and McGosh at the deuce, and made up my mind for the worst. I had serious thoughts of keeping Tim a prisoner altogether, till the storm had blown over, if I could see my way to it, but I couldn't.

'We held a council of war after dinner, over our punch. There was no time to be lost, that was clear; and that was about all the conclusion we could come to after our deliberations.

'"Suppose we send for Tim," suggested Wilkins, "and give him a caution."

'"I gave him that this morning," I replied.

'"Give him a tumbler of punch then," said Denis. "You may as well have him up at all events and hear what he says. You may be sure he has been out."

'The news he brought us was not reassuring. The town was filling rapidly. People were pouring in from all sides. I threw up the window. The distant hum was clearly audible from where we sat—a noise as of many voices and of many feet.

'"Bedad, sir, there's every prospect of a good day's divarshun, and no mistake. The raal fighting min won't be in, I'm towld, till after dark; but there's a power of *spectators* there already. I overheard a party saying that Mr. McGosh wanted to swear some informations that he was in dread of his life. The magistrate said it was all humbug, and McGosh is coming to see you."

'"The devil he is!" said I.

'"It's best to be on the look out, any way, sir. Maybe it's not alone he'll be; he might have a gathering after him."

'"He'll not have time to come to-morrow," said Denis; "his hands will be full."

'"Shure he has time to-night, sir," replied Tim.

'"My mind is made up," said I. "Look here, I'll just confine all the men to the barracks."

'"To the workhouse, you main, sir."

'"Well, to the workhouse. I'll not let a man out to-morrow for love or money, unless we are sent for by the authorities. Tell Sergeant Skinner—or, stay; I'll write it, and you may deliver it at once, Tim."

'I wrote, ordering the sergeant to send out at once a strong picket of the guard, and to bring in forthwith all stragglers; afterwards to close

the gates, and keep the soldiers in till further directions from me. I folded this order, and gave it to Tim for delivery.

'"And see here; tell him to place an extra sentry on duty at the back entrance leading out of the long blank wall at the rear. There's no thoroughfare there, but it is just as well to be on the safe side. There's an old watchman's box in the yard of the workhouse; have it brought to the back gate, and post a man in it. Can I trust you?"

'"Trust *me* is it! Shure it is not me you're trusting at all, but the sergeant," said Tim. "You might trust *me* if the divil was at the hall door, captain."

'"Well, just deliver the letter, and I'll leave the rest to you. See that no one is admitted to-night."

'"Faix, we can't keep out McGosh. He has a free pass from the Boord of Guardians to visit the sick paupers any time at all, bad luck to him!"

'"Don't let anyone in with him, at all events. See that he comes by himself."

'"All right, sir. Good night, gentlemen."

We kept it up rather late, not caring to retire till the noise outside had somewhat abated. I hadn't been in bed half an hour when I heard Tim's voice. He was evidently in altercation with someone, but as he was also indulging in occasional snatches of song, I concluded that nothing serious had occurred. I did not discover the whole truth till he told me himself all about it afterwards.

It appeared that McGosh *did* turn up about midnight. Tim slept in the loft over the stable at the end of the long passage, and quite close to my quarters. He was sitting at the window, in the dark, smoking his last pipe previous to turning in, when he caught sight of the reverend gentleman, just as he was rounding the workhouse square under his window. Tim whistled; there was an answering whistle from the gate at the end of the passage, which he seemed to understand. He put his hand on the window-sill, and easily vaulted to the ground. The night was rather dark, but clear; there was no mistake about his man—he'd have sworn to McGosh among a thousand on a darker night than this.

'"Halt!" shouted Tim, "or, be jabers, I'll be afther putting a bullet through you! Who goes there?"

'"A friend," responded McGosh, obeying the command.

'"Stand and give the countersign!" said Tim.

'"I don't know it," replied McGosh.

'"And how dare you show your ugly nose here without it? That's sudden death, *avanst*, so it is."

'"I'm a clergyman," explained McGosh, "I have a free pass; I visit the paupers when I like. Do you know Captain Howley?"

'"I do," said Tim.

'"I want to see him."

'"Shure, he's no pauper," said Tim.

'"No matter, my business is urgent. Do you know which is his room?"

'"Well, I do."

'"I'd be obliged if you'd point it out."

'"That's a horse of another colour," said Tim, purposely blocking the way, "maybe *he* mightn't though." And he began tuning:

Says she,
You fool!
Your fresh from school.
Arrah! Get away—CLOSER—Shaun,[1]
Ommadhaun![2]

'"Be so good as to let me pass, then."

'"Divil a foot!" said Tim.

'"You're a most impertinent, presuming fellow! I have business with him—I must see him!" and he made a vigorous effort to pass; but Tim had him by the tails of his coat. The threads of the garment began to give way, and the owner yielded to the pressure from behind. Perhaps, on second thoughts, McGosh concluded that, all things considered, it would be as well if he didn't provoke collision with the huge fellow before him. Discretion is acknowledged, at all times, to be the better part of valour; moreover, was it not more consistent with his duty as a Christian minister to avoid strife as much as possible. On the impulse of the moment he turned to go; but changed his mind as suddenly again.

'"Perhaps you wouldn't object to take up my name to the captain? I shall not detain him long. Say that I wish to see him on important business. My name is McGosh—the Rev. Mephibosheth McGosh. I'm not in a hurry; I'll wait."

'"Faith, then, if you do, it'll be agin my will, anyhow! Do you think I'd go and disturb the gintleman at this time of night?"

'"I suppose I need not ask your leave," said McGosh, "just point out the way, and I'll go myself."

'"Naither wan nor the other," replied Tim, growing truculent, "give me none of your chat. Right about, face! quick march! Make yourself scarce, and be smart about it!"

'McGosh hesitated. There was no time for ceremony. Tim seized him by the collar, turned him about, and pushed him vigorously and by main force towards the gate leading from the lane. Resistance was in vain, so McGosh gave in!

[1] Shaun—Irish for Jack. [2] Ommadhaun—Irish for a simple fellow.

'"Good-night. Thank you," he said, "I can find my way. This is the way I came; you needn't mind coming any further." He didn't quite like the escort.

'"I'll wait till I see your reverence a bit of the road, at all events," was the response. "You owld psalm-singing humbug! very little would make me ——"

'"I must beg you to ——"

'"Howld!" said Tim, shaking him to within an inch of his life. "Not another word out of you between this and the gate, or I'll put my fist down your ugly throat!"

'McGosh did as he was bid, hoping that when he got to the gate he would be released without further molestation. He calculated his chances, and concluded that if the worst went to the worst, he might get a kick behind which might possibly be due, but not dangerous.

'They reached the sentry-box at last. "Tim, is that yourself all right?" said a voice inside.

'"Bedad, it is just myself sure enough, and in the best of company. Wouldn't you have the common dacency to step outside and salute his reverence?"

'"Is it the praitcher you mane? I thought he'd slip up unknownst to you."

'"What a chicken I am!" replied Tim, contemptuously. "The divil is in it if we don't put him through his pacings. Come out and howld him."

'The heart of McGosh began to sink within him. He was completely in the power of two huge Irishmen. There was nobody about at that time of night who would be likely to take his part; he was at the wrong side of the gate for that. He couldn't run, for Tim's knuckles were in his collar. He was afraid to shout, remembering the injunctions of his captor. It wasn't so dark but that he could discern the faint outline of what appeared to be a musket in the sentry's hand.

'"Howld him!" reiterated Tim; "come out of that and ketch him by the neck, while I see is the coast clear. Bad luck to you, is it afeard you are?"

'"I wouldn't lay hand on him at all," said the other. "Divil a bit of me would touch him for a tin-pound note—the owld heretic!"

'This was at least consolatory if it was not very complimentary to McGosh.

'"Clap him into the box, then, and stand outside of him."

'Having satisfied himself, Tim returned immediately. "It's all right; let his reverence out."

'McGosh hesitated to avail himself of the indulgence.

'"*Put* him out if he won't come then: he'll keep us here all night."

'"Give me the word and I'll walk straight in," said the sentry.

'"You wouldn't murder a man in cold blood!" gasped McGosh, finding words at last;—"an innocent man!"

'"I never kilt a man yet," said Tim, "and it tisn't the likes of you I'd begin on."

'"Quick, march!"

'The musket was levelled just on a line with the pit of the reverend gentleman's stomach, and the order was instantly obeyed. He was just in time to slip out edgeways. The weapon went through the back of the sentry-box with a crash, the sound of which sent terror into his heart.

'"Down on your knees at wanst," said Tim, pouncing on his victim again. "Make haste! It'll soon be over." McGosh submitted in abject fear.

'"Take your hat now."

'McGosh obeyed.

'"Sign yourself," said Tim.

'"I—I don't understand!" gasped McGosh.

'"Sign!—bless yourself!—make the sign of the cross. Be smart!"

'"I don't know how!" pleaded McGosh.

'"More shame for you! I'll soon larn you. Put your fust finger on your forehead; draw it straight down till you get to the last button on the waistcoat. Now put it on your left shoulder, and draw it over, across your chest. That's it! Now you have it complate! You won't forget that, in case I ask it again?"

'"No," replied McGosh.

'"What are you going to praitch about to-morrow, your reverence, I'd like to be sure?"

'"Prayers for the dead!"

'"Draw your breath now—you seem to be short of it. I want you to repate a few words for me, and I'll let you go. Are you ready?"

'"Quite!" said McGosh, with a sigh of relief.

'"Well, now, spake after me: '*May the Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan, al(i)as Conroy!*' That's my owld mother that was."

'"I couldn't," said McGosh, growing courageous;' "I couldn't—don't ask me. I could never bring myself to utter such blasphemous words!"

'"Out with them," said Tim, "or by this and by that I won't lave a whole bone in your skin, or a sound tooth in your head!"

'"I can only do so, then, on compulsion."

'"You'll just do it *on your knees*," said Tim.

'"Under fear of my life—under protest!"

'"Divil may care, only spake up. Say em out, that's all: '*The Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan, Al(i)as Conroy.*'"

'McGosh obeyed. Tim did not like his Latin. "Al(i)as Conroy, and none of your humbugging. That's what they call in court a *mental reservation* you're making—like when a man kisses his thumb instid of the book. Say it right at wonst."

'"The Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan Elias Conroy," repeated McGosh, as near as he could.

'"Bless yourself wanst more, till I see how you do it."

'McGosh obeyed.

'"That'll do, now, your reverence. That's more than ever you said for *your own mother*, I'll be bound. You may go home now, and the top of the morning to you."

'Tim opened the gate politely and touched his forelock. McGosh, seizing his hat, made good his retreat; and when he got outside, fairly took to his heels and ran. Tim made his way to bed immediately, after singing himself to sleep, I presume, for I caught the sound of his voice repeating the words:—

'"Some say the divil's dead, and buried in Killarney,
More says he rose again and—listed in the army."

'The first thing McGosh did next morning was to go to the magistrate and swear informations against two soldiers, unknown, who had violently assaulted him inside the gates the night before.

'Here was a nice business, thought I to myself, when I read a letter brought me by a policeman, and heard his version of the affair.

'"It's a very serious charge," said I; "go back and say that I shall use every effort to bring the men to justice—I can't say more. I'll see the magistrate at once and hear what Mr. McGosh has to say. The men shall be paraded for identification, and strict inquiry made."

'Tim, of course, would know all about the business, to a dead certainty; if, indeed, he was not actually one of the actors in it. I made a firm and determined resolution to dismiss him forthwith. Things were becoming too serious, and I felt that I was really placing myself in jeopardy by an overweening affection for the fellow. What I should do without him I did not allow myself to inquire, knowing, from previous experience, what the result would be if I temporised. I would not even give myself time to cool. I was, so to speak, in a white heat, and resolved to strike while I was hot.

'He came before me, looking very sheepish—the very picture of meekness and humility, as he always did, when he saw that I was inclined to be angry.

'"What do you think of yourself now?" I exclaimed, after I had explained all I knew; "this is a pretty kettle-o'-fish. Of course, it was all your doing. It was you who got me into it."

'"Well, it was I got you into it, surely, your honour; but it wasn't all my doing, for all that."

'"Whose, then?"

'"Well, another man's, sir, and——"

'"Confound you! It wasn't a woman's, I suppose. Was it the sentry you posted at the back gate?"

'"It was, sir."

'"Tim," said I, severely, "I'm resolved that this shall be the last row or scrape you'll get me into. I'll give you, now, a month's wages. You may take yourself back to Kerry as soon as you like."

'"As soon *as I like*, is it, captain?"

'"I'll not consult your wishes in the matter; you'll go as soon as I like—that's at once!"

'"Maybe you'll let me stay *till the sodger is identified*, your honour?"

'"That will not take long, I presume," said I, "it's an easy matter."

'"An aisy matter, is it?" responded Tim, brightening up all of a sudden; "Divil a greater poser M'Gosh ever had in his life than that same identification!"

'"What do you mean?" said I.

'"I mane that I'll howld on in your sarvice, Captain, *awhile yet*."

'"I can't and won't allow any humbugging in this matter," said I; "once for all, let me tell you that *he* must be punished, and *you*, *too*, I take it."

'"Divil a matter about me," responded Tim; "but the sodger is all right, take my word. I never told you a lie."

'"All right!" I exclaimed, growing wrath. "What do you mean? Do you mean to say that he is gone—that he has deserted?"

"'Faix, he didn't, sir; for *he never was there at all*."

'I looked at him in bewildered astonishment.

'"Sure, your honor," said he, growing confidential, and speaking with bated breath, "SURE, WASN'T IT WAN OF THE POPE'S PAUPERS, OUT OF THE WORKHOUSE, I HAD IN THE SINTRY BOX!"

'I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter as the truth dawned upon me. I saw my way out of the difficulty, and entered fully into the joke. Of course, identification *was* out of the question. The uniform of a Carrigahinch pauper, when he had his big overcoat and round skull-cap on, would pass off very well to the non-military eye—particularly when seen under such circumstances, and in the dark.

'Tim had chosen a "good Catholic" (as he said), one on whom he could rely as not being very friendly to McGosh (there were plenty such in the workhouse); and, arming him with the handle of a stable-fork, posted him at the gate.

'At my examination I stated that I had not posted a sentry at this gate at all. My written orders to Sergeant Skinner were produced. He would have got me into trouble if he could; but he was, happily, powerless. The men were all in early, and each room was in charge of a non-commissioned officer, who could answer for those in his charge, as the roll had been called as usual.

'Nothing could be made of the case, and it was dropped. Even Tim escaped. He wisely kept out of sight; and McGosh, not knowing who he was, or anything about him, could not give any clue as to his identity, any more than to that of the supposed soldier, though we had to go through the ceremony of parading all the men.'

As the Captain concluded his story the grey light of dawn was breaking. There was a stir in the barrack yard. The men were already falling in, and preparing for the march. We filled a parting bumper.

There was an unanimous call for a song. The Captain demurred.

'You established the custom yourself,' I pleaded, 'the first night we met.'

'A custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,' said he, with characteristic modesty, 'as far, at least, as *my* voice is concerned.'

'Not so,' said I, 'but this is no time for compliment; Captain, you will not fail us now. I urge it with all the solemnity of a last request.

'What shall it be then?' said he.

'One of Tim's,' I suggested; 'you gave us while ago a few lines of one—a foretaste of what we might expect. Give us the whole of it.'

Without more ado he began:—

'When I axed your owld father, my Kitty,
He wouldn't take on him to pay.
He's a bit of a screw;
But he'll make me a present—of you
Any day.
Have pity
On me,
Machree!

'Says she:—
You fool!
You're just from school,
Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

'Your mother is willing, my Kitty,
She wouldn't take on her to say.
She's a bit of a screw;
But she'll give me a present—of you
Any day.
Have pity
On me
Machree!

'Says she:—
You fool!
You're just from school,
Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

'I'm bothered intirely for aise;
'Tis draming I am in the day.
I'm getting no sleep in the night,
But lying awake with the fright.
My Kitty
Take pity,
On me if you plaise.
I'll just make bowld,
To tighten my howld,
Machree!

'Says she:—
You fool!
Your fresh from school.
Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

'Your lips are so rosy, my Kitty,
I think they are pouting—at me,
More's the pity;
It's no wonder I'd wish to make free.
Give me *wan*, and that's all.

'Sure I couldn't at all!
I wouldn't kiss mortal, says she;
But may be *you'd take it*, Machree!

'Since you *are* making bowld,
And you keep a good howld;
You needn't go back to the school,
Like a fool,
If you get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

'Tis past and gone,
My song is done.
We *were* two fools, and now we're *wan*—
My Kitty Machree,
And me!'

J. FRANKLIN FULLER.

THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

By H. D. TRAILL.

CHAPTER V.

THE GROTTO OF LETHE.

'WELL, gentlemen,' said the apparitor, as soon as we had regained the central corridor, 'have you had enough of the prisons? If so, we may as well be setting out for the city while the afternoon is yet young. What is your pleasure?'

We looked at each other in some uncertainty. Our opinions, I think, were divided, though none of us liked to be the first to speak, lest by expressing marked preference for any other employment than that of solving the problem of existence he should sink in the estimation of his companions. The country gentleman, I could see, was anxious to escape from a place where he had first been brought to think with regret and remorse of his favourite earthly pursuit. The Liberal M.P., on the other hand, was deeply interested in the prisons and their inmates, and would willingly have remained there some time longer. The artist and the poet were on the whole in favour of departure, and it was ultimately agreed that we should now quit the prisons and set out for the City. As we decended the spiral staircase, which led back from the central corridor to the court-yard, the apparitor paused for a moment on one of the landings, and pointed to a vaulted passage which branched off from it, with a large door at the farther end.

'There,' he said, 'is a ward which it would doubtless amuse you to visit had we time to do so. It is the ward of the Impostors.'

'The Impostors!' said the M.P.; 'why, I thought that all spirits guilty of fraud and imposture were confined in the wards which we have just left.'

'So they are, if by fraud and imposture you mean imposture perpetrated with the object of defrauding others of their money. These

are impostors of a different kind: they are those who have defrauded their neighbours of their respect, admiration, or good opinion.'

We were still in some uncertainty as to his meaning.

'Don't you understand?' continued the apparitor. 'In this ward there are confined all those who in life passed themselves off before their fellow men for what they were not, and who have attempted to maintain the deception here, and under the Light which shines upon the hidden life of all.' And the apparitor at these words reverently bowed his head. 'Every man who has sought and gained credit from his neighbours for knowledge, or taste, or skill, or judgment which he did not possess, is here expiating his deceit. The sham *savant* of the drawing-room, the art critic incapable of distinguishing a Titian from a tea-board—the linguist skilled in every language which his present company is unable to speak—the musical *connoisseur* who discourses learnedly on the art, and plays an instrument which he has left at home—the traveller full of stories of the strange things which he has not seen—the quidnunc, fortunate depository of the Prime Minister's most important State secrets—the man of universal acquaintance, who was at school with every one of his distinguished countrymen, all these classes of impostors are numerously represented here. There are, moreover, confined in the ward upwards of two hundred gentlemen who in lifetime "knew the points of a horse."'

'Ha!' said the country gentleman, in a tone of satisfaction. 'Come, I am glad of that, however. It is one of the most common and pernicious forms of imposture.'

'And pray how long,' enquired the M.P., 'do these prisoners remain in confinement here?'

'Until they admit themselves to be impostors,' was the reply; 'that is all that is required of them. That admission once made, they are set at liberty without further punishment.'

'Indeed!' said the poet; 'I should think, then, they are not long on your hands.'

The apparitor shrugged his shoulders.

'Some of them,' he said, 'have been known to remain here twenty years before making the necessary admission!'

'But, surely,' said the poet, 'surely they must know that the Light has shone through them, and exposed their imposture?'

'My dear sir,' replied the apparitor, smiling, 'what humbug of your acquaintance on earth was ever conscious of his own transparency? But you must be growing weary of this; and at this rate we shall never get on to the City.'

We descended the spiral staircase by which we had mounted to the central corridor, and passed out again into the court-yard which divides

the prison from the Court of the Sleepers. Across this court-yard we followed our guide to the great gate at its outer extremity. After a few words had been exchanged with the inmate of the lodge or guard room, and, apparently, a password given which we were unable to catch, the great gate was thrown open, and we found ourselves for the first time clear of the Palace of Justice and its outbuildings, and looking forth upon an open plain.

Straight ahead in the far distance, its spires and pinnacles shimmering faintly as in a dream, lay the City of the Earthly Life. Between it and us lay a bald and treeless waste, grey and dreary, and monotonous as a prisoned life. But towards the right, and but a few score yards from where we stood, the plain was broken by a jagged line of rocks, from which the ground descended with a varying declivity—now gentle, now abrupt—towards the Styx, which we could just descry stealing black and sluggish amongst the hollows.

'Yonder,' said the apparitor, pointing across the waste, 'yonder lies the city whither so many discharged spirits bend their steps on the instant of their liberation from the prisons.'

We gazed towards it with an intense curiosity. That there should be a city in the spirit world—an earthly city—and with, as the apparitor had assured us, all the characteristics of the cities of earth, was a marvel at which we had not ceased to wonder. At the same time, I should be uncandid were I to deny that our curiosity was somewhat of a pleasurable kind. Doubtless it was, as the M.P. had observed, a profoundly saddening and humiliating reflection that the spirit of man, freed from the trammels and temptations of the flesh, should yet retain so deeply the taint of earth as to prefer the lower life it had quitted to the higher life upon which it might enter; still, after the first feeling of sadness and humiliation, we began to get gradually reconciled to the thought. There would always be, we reflected, an order of spirits who would prefer the lower to the higher life; and there was no reason, because we had preferred the higher for the future, that we should deprive ourselves of the present amusement of watching the ignoble pursuits of those who had made the lower choice. The country gentleman, I think, felt these considerations in greater force, from the fact that in life his favourite relaxation had consisted in a 'run up to town for two or three days'—a relaxation, however, in which he had been compelled by powerful domestic influences to a very sparing indulgence. I saw that his pleasure at the prospect of spending another day in a great city was considerably heightened by the reflection that he was doing so without the knowledge of his widow. We all of us, however, kept our satisfaction to ourselves, and stood gazing at the distant city with a decorous solemnity.

'The existence of this city, sir,' said the M.P., at last breaking the silence to address the apparitor, 'is a singular shock to all our preconceived notions of another life.'

'And pray,' replied the apparitor, rather sharply, 'what *were* your preconceived notions?'

'Well,' said the M.P., a little taken aback by the abruptness of the question, 'human views as to a future state differ in many respects, but most enlightened persons agree in thinking that the condition of all disembodied spirits—of those, I mean, who are not undergoing punishment for their sins on earth—will be the same; that, I mean, there will be no variety of occupation or employment for them, such as the existence of this city would seem to imply.'

'Indeed!' said the apparitor, 'is that the current opinion on earth, gentlemen?'

'Oh, yes,' we replied, 'it undoubtedly is the current opinion, that the condition of all departed spirits is the same.'

"Yes, yes!' muttered the country gentleman, 'hang it, yes, the same for all!'

'And this common employment?' enquired the apparitor.

'Well,' replied the M.P., after a pause, nobody answering, 'there was certainly not the same unanimity on that point.'

'I see,' said the apparitor, 'you were unanimously convinced that all spirits would employ their eternity in the same way in another world, though you could not agree as to what that way would be.'

'You have hit it exactly,' cried the country gentleman, filled with admiration at so lucid an explanation of his views.

'The opinion most popular in former times,' continued the M.P., somewhat in a lecturer's tone, 'was that spirits would be perpetually occupied in the exercise of the emotions—love, gratitude, &c. Latterly, however, and contemporaneously with the growth of the scientific habit, another theory has gained credit. They hold now on earth that the life of the other world will be spent by all in the contemplation of those unveiled mysteries of nature and being which we could not penetrate under the condition of mortality.'

'But spent thus by *all?*' echoed the apparitor.

'By all,' replied the M.P.

'By all,' reiterated the country gentleman, manfully.

'Really, gentlemen,' said the apparitor, laughing, 'you will excuse my amusement, but this strange theory of the common employment of spirits leads to such extraordinary results. Pray, are all men gifted on earth with common tastes, dispositions, capacities, and curiosities?'

'No, but ——'

'No, but what?' interrupted our guide, still with difficulty restraining

his laughter. 'Take an ordinary man of business—say, for instance, a sugar-broker, of middle age, who rides into the city every day by omnibus, and returns at 5 p.m. to Clapham. Do you suppose that at any period of his life he cared a bill-stamp about the mysteries of nature and being? And if he never cared about them in his life, do you contend that he will begin to do so because the omnibus seat was damp one rainy morning, and he caught a cold, which unfortunately settled on his lungs with a fatal result?'

The M.P. clearly could not contend this, and remained silent.

'You do not argue that he would,' continued the apparitor. 'It comes to this then, that the solution of these mysteries is your ideal of a future life, and is therefore to be the future state for everybody.'

'Not mine only,' replied the M.P., somewhat warmly. 'It is the ideal of the best minds of the age—nay, of a majority of the educated and respectable classes.'

'Oh, I see!' said the apparitor, sarcastically; 'you would settle the character of the future state by a vote of two-thirds of the ratepayers. You would carry the "tyranny of majorities" beyond the grave.'

The M.P. was too indignant to reply becomingly to this last sneer, and thought it better to keep silence. The artist, who had paid no attention to this discussion, but whose eyes had been fixed on the line of rocks to our right, here struck in.

'What rocks are these?' he enquired.

'That spot,' said the apparitor, smiling with a trace of bitterness, 'is the spot whither so many spirits go, and whence so few have the strength to bring back that which they went to seek—oblivion. Yonder amongst these rocks lies the grotto and spring of Lethe, the fountain-head of the dark river of forgetfulness.'

'*Few* bring back oblivion from its waters!' repeated the poet, in a tone of surprise; 'surely I mistook you! Is there not, then, many a wretched spirit who thirsts for the draught that will drug memory to sleep for ever?'

'Many *thirst* for it," said the apparitor, drily, 'but few drink it. But come and see for yourselves.' And he pointed to a side gate of the prison, which was at that moment thrown open, and to a small group of spirits issuing from it, and hurrying wildly and with passionate gestures towards the rocks.

We followed them as speedily as we were able, and after clambering up the nearest span of rock and descending a cup-like hollow on its inner side, we saw the spirits one by one stoop and disappear through a low and narrow archway in a sheer opposing wall of stone. We entered after them, and found ourselves in a lofty vaulted cavern, open to the day at the farther end, where, through an archway thrice the breadth and

height of that by which we had entered, the light poured towards us along the black and dripping walls.

In the midst of the grotto floor rose the spring of Lethe from a natural basin of jagged olive-green rock. The water as it overbrimmed the edge had scooped a deep and sinuous channel across the cavern, and flowing continually towards the aperture at the further end, leaped down a stair of twenty feet to the open air and light below. But the marvel of the water was its strange motion, and its dulness and its silence. Though the light from the open side of the grotto fell full upon it and it was in rapid movement, no single ray was splintered by a single ripple; the surface of the stream was crossed by no flash or corruscation, as is the way of earthly waters under the daylight; but it flowed on, smooth, grey, and unbroken, like dull molten metal. Also it rose and flowed out of the cavern continually without the faintest plash or murmur. Silently it welled up from the black depths, in silence it overbrimmed the jagged margin of the spring, in silence it stole across the grotto floor, and slid stealthily over the top of the fall,—nay, even when they had taken their leap down to the platform twenty feet below no sound came back to us from the alighting waters. The mysterious sight filled us with the deepest awe.

By the side of the spring, on a seat hewn from the living rock, sat a spirit of solemn aspect, holding a stone goblet in his hand.

The spirits turned towards him, and prostrated themselves before him at the water's edge.

'Give us to drink!' they cried.

The spirit with the goblet slowly filled it with the grey soundless water, and rose to his feet.

'Ye who would drink of this water;' he said, in measured solemn tones, 'hear the good and the evil that await those who drink. For those who drain this goblet memory is no more. As ye drink, the haunting shadows of the past life shall fade and disappear for ever. Remorse of committed crime, and sting of suffered injury, and agony of hopeless love—childhood and the terrors of childhood, youth and its lying hopes, manhood and its baffled struggles, all shall be to you as though they had never been. There shall be no past to you, neither shall the present become hereafter a concious past, but every moment as it flies shall be to you henceforth as though it had never been. Neither shall the future seem to you a future since ye shall know not any past; but ye shall live for ever in the eternal—"Now." What say ye?'

Again the murmur arose from the kneeling crowd:

'Give us to drink!'

The spirit with the goblet paused a moment, and then resumed in a lower voice:

'Hear also of the memories which must pass from you, as you drink and look your last upon them, ere ye raise the cup. Ye shall no more remember kiss of woman or laughter of children, or the face of friends. If there be any vision of seen beauty, or any echo of heard music, that visits you in the reverie by day or in the dream by night—they shall visit you no more for ever. The dim sweet time of childhood, the abounding life of youth, the won victories of manhood, the memories that quicken the pulses, and the memories that fill the eyes, shall stir or soften you no more. The very bonds that bind you to yourselves shall be for ever solved; the voice within you that answers to your own shall be for ever dumb. You shall never more utter with awe, and wonder the words of mystery, "This is I." What say ye?'

And the answer still arose more faintly from the spirit crowd:

'Give us to drink!'

'Look then your last,' exclaimed the spirit, on the treasures you surrender, ere they leave your souls for ever.'

And he waved his hands thrice above their heads.

Then we, standing near and seeing all things in that light of the other world, could gaze as the spirits gazed on the bright procession which defiled slowly before the eyes of each. And we saw plainly how each one wavered in his purpose.

Upon one the memories of childhood pressed with the strongest force. His nostrils were filled with the smell of field flowers, and his ears with the echo of boyish games; and he felt again the child's joy at the running waters, and his wonder at the high white clouds, and his awe at the whisper of great trees. And from amidst the procession of the thronging days one stole out, and held his softening gaze before all the rest. It was the June half-holiday he had never expected, when he lay till sunset under the shadow of the old bridge, and listened to the pulsing of the mill-wheel, and watched the darting trout, and saw the great otter that he never could get sight of again.

Another gazed longest upon his youthful days, and lived again those hours when mere life was like a draught of wine, when beauty was more beautiful, and mirth more mirthful than in the after time, and there was a strange light upon all things—and the world, with the terrors and splendours of its seas and skies, began to speak to him with other and new voices, and poetry arose and touched him, and unsealed his eyes.

And another was held by the strong memories of manhood, and stood with beating heart and flashing eyes, before the long line of days of endured toil, and trampled obstacle and affronted danger, and the one proud hour of crowned endeavour.

And one by one, as the memories gathered and clung round them, the dumb stealing water grew hateful to them, and they trembled, wavered,

and arose. Three only remained—two who knelt together, and one who knelt apart. Around the solitary spirit there had crowded no bright forms of past years, but only the dull grey days of neglected childhood, and a vainly struggling youth, and a brief, sad manhood, with a sudden pause of death; and he was gazing still with unshaken purpose at the water of forgetfulness, and stretched his hand out for the cup. But even to him at last there emerged from the sad procession, radiant as a strayed angel in the ranks of the lost, the vision of a single day; and he felt again the soft touch of a hand, and heard the whisper of a voice, and remembered a forgotten vow of eternal remembrance. Then he also arose and turned his back upon the hateful water, and the other two were left kneeling alone.

They were man and wife, bound together for time and eternity by the pledge of a common crime.

The day of its commission had arisen before the eyes when the spirit waved his hand, but it passed not on with the other days, but remained motionless before them—a form of fierce and blinding light! And whatever bright days were in the procession, either before or after, must needs pass in front of the motionless Day; and as they came within its light their own was quenched, and they passed before the eyes of the kneeling spirits, grey and ashen.

These two wavered not at all; but the man stretched out his hand eagerly, and taking the goblet from the spirit raised it to his lips; but as he did so he turned and looked on the woman and their eyes met. Then for a moment the motionless Day ceased to quench all things with its blinding light, and their faces reflected back upon each other the soft sweet radiance of the *days before the crime*. But with a pang of bitter effort he wrested his gaze from hers, and drained the gold goblet to the bottom; and then the woman's face was awful, until the goblet had been filled again, and she too had drunk the water.

Then when again their eyes met they knew each other not, nor did they know anything around, either spirits like themselves or the other objects of the spirit world; nor were they conscious of themselves, since each moment swept from them and was forgotten ere they could say 'It is I who think.' Nor could their countenances be compared to anything that lives—either beast, or manide, or idiot—for all these have memory of something. And as they stole, dull and slow, from the grotto we drew aside from them trembling, and hid our faces from the awful vacancy of their eyes.

CHAP. VI.

THE CITY OF THE EARTHLY LIFE.

At length we were fairly under way. The distance of the city from us measured by earthly standards was immense; but such is the speed with which spirits progress that in a very short time we found ourselves upon its outskirts. I feel that it would be useless to attempt to describe to mortals the manner in which we moved, indeed the very word 'motion' itself, as well as other expressions which I have already made use of—such for instance, as 'form,' 'touch,' 'limbs,' 'face,' 'luncheon'—are in reality quite inapplicable to the things which they profess to designate, and are only employed as a concession to the anthropomorphism of mankind. And when with reference to these questions of motion, and of relative position in space, I disclaim for myself and my fellow spirits the possession not only of anything resembling limbs, but even of the primary qualities of solidity and extension, it will be seen how limited is the common ground upon which I and my readers could meet for the interchange of ideas. I might probably succeed in explaining to a German gentleman how that which has no extension or solidity continues to occupy space, and to transfer itself from one place to another—but I feel sure that the solid (and extensive) common sense of the English nation would resent any attempt on my part to explain these phenomena without employing, metaphorically at least, such words as a mortal would use in describing the natural phenomena of rest and motion.

Now, too, that we have entered the city, I fear the difficulty of making myself intellegible to what it is no arrogance in a spirit to call the limited faculties of a mortal public will become almost insurmountable. I must in the first place inform the reader that the City of the Earthly Life is in general appearance exactly like London or Paris or Brussels, or any other European capital, and that it would be in fact, in the eyes of mortals, could they be admitted to see it, indistinguishable from one of these cities; and yet, to prevent misconception, I must add (though to me it of course seems almost superfluous to do so) that the streets and houses are not made of stone or wood, or bricks and mortar, or in fact of any material possessing the qualities of solidity and extension. Thus I feel that were I to describe the city exactly as it appears to spirits, many of my descriptions of it, and especially my criticisms on its architecture, would lose much of their meaning for the mortal reader. I must here again, therefore, have recourse to that anthropomorphic

mode of expression which I adopt reluctantly, and the adoption of which I have already had to justify in other matters.

Our first impressions of the city then, were, far from pleasant, but they were such as fully to bear out the apparitor's description of the place as being in close resemblance to the cities of earth. We entered it by a mean and miserable suburb, built irregularly of low, wretched looking houses. The apparitor apologized to us for its unprepossessing appearance, and begged us not to judge of the city generally by this the least attractive of its *faubourgs*. It was he said, explaining, 'the quarter of the poor.'

The word 'poor' fell upon our spiritual ears with I cannot tell how strange a shock.

'The poor!' exclaimed the poet, 'Good God! are there any poor in the city?'

'Really, sir,' replied the apparitor, with a slight touch of impatience in his tone, 'you are extremely unpractical in your "preconceived notions." Would you have a great city without poor? If spirits prefer an earthly life to a spiritual, they must take it with the necessary incidents of the life of earth—inequality of fortune.'

'Necessary,' murmured the poet, sadly and doubtfully.

'Well,' said the apparitor, 'I use the word that is most commonly applied to such an incident by yourselves. I am aware that some few enthusiasts amongst you deny its necessity; but then, you know, you don't regard them as "practical men," so we may neglect them.'

'But the poor themselves?' said the poet, 'it is surely not a necessary incident of their condition *here*? Why do they endure a life that offers them only the hopeless lot of poverty?'

'Is it any less hopeless for many of them on earth?' was the stern and sad reply; 'but hopeless as it was they clung to it there. And they cling to it here.'

The poet sighed, and was silent. We passed on through the squalid suburb, avoiding as best we could the sights and sounds about us. But we were, nevertheless, conscious the while of the misery on every hand, and our hearts ached in that shadowy city as they had ached many a time before in London. Walking resolutely on, our eyes set steadfastly before us, we yet knew that wretched figures were crouching under arches, and blinking dully up at us from the pavements, and slouching furtively past us to miserable homes; and that the curse of beggary was on all around. Yes, beggary even here. None in the city lacked food or drink, or raiment, for there is neither hunger nor thirst, nor cold in the world beyond the grave; but what else were they to do? They had begged on earth from the uncared-for cradle to the parish grave. They did not love the life, but it was the best—the only one they knew. Beg-

gary is in the soul as well as in the body. So they slunk, and shivered, and whined, and held out trembling hands for the coins which we had not, and they needed not, and cursed us as we passed them by.

At last it was too much for the poet's sensitive nature.

'I cannot bear this,' he cried. 'It is, indeed, the life of an earthly city, with all the horrors that make it hideous to me on earth. Can there, in truth, be any spirits hard and callous enough to choose a way of life so surrounded with the wretchedness of others, and a habitation so full of the sights of misery?'

'Dear me!' said the apparitor, 'you are talking very wildly. Why, the spirits who choose this place have for a whole lifetime on earth been accustomed to gaze unmoved on the terrible reality of a starving poor. Are they likely to be affected by its unreal semblance here?'

The country gentleman, who had been very uneasy at the sights around him, here broke in indignantly with the exclamation:

'What the devil is the relieving-officer about?'

'Come, now, that's more practical,' said the apparitor. 'Your friend's question,' he continued, turning to the poet, 'may suggest to you the mode in which the well-to-do spirits contrive to endure the spectacle of all this misery. The plan is, in fact, identical with that adopted on earth. They provide themselves with a Board of Guardians, an overseer, a medical-officer, a relieving-officer, and, in fact, with all the staff of a poor law administration; and then, when they find their feelings particularly harrowed, they turn to each other and say: "What the devil is the relieving-officer about?" or utter a diatribe against the heartless supineness of the guardians they have themselves appointed, and then go on their way with calmed consciences, and at peace with all the world!'

'Ah! unhappy ones,' groaned the poet, who had either not heeded or not been satisfied with this explanation. 'And they tell you on earth that your sufferings there will be compensated in the world beyond the grave!'

'Yes; and an uncommonly gross piece of selfish and indolent assumption it is,' rejoined the apparitor, somewhat indignantly. 'They allow the unfortunate wretches to lead dog's lives on earth, and coolly remit the duty of humanizing and recompensing them to another world. Your late fellow-mortals, gentlemen, cannot too soon learn the lesson of attempting to make their own world a little more tolerable to each other, and leaving a little less to be performed by the next.'

In the course of this conversation we had emerged from the poor quarter, and found ourselves in a broad central thoroughfare. Here a most singular sight met our view. The street was crowded with spirits, male and female, continually walking backwards and forwards, up and down,

without apparently any object in view. There were two processions in constant but measured motion, passing one up and the other down the street; and as each component unit of the stream arrived at one end of the thoroughfare, he would join the other stream, and gravely retrace his course to the other end. Each of the two opposing processions eyed the other with looks not exactly hostile, but critical. They were divided generally into detachments of two and three, and they moved with such exceeding slowness and solemnity that we at last asked our guide whether we were not witnessing some kind of religious ceremony.

The apparitor shook his shadowy sides with laughter.

'Oh, dear, no!' he replied; 'nothing of the kind. This is the fashionable promenade of the city, and these are the fashionable promenaders.'

On looking more closely at the bearing and gait of the procession we now began to recognise the character and object—if object it can be called—of their solemn march, and to detect its resemblance to processions of the same kind which we had witnessed in London, Brighton, and elsewhere. Our mistake arose from the fact that, as spirits unfortunately do not wear clothes, we were not at once attracted by that elegance and variety of costume which catches the eye in the fashionable promenades of earth.

At first, too, the absence of these attractions disappointed us, and made us think the whole ceremony foolish and unmeaning; but after a few turns up and down, we began to get reconciled to the new conditions, and agreed that the occupation of these spirits was very nearly as rational and elevating as its counterpart on earth. We could not, however, help remarking on the serious difficulties under which the fashionable classes of the city were placed in indulging in their favourite amusement, and we asked the apparitor whether they did not find these difficulties embarassing.

'Yes, poor souls,' was the reply, 'they miss their bodies, or rather their clothes, very much; and they were at first extremely desirous that these latter should be supplied to them; but the difficulty of clothing beings possessed of neither solidity nor extension was found to be insurmountable, and the idea had to be abandoned. But they still prefer as a *pis aller* their promenade without costumes, and their imaginary criticisms of each other's taste in dress, to any other occupation which the city affords. Imagination, you know, thrives under adverse conditions, and I believe that now they take as much pleasure in their promenade as though they were actually dressed, and only look back with an occasional pang of regret to all they have lost—the silks, and velvets, and laces, the frock coats and light trousers, the glossy hats and lavender kids of the happy past. Nay, imagination has, for the ladies at least, one great advantage over reality, in that every one of them, in addition

to imagining her own toilet to be perfection, is able also with the eye of fancy to see her rival disfigured by an ill-made dress or an unbecoming bonnet.'

'What are the hours of promenade?' enquired the M.P.

'The hours?' said the apparitor. 'Ah! there the superiority of the spiritual over the earthly life comes plainly out. They have no hours—they promenade for ever.'

'For ever!' we exclaimed, aghast.

'Why not?' said the apparitor, coolly. 'There is neither day nor night, neither hunger nor weariness, in the spirit world. What should take them indoors when they need no five o'clock tea, and are not afraid of catching cold by the chill at sunset? No, those who prefer this life are not hindered in the pursuit of their ideal by the miserable wants and weaknesses of the flesh. Their promenade is as eternal as themselves.'

We remained silent, deeply moved. The M.P. was the first to speak.

'This is dreadful!' he exclaimed, with a shudder. 'An eternity of life like this!'

'Dreadful!' said the apparitor, 'in the name of wonder why? Oh, I see,' he continued after a moment's reflection; 'it's the old story again. Want of dignity in the ideal, and worse still want of resemblance to your own. Yes, there is not much "solving of the problem of existence" about this? But my dear sir, pray, pray be more practical. Think now. Does the problem of existence trouble Rotten Row?'

'No, no,' said the M.P., hurriedly, 'I admit, I admit, I am unpractical in my expectations; but you must make allowance for the difference between time and eternity. One tolerates frivolity upon earth; but *eternal* frivolity—that is the awful thought.'

'Are you sure,' said the apparitor with a changed manner, and in a low grave tone, 'that it is the frivolity that is awful and not the *eternity?* Will you enter on your *lofty* life with no whisper of distrust? Is your vision of an eternity of Revealed Mysteries never haunted,' and his voice sank almost to a whisper "by the awful shadow of Satiety?"'

Our hearts stood still at this echo of their smothered doubts.

'Go,' said the apparitor, after a pause, 'the fashion of the earth clings about you still, and the dread word is on your lips as lightly, and with as little meaning here as there.'

We walked on for a few minutes in an awkward silence, and were quite glad to be roused from a train of uneasy thoughts by our guide suddenly coming to a stop before a large and important-looking building which stood a little back from the main thoroughfare. It was evidently a place of busy resort, for spirits were continually hurrying in and out, jostling each other as they did so, and keeping the swing-doors of the building in perpetual motion. The faces of this busy crowd were quick,

wistful, and anxious, and presented an extraordinary contrast to the vacancy of expression which marked the countenances of the throng we had just quitted. We followed the apparitor through the doors into a large under courtyard, crowded with such busily moving figures as we had seen passing in and out the building.

We looked enquiringly at our guide.

'The Exchange,' he answered, laconically, 'these are the spirits of business. We have arrived here fortunately at the very busiest time.'

The scene was indeed most animating. Those who have seen the activity and energy of earthly stock and share brokers, hampered as they are by the laws of space and time, and the natural limitations of bodily power, can form no idea of the rapidity with which they transact business when freed from the restraint of these conditions. A broker-spirit would hurry into the court, and in less time than it would take in London to name a price for a single security, he would have executed a dozen commissions and hurried back again to his clients. The spectacle of these spirits flitting in and out, and whizzing—for no other word describes it, from jobber to jobber, with a dazzling velocity that the eye in vain attempted to follow, produced an effect of almost intoxicating exhilaration on our minds, while the shrill clamour of their thin spirit-voices shouting the prices at which they could 'do' the various stocks and shares, added to the excitement of the scene. The nature of the securities in which they deal I am not permitted to reveal, but I may assure my readers that they are fully as substantial as many which are quoted in the share list of the London Stock Exchange. The apparitor spent some time in explaining to us the system of speculation which prevails there, and the ingenious devices (which I fear would be unintelligible to my readers) by means of which they have contrived to render time-bargains practicable transactions in eternity. These minor details however, interested us less than the central fact itself, of which we were then witnessing the evidences; and as we watched the intense, eager life of the scene, the shrewd anxious faces of the spirits, and the incessant bustle and agitation around us, we could hardly believe that we were not gazing upon a crowd of actual flesh-and-blood speculators in a money-market of the earth.

'But how on earth—I mean, how in the world,' said the country gentleman, 'can they speculate without money?'

'Who said they have money?' said the apparitor. 'Look closely at those who are settling accounts with each other, and when your eyes get familiarised to the sight, you will see something pass between them.'

We did so, and after looking intently for some minutes, we began to see some oblong slips of an indescribably fine white film—as it were the disembodied spirits of bank-notes—passing rapidly from hand to hand.

'That is their money,' said the apparitor, 'and a pretty heap of it some of the luckier ones get together. Look at that little spirit, who is just leaving. See what a sum he has been carrying off.'

We looked at the fortunate spirit to whom he was pointing. He must indeed, as our guide said, have amassed an immense sum. The pile of films which he was carrying off must have numbered many thousands, and if spread out one on the other upon the ground would have been close upon the thickness of a playing-card.

'He is one of the boldest and most successful speculators in the City, though he was, I believe, hit hard at the last panic.'

'But in the name of wonder,' exclaimed the poet, who had been gazing on the scene in blank astonishment, 'what do they do with this money, as you call it, when they have got it?'

'Why nothing, of course,' replied the apparitor, 'there is nothing to spend it in, and they have no wants to supply.'

'But yet they come here every day,' continued the apparitor, 'and strive, and plan, and struggle for that which they can never enjoy when they have gained it?'

'Exactly,' said the apparitor, 'it is a singular phenomenon, and without, I suppose, a parallel on earth. They return to their homes, it is true, at certain hours, from the force of earthly habit, but they are restless and uneasy until they are again at their business. They simply abstain for a certain number of hours from money making, because on earth, where they needed intervals of rest and sleep, they were accustomed to do so, and this habit of temporary cessation has grown a second nature. But now that they cannot fill up the intervals of business with their other three earthly occupations—eating, drinking, and sleeping—the time hangs very heavily on their hands. They flit about their houses in an unsettled manner, till the allotted interval of cessation from business has expired, when they hurry back eagerly to their money-bags. But though they still keep up this practice of taking fixed periods of repose, they have arranged for the public convenience to do so at different times, so that some may be carrying on business while others are reposing, and thus the Exchange is perpetually open and business doing.

'Another eternity,' muttered the M.P., 'but this at least is an eternity of active life, and not of lounging.'

'Yes,' said the apparitor, with a slight sneer, 'an eternity of active money grubbing. I thought that would please you better—it has the "dignity of labour," hasn't it? I believe that's the correct phrase.'

The M.P. was a little nettled at the tone of this reply, but he returned no answer, and after a last glance at the busy scene around us we turned and passed out of the Exchange.

As we descended the broad steps which lead up to its door, a spirit

hurried past us in extreme agitation, and with a countenance of fixed and unutterable despair.

'Look,' said the apparitor, pointing to him, 'a ruined spirit. Ah! I expected it: he has been shaky, I know, for some time.'

'What will the poor wretch do?' asked the poet, sympathisingly.

'Oh!' replied the apparitor, callously, 'he will flit round the Exchange for an age or so, and try in vain to borrow films of the more fortunate spirits, that he may begin his career afresh.'

'Will he get anyone to grant him a loan?' asked the poet. 'These films, as you call them, are you admit of no use to anybody. Surely some of his friends will help him.'

'Not they,' said the apparitor. 'Films are films, and they are not so easy to make now-a-days in the City, that a man can afford to spare any for his bankrupt friends. No, he will ultimately have to go through the Court.'

'The Bankruptcy Court?' enquired the country gentleman.

'No,' replied the other, 'the Court of the Sleepers—a business spirit who has lost his money, and can get no more by hook or by crook, has nothing else to exist for, and may qualify as soon as possible for annihilation. But if you have seen enough of this quarter of the city, gentlemen, I think it is time to move on.'

[*To be continued.*]

Bishop Patteson and the South Sea Labour Traffic.

By the Rev. H. S. Fagan.

The other day they wanted me to lecture, and I chose for my subject Marco Polo. The caterpillar must spin his web out of what he has last been eating, and I had been devouring Colonel Yule's glorious book, and remembering the days when I used to delight in an old Mandeville with cuts, and used to read out of Purchas the part which set Coleridge writing. So I told them all about Kublai Khan, and his splendour, and his unlucky gout, which confined him on hunting-days to that gold-plated room, carried by four elephants, out of which he could fire as soon as one of the Mongol barons riding by cried, 'Sire, look out for cranes.' I told them of Ching Chang fu, the old Kinsey, vastest city that has ever been; and of the golden king of the Sung dynasty, who would have no one but the loveliest damsels to wait on him; and of the green mountain and its palace—the original of that pleasure-dome in Xanadu. And then I tried to point out how Cathay came to be lost, so thoroughly that the Jesuits would not believe China was the same place, and good, zealous Benedict went determined to try Polo's old overland route, and, 'seeking Cathay, found heaven.' Cathay was certainly lost in part by the unworthiness of Christians. Popes quarrelled; it was Pope against anti-Pope; and the Polos, sent home by Kublai to get missionaries, could only get two Dominicans, who both turned tail the moment the real hardships of the journey began. As soon as the Mongols began to find how Christians behaved during the Crusades, it was all over with the cause of Christianity. While the Templars cultivated the vineyards of Masdeu (Maison dieu) by Saracen slaves, whom they would not convert, that they might not have to emancipate them, Christianity was necessarily hindered among those who, of course, saw most of its weakest side—the unworthiness of its professors, their inferiority even to average heathens in honesty and kindness.

This, too, accounts for the shutting up of China and Japan. Do you

know the volumes of maritime and inland discovery in the old *cabinet Cyclopædia*? I remember as a boy reading page after page of how the Portuguese discoverers illustrated Christianity along the Chinese seaboard—how, for instance, they used to hunt for the islands just off shore where the natives buried their dead, and used to rifle the graves for the sake of the gold which was sure to have been buried with them. Read those histories, and you won't wonder at the Chinese wishing to have as little as possible to do with 'outer *barbarians*.' I even think a man who rifled a churchyard for the sake of the possible gold rings and lead coffins would not be inappropriately called a 'devil;' and I should not be surprised if, difference of colour being superadded, that feeling of solidarity which the most thinking and educated men can't wholly shake off, should fix on the countrymen of such ruffians the epithet of 'white devils.'

This explains to me a great deal of the Chinese difficulty, and makes me understand how the poor young Emperor is unable to take his majority 'on account of missionaries and the opium trade.' Here are 300 millions of people 'for whom also Christ died' (as Colonel Yule reminds us, whatever polygamists may say about Christianity being suited for Turanian races), kept aloof from Christianity because of the hateful form in which it has almost always been presented to them in the persons of its lay professors. That thought never left my mind all through my reading of Polo. That was why the Cross had been planted to no purpose at Singanfu, on the Upper Hooughs; that was why relay after relay of missionaries had worked and died without tangible result.

But since I read Colonel Yule, the news has come of Bishop Patteson's death; and if I went to lecture again I should leave moralising about the loss of Cathay and the growth of Chinese suspicion, and say something about the wrongs of aborigines, who, unlike the Chinese, have neither numbers nor wit to support them in the struggle.

I don't want to waste myself in platitudes: let us come to business. This kidnapping has, after ruining several missions, making Christianity impossible in half-a-hundred islands, causing the death of lots of boats' crews; 'avenged (?)' by the shelling of lots of native villages,—at last brought about, in a way clear enough to satisfy even the legal mind, the murder of a valued and devoted bishop. We therefore claim that Government should at once interfere effectually—telegraph forthwith to Sydney and to Queensland, and say that either the traffic must be *bonâ fide* regulated or (as this seems impossible) that it must stop altogether.

At present, when I read in Captain Palmer's cruise of the 'Rosario,' the trial of the 'Daphne,' and the summing-up of the Australian judge, I am reminded of what Chief Justice Amory said to the Legislative Council

of New Zealand: 'The position of the native race is an anomalous one. *They are practically without rights.*' So it is with these Kingsmill Islanders, New Hebrideans, and so on; their evidence is inadmissible; they can't be listened to except through the very men whose interest it is to oppress them. But though without rights, they have their duties plainly enough marked out; and if they are even suspected of shirking them, the Queensland magistrate is ready to clap them into prison, and to mulct them of a year or eighteen months of their wretched wages. And what a school of culture, what a place for growth in civilisation, is one of those Queensland gangs. I say nothing of Fiji: the islands are lawless, and so we can't expect much, or rather we can be certain of a great deal; but Queensland is under civilised rule. Well, you may read in Captain Palmer what he thinks a native Christian, such as Missionary Wood's Roturuah men, will gain by three years in Queensland. I had a pupil, too, who went out there, not at all an enthusiast or philanthropist. He worked on an estate himself, and he told me what most of all made his heart bleed was the mixture in these gangs of men of all kinds. Christians from the French islands, educated and refined; converts from Wesleyan or Presbyterian settlements; along with half-human creatures from the wild islands, and broken-down rascals who had learnt every sort of villany on board European ships. All these were herded together like beasts—ill-fed, hard-worked, shockingly housed, often ill-treated and sworn at. And yet Australian judges '*doubt* if the removal of these natives is not for the good of them and of their countrymen.' Good? for the merest savage to find himself taken from his free, happy life, and set to work of which he never had any idea—work which is so foreign to his instincts that the poor creatures hang themselves rather than go on in that daily routine, which to the savage is the hardest task of all. Good? to be under a Queensland overseer, and if he outlives his term, and is fortunate enough to have interest made for him, to carry back with his enfeebled frame all the choice blackguardism that that worthy has taught him. I say, if he is fortunate enough, for 'not a native (says Captain Palmer) has ever got back to Erromanga;' and the same is true of scores of other islands. You would not give much for the chance of a 'labourer' getting back while there was any work left in him. Good? Yes, these kidnappers are 'pioneers of civilisation,' so of course it must be good. Is it Goldwin Smith who asks what would have happened to England if, instead of St. Augustine and his monks, a set of men had come to Kent, about A.D. 600, as superior to our forefathers in all arts and sciences as we are to the Polynesians, and bent on using their superiority as our 'pioneers' and planters use ours? I don't think Mr. Kingsley would ever have existed to talk of 'rotting races,' for the Anglo-Saxons themselves would have rotted

under such treatment. The very surest recipe for destroying a race is to treat it as these poor creatures are being treated.

And now for the traffic (which, as Lord Granville wrote in April, 1869, to Sir T. Blackall, '*is not a mere Queensland question*,' but a matter affecting foreign, though uncivilised creatures, *and the honour of the British name in connection with them*.' Bravo, my lord; but why, then, was it not stopped in time and Bishop Patteson saved? That is just three years ago; and it has been getting worse. 'The Polynesian Labour Act of 1868,' says a memorial of the citizens of Brisbane, signed by their mayor in March, 1869, 'has wholly failed to accomplish its purpose; it is powerless to prevent the abuses *arising out of this traffic*; while it also fails to prevent deception both in the manner of obtaining labourers and in the mode of entering into the agreements alleged to be binding on them.' How can it be otherwise when, as the planter's evidence shows (Mr. J. Macdonald and others before the Sydney Royal Commission in 1869), 'it is impossible through an interpreter to make them understand the nature of such an agreement as is made on behalf of the employers of labour? while (as Judge Stephen explains) the Labour Act, in strictness, requires from the men hired no writing, and from the hiring agent the use of no particular form. . . . No clause in the statute prescribes in terms the conditions of the original hiring; and the contract may be oral, therefore, and entered into or formally ratified at any time.' That is, the kidnapped may be kept out at sea till they are starved into submission, and then what is called the contract may be orally made and witnessed anywhere. Oh, Judge Stephen, if that is the law, is it not a clear case for immediate legislation, and might not a judge well throw off his robe and refuse indignantly to administer such fearful injustice as that? 'But,' says the Act, 'on arrival at Brisbane (there is nothing about Fiji;—so tender are we of the *rights* of savages that we won't even pass labour acts for our planters out there) the master of every labour-ship is to show a *certificate*, signed by a consul, missionary, or other known person, that the labourers have voluntarily engaged themselves, with a full understanding of the nature and conditions of their agreements.' Very good, if it was fairly carried out; but mark how it worked in the case of the 'Daphne,' seized by Captain Palmer. Ross Lewin, the chief scoundrel concerned, instead of getting his certificate properly filled up, *signed it himself*, and got his supercargo and mate to put down their names as 'known persons,' making the natives add their marks, just as if ten thousand native marks would prove anything.[1] This the judge (speaking of a miscreant

[1] Says Mr. James Row (planter), in evidence before the Commission, 'How could the best of interpreters explain what thirty-six moons mean, when they can only count in many islands as far as five?'

who has grown old in the traffic) called 'mistaking the provision, or being misled by the printed form.' Don't we want summary legislation? and is not such a system (as the Brisbane petitioners aver) 'sure to be disastrous in its effects, not only on the moral and religious progress of the natives carried off, but also on missionary work in the islands?' 'I have scarcely seen an islander (says a planter before the Commission) who has returned from Fiji or Queensland without learning more harm than good from his contact with the whites — not only as to drinking. I'd sooner trust my life on a down-right savage island than on one where the people had been among whites.'

Of course the Brisbane petition was not listened to; too many of the members of the Legislative Assembly of Queensland own runs and speculations themselves, many of them having partners in Sydney who naturally strain all their interest to keep up the traffic, as every 'nigger' is so many pounds into their pockets. If, then, redress is hopeless from this august assembly, we must take the matter into our own hands. If the hobbadihoy, who has been so nearly set free from all parental control, shows that he can't (or won't) keep up the honour of his father's name, the father must act; for (says Lord Granville to Sir George Blackall) '*this is not a mere Queensland question.*' Don't let us forget that.

Emphatically, I say, let everyone who may read this determine to do something in the matter, if it be only *liberare animam*, by signing a petition against partial legislation. 'Cases' may be multiplied to any extent in which *utu* follows an outrage by white men; while, as to the state to which the kidnapped are brought, the Sydney and Brisbane papers alike speak of it as mere slavery. I dare say it is not so bad as working in the Guano, to which those model Christians, the Peru folks, set poor South Sea Islanders; but it is so bad that not only do wilder natives hang themselves or make off and live like wild beasts in the scrub, but a set of 'unfortunate Polynesians (says the 'Brisbane') broke away from work at Banchory, and marched down to Rockhampton, hoping to get back to their island, Maré. The poor fellows held a service on Sunday in the Court House. They had hymn books, testaments, &c.; one preached earnestly and eloquently; all behaved with marked decorum. It is a pity such well-conducted men should be brought here for shepherding—an occupation for which they are wholly unfitted. . .' Comic enough, but for the misery it entails, to entrap a Maré man who never saw a sheep in his life and set him down in the bush; why the fellow could not help giving up, he would have perished else. But I return to the point, that we want legislation, speedy and sharp; if any one doubts it send him to the commander of H.M.S. 'Rosario.' Captain Palmer assures us that his book was written 'with the sole object of exposing the deeds

that have been done among the beautiful islands of the South Pacific, by men calling themselves Englishmen, and whose transactions have been invariably carried on under cover of our glorious old flag.'

Somewhat mortifying that the French coolie trade is under the most stringent regulations, *bonâ fide* carried out; and that they, in spite of their commune and their war indemnity, 'have every reason to complain of the abominable system carried on by British vessels.' 'The French never make good colonists,' is an English axiom; but they do protect the aborigines more effectually than our energetic Anglo-Saxons.

Of course when our 'traders' steal people from the Loyalty islands, it is time for the French to cry out, and we must not complain if a little *odium theologicum* comes in, and if Roman missionaries, protesting against their converts being sent to learn a higher civilisation in a Queensland *ergastulum*, should think that missionary churches connive at the traffic. No doubt French authorities are very glad of the chance of paying us tit for tat. We took them to task about the coolies not many years ago; they can now return the compliment, and, unhappily, shameful facts enable them to return it with interest.

Every page of Captain Palmer's book justifies the French. At Aniteum, southernmost of the New Hebrides, head-quarters of the Presbyterian Mission, he finds Dr. Geddie just returned from a missionary cruise, and full of the chiefs' complaints about kidnapping. At one place in Espiritu Santo (the largest of the group), the natives would have nothing to do with the missionaries—the chief even refusing a present: 'a chief and six men having recently been carried off by force.' At another place only one man remained on the beach, the rest flying to the forest the moment the boat from the 'Dayspring' began to pull ashore. At Three Hills Island the natives threateningly forbade their landing '*although years before this traffic had sprung up, both Bishops Selwyn and Patteson were treated very kindly by them.*' As we shall see by-and-bye, what Capt. Palmer says of Bishop Patteson is only too prophetic.

Do you wonder that suspicion has taken the place of native frankness? Is a new Hebridean likely to be so logical as always to see through the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc?* I remember when the potato-disease was said to be God's punishment for the grant to idolatrous Maynooth. I read placards to this effect on the walls of Islington, and I heard scores of educated people assert their belief in the 'fact.' How then can I wonder if a Three Hills islander assumes that, because kidnapping has followed close in the wake of the missionaries, the one is connected to the other. Savages undoubtedly believe in a joint fellowship between all whites. It is easy to say they are fools for so doing; but, remember white people sometimes do much the same thing. During the Indian mutiny, not only the soldiers, who on landing could

hardly be kept from running a muck among the peaceable water-carriers and dock porters of Calcutta, but planters, newspaper-editors, and even some civilians got bitten with the same idea, that all 'niggers' were much of a muchness, and that if you could not catch a rebel red-handed, the next best thing was to 'pot' the next wretched runaway you came near.

If the chief of Three Hills Island understood things properly, no doubt he would put his island under martial law, and make it death for any white man to be caught upon it. He would have precisely the same justification which we had in many of our Indian procedures. But the chief is a savage; so he kills the first white man he can catch, and lays on his heart a palm branch with five knots upon it, to shew that it is not chance medley or murder, but deliberate judicial vengeance, for the slaying of five of his people. A good deal of what the Prussians did by way of punishing little affairs like that of Ablis was just on the same principle. A kills B; A is a franc-tireur who swoops down upon a railway bridge, in order to cut the evening communications: B's comrades can't catch A, so they catch the first of A's countrymen who comes in their way; *and though they know he has had no more to do with it than they have*, they shoot him 'in pursuance of notice given;' and this is civilised warfare, and Christian newspapers applaud, and Mr. Carlyle thinks it all right. But at the Antipodes, A is a kidnapper, the very scum of white society, the modern representative of the old harpies, polluting all he comes near, and his swoop is not for patriotic ends, but 'to make up his pile' by one shipload more to Fiji or Queensland. He invites the natives on board, and when they are half drunk, or busy examining the cabins, or watching a sailor's hornpipe, he sets sail, cutting adrift the canoes, and revolver in hand driving their owners under hatches. There's a row, one native is killed on deck: a dozen more jump overboard, of whom three are 'winged' by the crew, and sink, one is eaten by a shark, the rest catch their canoes or get to shore somehow. Thus B, in the South Pacific, means five natives treacherously done to death in pursuance of infamous gain. A is never seen again near that island; but when C comes (who may be a harmless sandal wood cutter and *bêche de mer* gatherer), can we wonder if, though not 'in pursuance of notice given,' B's clansmen should hold it a religous duty to slay C? and if, C being so slain, a man-of-war is sent in (as Captain Palmer reminds us has too often been the case) to shell poor B's village. Don't you agree with him, that that is putting men-of-war to rather an improper use?

But suppose C is a Bishop? Well; before Captain Palmer's book was heard of, a pupil of mine—an Oriel man, who took to Australia instead of reading for a degree—told me about the schooner painted white, like the 'Southern Cross,' and the venerable man in white tie and clerical suit, who rowed ashore and explained 'your good bishop is ill, and can't leave

his cabin ; come on board and get his blessing.' As the poor fellows come up the ship's side, they hear that the bishop has broken his leg, and as it is so close down below, he'll have them down only three or four at a time, the rest may wait on deck so as not to rob the good man of the fresh air which is so necessary for him just now. Down goes the first batch, and is received, not by the bishop, but by 'pioneers of civilisation,' who, with pistols to their heads, threatening instant death if they cry out, pass them into the hold through a hole cut in the bulk-head. There their hands are tied behind them, and they are left to ruminate over the blessings which the white man brings. The hatches have been battened down, so nothing can be known on shore, whence soon come the women in canoes laden with yams, cocoa-nuts and bananas—a present for his lordship. The fruit is got on board ; the women are kicked overboard ; the canoes are cut adrift ; and amid screams and lamentations, and the brutal laughter of the ruffianly crew, the schooner stands out to sea.

Had I not known my friend well, and been quite sure that of all men in the world he was most incapable of exaggerating, I should have felt as Herodotus did when the Egyptian priest told him about Crophi and Mophi. But, if any one doubts my authority (he has written 'a book about Queensland,' which tells a good deal more of this traffic), Captain Palmer (p. 188), will bear me out. *He says Bishop Patteson assured him that the thing had been done ;* and he adds 'owing to this, serious thoughts were entertained for the bishop's safety during his cruise of 1869.' Is not this a prophecy ?

Well : you see how it is that C is not safe, even though he is a missionary bishop, after A has made the name of missionary an offence by his ingenious mode of 'black-birding.' Barbary corsairs and even European buccaneers used sometimes, we are told, to get themselves up like passenger ships ; and some of the crew would even dress up like ladies in shades and straw hats, and like inoffensive old gentlemen in broadcloth and chimney pots, in order to lull the suspicions of some passing merchantman. I can fancy a captian who had just managed to beat off such a crew, would be very much inclined to take a long shot at the next straw hat and green veil which he might see above a strange ship's gunwale, even though they might cover the head of a *bonâ fide* skipper's wife, or of some young *fiancée* on her way out to India.

But the thing is too solemn to joke about ; when Captain Porter heads a chapter 'Man-stealers *versus* Missionaries, which will win the day ?' and when the practical command is supplied by a death of Judge Patteson's noble, self-denying son—not killed in a wild broil, but solemnly 'by the avengers of blood,' after the behest of some island Areopagus; and placed there in his boat with the five palm-knots on his

breast, I think something ought to be done by men-of-war, not in the way of shelling villages, but in carrying out what Captain Palmer began with the 'Rosario.'

Mr. M'Nair, the missionary, settled with his wife on Erromanga, says: 'Numbers of our people have been taken away by the traders: in most, if not in all cases, they were seduced on board by false promises of tobacco, &c.; "*they didn't understand anything about engagement.*"'

The daughter of the principal chief at Dillon's Bay, tells how a skipper got nine Erromangans on board by telling them he had plenty of fat pigs for their coming feast, and also lots of tobacco. When they wanted to return, he put them down under hatches; they cried a good deal.

The same thing occurs all round the island, which is a great coolie preserve, for the Erromangans are an excessively stupid race, not even allowing their pigs to multiply, but killing them all off for their feasts, and of course the stupider they are, the easier it is to entrap them, though the poor creatures are worth very little as labourers—they are by constitution helplessly lazy, and hang themselves (as the old Haytians did) when lashed up to their work. '*Not a single native* (says Captain Porter), *that has been taken away from Erromanga has ever come back.*' It is the old story of cruelty and injustice, which is bearing such bitter fruit to many devoted men and women, who are labouring to turn these poor heathens 'from darkness to light.' The Captain does not often moralize, he writes intelligently, sailor-like, about everything—the crews' pets, the French dinner at Noumea, the Aztec-like statues on Easter Island, the geological subsidences and upheavals, &c.; and as to the main object of his book, he states matter of fact, showing the clearness of his case, and how it was 'burked' in the Sydney Courts, and what the Australian press thought on the subject. But while at Erromanga, with Mr. and Mrs. M'Nair, 'living on insufficient fare, at which an English labourer would turn up his nose, with brackish water, swarms of insects, and a sweltering, poisonous atmosphere: Mr. M'Nair and his wife seemed in very delicate health, as the atmosphere is hot and unwholesome. The banks are covered with dense vegetation, the smell of which is overpowering to the senses, and the moisture of the river is fatal, deadly poison to Europeans. The place being quite sheltered from the beneficial effects of the trade wind, is most unfit for delicate people, and I longed to take them out of it, and give them a good sea cruise' (p. 55). These are your comfortable missionaries, doing better for themselves out there than they could do at home. He cannot help lifting up his voice against 'the wicked nonsense that is talked about missionaries. I was angry,' (he says) 'when I see the sneer about a pretty cottage in the shade of a cocoa-nut grove, with beautifully wooded

hills as a background, and Mr. and Mrs. Missionary in rocking chairs in front, with nothing on earth to trouble them.' The fact is the missionary out there is our sole living protest against treacherous cruelty of which heathens would be ashamed: but for him, the work would have gone on 'swimmingly,' and before now the labour-traffic would have ended in many of the islands, for the same reason for which the Van Diemans' aborigines have ceased to cost Government anything. 'A meddling, tell-tale set, making mischief between us and the natives: we could get on well enough with them, if it wasn't for the lies and the fetching and carrying, and the interference of these preachers. Why don't they stay at home, and preach in the Haymarket, or stand behind a counter, as many of them did before they took to missionarying?' That's the planter's language; it is their way of looking at things: but the missionary has read in his Ecclesiastes about the 'tears of those who were oppressed, while on the side of their oppressors was power,' and having also studied Isaiah on the same subject, he is by no means so desponding as the preacher was, but thinks himself bound to lift up his voice against manifest wrong. Captain Palmer's testimony comes just at the right time, and is just to the point. I am thankful to him for telling the truth about 'God-fearing men, bearing their lives in their hands, living alone, often in an unhealthy climate, frequently surrounded by savages who have murdered their predecessors, and may perhaps kill them. . . and who too often see the little work they have done, after weeks and months of patience, dashed to the ground and indefinitely thrown back by the shameful acts of their own countrymen.'

What's the use of multiplying evidence? At the north end of Tamia, a schooner hove-to, off the point where two lads had brought some cocoanuts for barter. A boat came half-way on shore, and hailed the lads to swim off with the nuts; they did so, and when alongside they were dragged into the boat by the hair of their heads and put on board the schooner, which sailed off with them. The chief, their father, saw it all; but was too far up the hill to give any help; so he ran to two Englishmen, who were living in the place (one of whom was Captain Porter's informant), and warned them to clear out, as mischief would come of it. At Port Resolution, whither the two Englishmen went, they met the schooner, and told the skipper how his conduct had caused a break-up of their establishment, getting well langhed at by way of redress.

Such stories were wont to be rife when the 'Rosario' was in the wake of the notorious 'Young Australian,' with its presiding spirits, Albert Ross Howell and Hugo Levinger, whose names deserve gibbetting, and of whose 'salvation' even a Universalist would despair.

These wretches, like African slavers, get up wars between the natives

on opposite sides of an island, so as to secure 'labourers' from both; they catch fishermen, enticing them up to sell their fish and then cutting their canoes adrift or sinking them: 'One man cried very much and was not greatly consoled when they told him they were not going to fight or eat him, *but only to steal him.*'

Here is a pretty little scene: the 'Young Australian'—master Howell, supercargo Levinger, aforesaid, and (save the mark!) *with a license from Consul Thurston* (we are told it was the last he ever issued), lay off Palma, with some seventy natives on board; part of the crew were Roturuah men, one of whom afterwards told the tale to Captain Palmer. Three natives passed in a canoe, a boat went after them and caught them, but they leapt overboard. They were pursued, and in dragging them in, a hole was made through one of their cheeks with a boathook. They were thrust into the hold; but the prisoners who were there already began jeering at them, especially at the man, a chief, with the hole in his cheek. It seems all the seventy had not been handcuffed, and the three had been forced down without being deprived of their bows and arrows. So a free fight began, cocoa-nuts and billets of wood being met by the arrows of the new comers. The second mate said to Captain Porter's witness and the rest of the crew, 'Take guns and shoot those three.' 'No, no,' cried Levinger, 'don't shoot, but make them fast.' This was easier said than done; and as no one dared to go down into the hold where the three stood at bay (I wish I was a Macaulay to make a 'lay' about them) Levinger at last said 'Shoot them in the legs, but mind you don't kill them.' It was getting dark; a ball of cotton steeped in kerosene was put at the end of a long iron rod, and held down into the hold to light it up; and three whites and two Roturuah men fired away at their victims. Two soon fell, and the gallant old chief shot away 'till his arrows were used up, wounding the two natives. The three white men had kept safely behind the bulkhead. At last the three *who had been fighting for their liberty on board an English vessel* (the italics are Captain Palmer's) were hauled on deck: two were dead, the chief still retained a little life. His head was split open with an axe, and the three were thrown overboard.'

It will scarcely be believed that these wretches got off with what was an almost nominal punishment for men of their antecedents. Levinger got seven years' hard labour, Howell and one of the blacks got penal servitude for life—'the first three years in irons, which however were struck off after a few days by order of the Colonial Secretary.' What these sentences meant, any one who knows about Australia can estimate. Such an one will know, too, that the only effectual deterrent would have been to have hanged and quartered master and supercargo on Palma Island, and then to have sent part of their carcases round to each of the

New Hebrides, in proof that justice does not always content itself with shelling native villages.

The point urged in defence by Sir James Martin was that native evidence was not admissible, and that the witnesses knew nothing of the nature of an oath; whereas it was proved that the chief witness had been baptized and thoroughly taught by Mr. Fletcher, a Wesleyan missionary in Roturuah, which island was so moral that Mr. C. Wood, a planter, giving evidence before the Sydney Royal Commission, in 1869, said that prostitution was unknown in the island, and told how his own Roturuah labourers walked, and always had prayers and hymns among themselves, and one day walked off twelve miles to hear a sermon. One man put a sovereign into the plate, and each of the rest half-a-crown, so that it was not laziness which made them go to church.

Other very bad cases Captain Palmer gives, which wholly broke down because it was ruled that native evidence was worthless. Sometimes the natives were consistent Christians; other times (in Consul Thurston's words) 'qualified to perjure themselves like Christians, they could not be accepted. Fiji, of which we hear so much, is 'the paradise of seedy villains from New Zealand and Australia. At Levuka, the town of Viti (Figi) Levu, every third house is a drink-shop, and scenes take place daily which have never occurred except in the Far West before vigilance committees made a clearance. . . . . The majority of the planters are the biggest scoundrels unhung.' They flog their natives, and rub Chili-pepper into their backs; one tied his native mistress to a tree and cut off her great toe with a hammer and chisel, and then went to Sydney to ask for vengeance because her tribe came down and burnt his houses with fifty bales of ready-ginned cotton. Two men from Melbourne came to a tribe and told them, as they had bought the ground on which their village stood, they must trouble them to decamp. The natives declined; on which these precious land-jobbers burnt down their villages. The natives thereupon seized them; but the Consul warning them not to take the law in their own hands (oh, fie, Mr. Consul! where there is no law is not Judge Lynch better than none?) they let them go. 'The ruffians then made off to a hill-top, and with repeating rifles, aided by field-glasses, had some very pretty practice on the natives of both sexes,'—Mr. Consul, let me hope, feeling that he had made a little mistake.

A consul in such a place has by no means an enviable position; and Captain Palmer's book shows how the presence of a man-of-war is necessary to prevent his authority from being altogether set at nought.

Here is a sample of how Fiji is provided with labour:—'Jemmy, a Kingswill islander, went on board a certain schooner to sell mats . . . . It was late, and the white men told him he could sleep on board. There

were sixty or seventy of them, besides fifteen women. In the morning they found no land in sight. "Don't be frightened," said the skipper; "you're only going to an island close by." It was not till they got to Fiji that they heard that they were to work for thirty moons.' These people are, by the planters' own showing, no use; never having been used to any manual work, and being of very poor physique, besides being sulky and revengeful.

Captain Palmer's estimate of the Fiji planters is not high. These gentry were virtuously indignant at being charged with kidnapping and strongly repudiated all such charges, and called on the captain of the 'Rosario' to investigate their system and the treatment of their labourers. But Captain Palmer briefly remided them (1st) that, incontrovertibly, most horrible acts of cruelty had been committed by some Fiji planters, and that no public meeting had been held to condemn them; (2nd) that they themselves were the people who ought on all occasions to strengthen the consul's hands, whether it suited their individual convenience or not; whereas, at this very time, two vessels (the counsel complained) were away after natives without a license; (3rd) *that every native as yet examined complained of having been kidnapped.*

Soon after a public meeting was held, of course Captain Palmer was not there; but some of his officers told him it was screaming fun, one man gravely proposing 'That this 'ere meetin' do adjourn for a drink, it being damn'd hot.'

So much for Fiji planters, and their righteous indignation; now let me tell you a story which will show what sort of fellows some of the Queenslanders are. My authority is my Oriel pupil, whom I know to be incapable of 'dressing up' a story. It was near Port Lyttleton; a shepherd or two had been killed—whether speared by natives or poisoned at some well 'prepared' for blacks to drink at, it does not much matter. The settlement was in commotion; and one Sunday afternoon, hearing that some black fellows were near, the whole *posse comitatus* sallied out and surrounded the natives, *killing every creature* except one girl. Her the judge, who had headed the raid, tied to his horse and dragged into town, and did with her what he pleased that night, and cowhided her out next morning to die in a ditch, of shame and exhaustion. He was the judge, mark you; the Christian judge. Does not that make the ends of your fingers tingle, and your teeth grind, as *quousque Dominie quousque* (cry never more needed for any such under the altar) bursts out from your bosom? My pupil is no milksop, no nigger worshipper, he shot down a black man and glories in the deed; but that Sunday raid and what followed—can you stomach it? Wouldn't you like to find out that *judge* was 'a Rooshian or a Prooshian,' a countryman of the man of blood and iron, anything rather than an Englishman? All Australian

judges are not (thank God!) like that. I was once at Bath, at a big meeting of the Propagation Society; I fancy Bishop Wilberforce was there, I know we had a good many clerical bigwigs. Late on in the affair rose up a layman, who was listened to with the deep attention which a layman of mark (not an Indian Colonel, I mean) gets when he speaks at such a meeting. He does not speak to order, we know. He said a good deal which Captain Palmer repeats, about the missionary being often the only barrier (slender enough) between the native and nameless oppression and cruelty. He characterised as it deserved the saucy hypocrisy which pretends that such men 'make the black man discontented;' and he wound up by describing (he had been a judge in South Australia) 'the best day's work I ever did in my life.' There was a party of white ruffians, half bushranger, half settler, men who thought less of murdering a 'nigger' than of killing a kangaroo; they had had some cattle stolen, and coming upon a tribe of blacks they at once suspected them of being the thieves. So they fell upon them, and with circumstances of atrocious cruelty massacred almost the whole of them. 'I,' said that righteous judge, 'got scent of this, caught the men, tried them, and hanged seven' (I believe the number was); and I agree with him, no man could have done a better day's work; earth had at least seven fewer scoundrels to bear the iniquities of.

Let us hope that as it is with Australian judges so it is with Fiji planters—not all are bad. Still they lead their consul a sad life; if they want protection the British ægis is somehow marvellously extended over all the group; if their pockets are touched the consul is made to feel that every man's house is his castle, and that Mr. Consul has not a shadow of authority outside the thirty feet square of the consulate.

I wish I was permanently quartered with a ship, and what Captain Palmer calls 'a good hairy boatswain's mate and a couple of quartermasters,' to help the consul against rowdies. '*Here is a gentleman who will show the natives what civilisation* means (p. 98.) . . . He sees a young native outside the drink-shop, whom he immediately salutes by hitting him right between the eyes, knocking him down, and cutting his face with his Brummagem ring. The native, a young Hercules, who could kill the wretched creature at a single blow, contents himself with shaking him as a terrier would a rat, till his cadaverous jaws rattle. Some bystanders separate them, and the "mean white" sneaks back into his drink-shop vowing vengeance against all niggers.' What can the Wesleyan mission do against such influences as this? I always think of my father and the Cinghalese gentleman who brought him round through a very bad dysentery at Batticalon. 'Why don't you turn Christian (my father asked him one evening when they were smoking confidentially),

you think just as we do, and you've got no prejudices?' 'No, no, I've seen too many of your Christians on the beach at Colombo.'

South Sea 'black-birding' is generally in a retail way; so the horrors which occur when a ship load of Chinese coolies find out they have been cheated and rise in their revenge, are seldom enacted. Captain Palmer gives one instance: the 'Mary Ann Christian' had 280 natives on board; they rose, killing the captain, and a Mr. Latin (well known in the kidnapping circles) and the first mate. Then, seeing the vessel was drifting out to sea, the natives leaped overboard, *only thirty reaching land.* That is a pretty little sample of the blessings of civilisation: the ship had a Tahitian crew, the only other European being the second mate, who kept firing revolvers at the natives, so long as there was any on board to fire at.

But I must come to Captain Palmer's *coup de maître*, the capture of the 'Daphne,' which came in with 100 natives on board, while the 'Rosario' was off Levuka. This vessel was licensed by the Queensland Government to procure fifty natives for Brisbane; here she was bringing double that number to Fiji. Moreover, her log-book had been tampered with; her license and engagements seemed to Captain Palmer (so irregular were they throughout), not worth the paper they were written on. She had no clearance for the port she came from, 600 miles dead to windward of that to which she was bound. I am afraid her being 'fitted up just like an African slaver, minus the irons, and full of double her complement of stark-naked, emaciated, and terrified wretches, without even a mat to lie on, and arranged just as if for a lot of pigs—no bunks or partitions of any kind'—the rule in those seas; *yet she* had been inspected by a Government officer at Queensland. The extreme length of the 'Daphne' was 73 ft., her length for tonnage 62 ft., extreme breadth 18 ft., depth of hold 10 ft.: this will give an idea of her fitness to carry 100 '*passengers.*' The Imperial Passengers' Act orders that only one adult shall be carried in the tropics for every fifteen clear superficial feet; the 'Daphne's' 'shelves' could only hold 76 out of the 100, *by packing them as close as they could possibly lie.*

No interpreter was on board; it was, therefore, quite impossible that the 100 could hire themselves out as free labourers. The interpreter used in decoying this shipload had been left 'conveniently sick' at Tanna, so as to be ready to pick up more natives for the next ship that should come in. Captain Palmer very properly puts his senior sub-lieutenant, the Hon. R. Bingham, with a prize crew on board the 'Daphne,' and sends her to Sydney; the natives he was forced to leave with Consul Thurston: first, because they were physically unfit for another sea-voyage; next, because their oath would not be received in a court of law.

Not till fourteen days after the 'Daphne' came in, were Doggett and Pritchard, her master and supercargo, arrested and taken to the Water Police Court. During this time they had been thoroughly primed what to swear to and what not to say. The Crown solicitor's counsel, on the other hand, 'knew as much about the matter as the man in the moon, having only been engaged late the previous evening.'

One point was made a great deal of by the prisoners' counsel: when the 'Rosario's' boats were landing the 'Daphne's' cargo, the officer on duty of course wore his sword, and so the poor wretches fancied they were going to be killed and eaten, and were with some difficulty persuaded to go ashore. 'This,' said the counsel for the defence, 'showed with what fondness the natives clung to the vessel from which this meddling officer was tearing them;' in fact, Captain Palmer was the man-stealer, Doggett and Co. the protectors of aggrieved niggers.

The trial resembled the celebrated case of 'Bardell *v.* Pickwick;' nothing Captain Palmer said or wanted to say was evidence; old Doggett, got up with white hair and spectacles, seemed more like a missionary than a kidnapper; Dalley, the prisoner's counsel, in lavender kid gloves and an unexceptionable coat, was equal to the occasion, and cowed the bench with thunder of this kind: 'It is monstrous that English ships pursuing their lawful trade should be liable at any moment to capture by this Wilberforce of the Pacific.' And though the so-called re-engagements all bore false dates, and half-a-dozen Acts had been infringed in regard to numbers (at one time at least 122 were on board), clothing, feeding, &c., and though there was evidence to show that Doggett had all but sold his whole cargo, to a man who acted at pilot, at £4 10*s.* ahead, but had held them back, hearing the price had gone up to £6,—*the case was dismissed.*

The vessel had now to be tried in the Vice-Admiralty Court; but every possible hindrance was thrown in Captain Palmer's way by many influential Sydney men, who were owners or part owners of plantations in Queensland, and whose pockets would suffer if the traffic in natives was stopped. 'Why were you such a fool as to take her if you didn't expect to get any prize-money out of her?' asked one man, *before dinner in the drawing-room of Government House and in Lord Belmore's hearing?*' It will scarcely be credited that, pending the trial of the vessel, the Chief Justice, Sir A. Stephen, made the following 'remarks:' '. . . It will not be enough to show that *artifice* has been used, or *even falsehood told*, to induce the natives to enter into the agreements or contracts mentioned, if they really did enter into the contracts. The *morality* of the proceeding cannot be taken into consideration. The captain will have to prove that the natives were going to be passed into a state of real slavery by those who had taken them on board the "Daphne" . . .'

Well may Captain Palmer ask, 'What does the word *slave* mean?' and will any layman wonder at the mysteries of the legal mind when this same Sir A. Stephen was writing unofficially to Lord Belmore to the effect that 'legislative action on the part of the Imperial Government is urgently required.' The Chief Justice cannot believe that a native decoyed on shipboard, to be carried to Fiji and sold for three years' service, is really 'a slave within the meaning of the Act:' he urges that 'there is no law whatever against importations, or against recruiting in the islands for them;' he wishes for a law which shall make 'everyone kept on board against his will a slave within the meaning of the Act.' I think we can echo that wish.

As Sir A. Stephen's remarks foretold, Captain Palmer lost his second trial also; his Honour ruled that 'all the *indicia* of a vessel engaged in a slave traffic must be thrown out in the case of one engaged in a *legitimate traffic*.' Unfortunately, all the evidence didn't come in in time: the ship—bearing a letter from Colonel Thurston, telling how he had at last got an interpreter, and had found that the 'Daphne's' whole cruise was a slaving one, and that a batch of natives who had escaped at Tanna were *re-captured*—was wrecked on a reef. Mr. Thurston had sent no witnesses; for their evidence was inadmissible.

So the expenses, £179 5*s.* 5*d.*, fell upon 'the Wilberforce of the Pacific,' whom the Home Government, a few months after, repaid and promoted. I hope their doing so is an earnest that, now we have lost Bishop Patteson, they will not be content with shelling the villages of his murderers, but will stop the evil at its source. Only last year Bishop Patteson pointed out to the General Synod of New Zealand, who are the real criminals. You can read his letter in the January number of the 'Mission Field;' all that astonishes me in it is the reserve which withholds the names of certain 'lawless persons engaged in the trade.' Surely such miscreants should be held up to execration, to '*Der reinen menschen Abscheu*,' as Schiller has it. The captain of a whaler writes to the Bishop: 'Before this slaving began, natives freely brought us what they had to sell, for which we paid them in fish-hooks, hatchets, tobacco, &c. They thanked us; we thanked them. At times our decks were crowded. All this was to the slavers' advantage. Now, no native comes on board the whole ship, and we, in our turn, dare not land. Again, we used to carry people from one island to another, when they wished it, and they'd pay their fare in hogs, or other articles. This also has been taken advantage of, and the natives carried into slavery, instead of home. Should we be shipwrecked, our lives will go for those who have been stolen, and the natives will be called bloodthirsty, &c. . . . . *I hear they use your name to decoy natives on board; they inquire very particularly the whereabouts of your Southern Cross.*' The Bishop

goes on to say he expects to hear of boats' crews killed. (A report had come of something of the kind at Espiritu Santo.) '*It is the white man's fault;* and it is unjust to punish the coloured man for doing what, under the circumstances, he may naturally be expected to do. People speak and write inconsiderately about the treachery of these islanders. I have experienced no instance of anything of the kind during fourteen years' intercourse with them; and I may fairly claim the right to be believed when I say, that if the Melanesian is treated kindly, he will reciprocate such treatment readily. *The conduct of many of these traders arouses all the worst* suspicions and passions of the untaught man. It is not difficult to find an answer to the question, Who is the savage, and who is the heathen man? . . . .'

Noble bishop, who, being dead, yet speaketh;—whose words are a prophesy too sadly fulfilled in himself. May he not have spoken in vain! Regrets are idle: he would not care for *turpes querimoniæ*. Our best tribute to his memory would be 'two small ships of war (which he recommends) cruising constantly off the islands, and especially near Queensland and Fiji, to intercept vessels bringing natives to their boats, and to see that the stringent regulations which ought to be enacted are *bonâ fide* carried out.' How I should like to be the captain of one of these small men-of-war, or even first sub-lieutenant, to be put in command of one of the prizes! *Ils en verraient des dures, ces gaillards-là;* 'I'd talk poetry to them,' as Captain Palmer calls it, in a style which should astonish them. And if Government can't afford a ship, why not give letters of marque to some of the many potential Rajah Brookes, who would be delighted to undertake the task? What's a good yacht but a sort of modern equivalent for the *destrère*, and the suit of armour of the old knight-errant? Why not go about the world, as he did, 'redressing human wrong?' It was grand to crush Malay pirates; they hindered the development of Singapore; but Messrs. Lewin and Latin and Doggett are worse than any Malay who ever handled a kreese. Why not crush them? Why not prove to the world that Christianity is not a dead thing but a living power; that right does not depend on fossil law-terms interpreted by a Sydney judge, but on the thing being in accordance or not with God's justice.

It's very easy to run into position; one can hardly help it—*facit indignatio versum.* If I had a yacht, I'd move heaven and earth to get a sort of commission, and then catch me in Norway, or the Mediterranean, or the Hudson river. No; I'd go straight off to the South Seas, and would try to prove that even in this twilight of the gods divine, Nemesis is not dead. But peace: we have to think about that noble and self-sacrificing life, so sadly and so suddenly cut short; of that landing at Santa Cruz—of the strange change—wild revenge instead of reverent welcome—the

war-club instead of the outstretched hand,—and then the drifting canoe with such a freight!—'the body wrapped carefully in a native mat, and a small bunch of cocoa-nut palm, *with five knots*—for five murdered men—stuck in the mat.' We have to think and to revenge it, as he would have it revenged. 'On Sept. 4th (the end came on Sept. 20th), the captain of the "Emma Bell" tells Mr. Atkin he was going to Santa Cruz for labour. *This news made the Bishop very uneasy, for he well knew that if a vessel went there, mischief would follow.* So he sailed up at once to ascertain if any vessels had been about.' When they were off Santa Cruz canoes came out, *but lay-to more than a mile from the vessel.* This was strange, for they were wont to board them even seven miles off in their anxiety to see the Bishop. Fearless as ever, Patteson had a boat lowered. Not a week before the sad news reached us, I was at a village Propagation Society meeting, where we heard a good deal about Melanesia; for one of the bishops had gone out from the place and kept them pretty well posted up as to news. The pith of his letters was: the Bishop's eager fearlessness—how he would dash into the water if the boat could not get close in, and their fear for him since this horrid slaving had made such a change in the natives. 'We talked and advised, but there was something that made us all unhappy—a burdened feeling which we could not explain, but which, for all that, was most real, and not an afterthought. . . . Eager to land, the martyr won't wait till his boat can find a gap in the reef; he gets into a canoe,—and that is the last that is seen of him alive.'

I don't care to add anything to this; such a death is surely proof enough, if proof were wanting, that Captain Palmer was right. If you won't believe a living officer of H.M. Navy, perhaps you'll believe a dead bishop, when he says that this infamy must be put an end to, and then dies in unhappy confirmation of the truth of his own words. Is not this enough to convince even the official mind? If not, let England speak, loudly, with one voice, as the occasion deserves; and then we know the official ear is sure to listen obsequiously enough. I took the liberty, when the news first came, of writing to Mr. Gladstone about this matter, and had the honour of a reply through an official personage. The premier, I was told, did not understand what I meant by 'that infamous labour-traffic.' I submit that this must have been a mistake on the official personage's part; for if Mr. Gladstone fails to see the infamy of it, he is (I fancy) the only thinking man in the three kingdoms whose vision is so sadly limited.

Two practical suggestions: 'Queensland must have labour;' granted; but that does not at all make it necessary that the world should be turned upside down, and a bishop sacrificed, and the cause of Christianity ruined, that a few planters may grow suddenly rich. Still, granted, I

say; then why not give them the labour which has made Sydney what it is? Because convict-labour involved evils under the old *régime*, that is no reason why it should not be very useful now-a-days under proper regulations. But, the climate? That need be no obstacle; Queensland itself has petitioned for convict-labour, let her have it. Surely we have a greater right to expose to unpleasant heat a convicted English scamp, than a poor deluded Polynesian. My other suggestion is that every mission-ship, 'Day Star,' and 'Southern Cross,' what not, should be henceforth a steamer. It will only need a little more 'effort' at home, perhaps only a different arrangement of funds; and it will soon make the show sham missionary ship impossible; nations will get to connect the steam and paddles (I'd have paddles) with the harmless visitors, and to behave accordingly. Steamers are not so plentiful that Howell & Co., will be able to charter them very readily.

There's plenty more to say, but the thing is to act. Those who want more facts had better go to my old pupils' 'Colonial Experiences and Adventures' (Bell & Daldy), he saw cargoes of 'coolies' discharged, worked with them, was offered an overseership on a labour-farm; and he condemns the system even more energetically than Captain Palmer. I'll first give one hint—after telling of the shamefully bad food, the sham pay (nominally 10s. a month—really a little tobacco, which kills the islanders, and clothes, which they would much rather be without), the punishments (many of those he saw had bad sores on their ankles; they had 'mutinied,' free volunteers as they were, as soon as they got an inkling of where they were to be taken), after describing the outer life of the *ergastulum* the 'University man' hints at the darkest feature of all: 'These are all young men, from eighteen to twenty-five, accustomed to pair as inevitably as an Englishman to wear clothes; they are taken when the passions are strongest and kept in a worse state than that of the private attendants of an Eastern King,' and this is done 'for their moral and social benefit!' *Faugh*, don't we want the thing stopped altogether?

Partial legislation, remember, is good for nothing. It will have all to be set right again in seven or eight years. We ought to have got beyond Las Casas, and a legalised slave-trade. The thing ought to be wholly done away with, for it is past all cure.

APHRODITÉ.

THE wind that swept along the shore
In one grand pæan died away,
And with the last faint echo of its roar
Far o'er the deep there 'rose the break of day;
The heavy storm-clouds parted right and left,
Red burned the flashes through the rugged cleft.

And then the sun clomb in the sky,
To send a broad'ning crimson track
Across the waves to where the wet sands lie,
A glistening scythe that cuts the bold waves back;
And now and then, with quick'ning interval,
Gleamed through the waves a light most magical.

And now the day was well begun,
The sunrise rays had left the sea,
The shamefaced clouds had fled before the sun,
Of fairest blue the heavenly canopy;
'Twas then a wave that overtopped the rest
Surged on, and bore *the Goddess* on its crest.

She crouched within a monster shell,
Her blue-black hair around her clung,
As shaking off a heaven-created spell,
With sudden motion to her feet she sprung;
And iridescent gleams of green and gold
Flashed from the shell in glories manifold.

Abroad her massy hair she threw
And bared her white limbs to the day,
With happy wonder in her eyes' deep blue
She glanced around the circle of the bay;
And from the inner chambers of the shell,
A sweet Æolian music 'gan to swell.

Then when her shell-car touched the strand
She scanned the fertile valleys o'er,
And, glad at heart, she raised her pink-white hand
And sang, 'I love, I love,' and evermore
With that sweet song and those sweet words doth ring
The world where Aphrodité seeks her king.

G. Christoph Davies.

The Fight at the Ford Between Ferdiah and Cuchullin.

An Episode from the Ancient Irish Epic Romance, THE TAIN BÓ CUAILGNÉ; OR THE CATTLE PREY OF CUAILGNÉ.

By Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, M.R.I.A.

'The *Tain Bó Chuailgné*,' says the late Professor O'Curry, 'is to Irish what the Argonautic Expedition, or the Seven against Thebes, is to Grecian history.' For an account of this, perhaps the earliest epic romance of Western Europe, see the Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History, by the lamented scholar just quoted (p. 32).

The Fight of Cuchullin with Ferdiah took place at the Ford of Ardee, in the modern county of Lowth. It still preserves the name of the departed champion, Ardee being but the softened form of *Ath Ferdiah*, or Ferdiah's Ford.

The circumstances under which this famous combat took place are thus succinctly mentioned by O'Curry in his description of the *Tain Bó Cuailgné*:—

'Cuchulainn confronts the invaders of his province, demands single combat, and conjures his opponents by the laws of Irish chivalry (the *Fir comhlainn*) not to advance farther until they had conquered *him*. This demand, in accordance with the Irish laws of warfare, is granted; and then the whole contest is resolved into a succession of single combats, in each of which Cuchulainn was victorious.'—Lectures, p. 37.

The original text of this episode, from the vellum M.S. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a literal translation by Professor William R. Sullivan, Ph.D., secretary of the Royal Irish Academy, on which the present metrical version is founded, may be consulted in the appendix to the forthcoming new Lectures by O'Curry; v. ii., p. 413.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

Cuchullin the great chief had pitched his tent,
From Samhain[1] time, 'till now 'twas budding spring,
Fast by the Ford, and held the land at bay.
All Erin, save the fragment that he led,
His sword held back, nor dared a man to cross
The rippling Ford without Cuchullin's leave:

[1] 'Samhain.' '*Samphain* or *Samhuin*. This is a compound word composed of *Sam*, an ancient Gaelic form of the present word *Samradh*, summer, and *fuin* an ancient Gaelic word for "end." So that *Samhain* means merely the "end of summer," and the name was properly applied to the last night of October.'

'The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn,' by O'Curry. *Atlantis* i., p., 370.

Chief after chief had fallen in the attempt;
And now the men of Erin through the night
Asked in dismay, 'Oh! who shall be the next
To face the northern hound,[1] and free the Ford?'
'Let it now be,' with one accord they cried,
'Ferdiah, son of Daman, Dáré's son,
Of Domnaun[2] lord, and all its warrior men.'
The chiefs thus fated now to meet as foes
In early life were friends—had both been taught
All feats of arms by the same skilful hands
In Scatha's[3] school beneath the peaks of Skye,
Which still preserve Cuchullin's glorious name.
One feat of arms alone Cuchullin knew
Ferdiah knew not of—the fatal cast—
The dread expanding force of the Gae-Bulg[4]
Flung from the feet resistless on the foe.
But, on the other hand, Ferdiah wore
A skin-protecting suit of flashing steel[5]

[1] 'Hound.' 'Culaun was the name of Conor Mac Nessa's smith, and it was from him that Selanta derived the name of Cu-Chulainn, or Culaun's Hound.'

O'Curry. *Atlantis* i., p., 392.

[2] 'Domnaud.' 'Jorrus Domnaun, now Erris, in the County of Mayo. It was called *Jorrus Domnaun*, or the Bay of *Domnauns*, from that party of the Firbolgs who were called *Domnauns* or the "deep diggers," having settled there under their chiefs *Genaun* and *Rudhraighe*.'

The Fate of the Children of Lir, by O'Curry; *Atlantis* iv., p. 123. See also Dr. Reeve's *Adamnau's Life of St. Columba*, note 6, p. 31; O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, p. 280; and Hardiman's *West-Connaught*, by O'Flaherty, in the publications of the *Irish Archæological Society*.

[3] 'Scatha.' 'The name of Scatha, the Amazonian instructress of Ferdiah and Cuchullin is still preserved in *Dun Sciath*, in the island of Skye, where "great Cuchullin's name and glory" yet linger. The Coolin Mountains, named after him, "those thunder-smitten jagged Cuchullin peaks of Skye," the grandest mountain range in Great Britain; attract to that remote island of the Hebrides worshippers of the sublime and beautiful in nature, whose enjoyments would be largely enhanced if they knew the heroic legends which are connected with the glorious scenes they have travelled so far to witness. Cuchullin is one of the foremost characters in Macpherson's *Ossian*, but the quasi-translator of Gaelic poems places him more than two centuries later than the period at which he really lived.'

Mrs. Ferguson's '*The Irish before the Conquest*,' pp. 57, 58.

[4] The 'Gae-Bulg.' For a description of this mysterious instrument see Dr. Todd's *Additional Notes to the Irish Version of Neunius*, p. 12.

[5] 'A skin-protecting suit of flashing steel.' In the historical tale of the *Battle of Magh-Rath*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan, for the Irish Archæological Society, the mention of shining coats of mail occurs more than once. The learned writer, both in his introductory remarks as well as in the notes to the text, seems to support the opinion

Surpassing all in Erin known till then.
At length the council closed, and to the chief
Heralds were sent to tell him that the choice
That night had fallen on him; but he within
His tent retired, received them not, nor went.
For well he knew the purport of their suit
Was this—that he should fight beside the Ford
His former fellow-pupil and his friend.
Then Maer, the queen,[1] her powerful Druids sent,
Armed not alone with satire's scorpion stings,
But with the magic power even on the face
By their malevolent taunts and biting sneers,
To raise three blistering blots[2] that typified
Disgrace, dishonour, and a coward's shame,
Which with their mortal venom him would kill,
Or on the hour, or ere nine days had sped,
If he declined the combat, and refused
Upon the instant to come forth with them,
And so, for honour's sake, Ferdiah came.

that 'the ancient Irish had no general use of mail armour before the twelfth century,' and that therefore it is an anachronism to introduce it into the account of a battle that took place in the year 637. But this which is probably true as to the great body of the combatants may be inaccurate when referring to the chiefs and leaders who could afford the expense of costly armour. Dr. O'Donovan makes no allusion to the mention of coats of mail in the present poem, or in any other part of what he himself calls 'the very ancient Irish tale called *Tain Bó Cuailgné*.'

See *Battle of Magh-Rath*, p. 209.

[1] 'Maer the Queen.' For an interesting account of this sovereign, so famous in Irish story, see O'Curry's *Lectures*, pp. 33, 34. Her father, according to the chronology of the Four Masters, is supposed to have reigned as monarch of Erin about a century before the Incarnation. 'Of all the children of the monarch Eochaidh Fiedloch,' says O'Donovan, 'by far the most celebrated was Meadbh or Mab, who is still remembered as the queen of the fairies of the Irish, and the Queen Mab of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," in which this powerful virago queen and quean of Connaught, is diminished to a ludicrous size in her fairy state.'

Quotation in O'Mahony's translation of *Keating's History of Ireland*, p. 276.

[2] 'Three blistering blots.' 'The last of these superstitions to which we shall refer,' says Mr. Stokes in his Preface to Cormac's Glossary (*Three Irish Glossaries*, London, 1862), 'is the belief that a ferb, or ulcer, could be produced on a man's countenance by a satire. This superstition proves the groundwork of the tale of Nede mac Adnac and his uncle Caier, which is referred to at p. 24, *Lut.* v. *Gaire*, and is more fully told as follows in *Codex B. Col.* 47,' (Lib. T.C.D., H., 2, 16.) The following is the account of the effect of the satire, as taken from the so-called *Leabhar Buidhe Lecain*, a vellum manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It had been arranged between the wife of Caier, King of Connaught, and her reluctant lover Nede, that he was to ask of Caier a gift which they knew he could not part with. Nede asked the

For he preferred to die a warrior's death,
Pierced to the heart by a proud foeman's spear,
Than by the serpent sting of slanderous tongues—
By satire, and abuse, and foul reproach.
When to the court he came, where the great queen
Held revel, he received all due respect:
The sweet intoxicating cup went round,
And soon Ferdiah felt the power of wine.
Great were the rich rewards then promised him
For going forth to battle with the Hound:
A chariot worth seven cumals four times told,[1]
The outfit then of twelve well-chosen men
Made of more colours than the rainbow knows,
His own broad plains of level fair Magh Aie[2]
To him and his assured till time was o'er
Free of all tribute, without fee or fine,
The golden brooch, too, from the queen's own cloak,
And, above all, fair Finavair[3] for wife.
But doubtful was Ferdiah of the queen,
And half excited by the fiery cup,

dagger of Caier, "Woe is me," said Caier, "I am forbidden to part with it." Nede made a *glam dicend* (a kind of extempore lampoon) upon him, and three blisters came forth on his cheek.' . . . 'Caier arose next morning early, and went to the well. He put his hand over his countenance; he found on his face three blisters which the satire had caused, namely stain, blemish, and defect; to wit, red and green and white. Caier fled from thence that none might see the disgrace until he was in Dun Cermnai with Cacher, son of Eitriscele.'

Three Irish Glossaries, preface pp. 37, 38.

The names of the three blisters in this story of Nede Mac Adnac, are almost identical with those with which Ferdiah was threatened in the present poem—a curious coincidence which Mr. Stokes has not noticed.

[1] 'A chariot with seven cumals four times told.' 'Great cavalcades or chariot progresses are described in several of our ancient tales. Thus King Conor Mac Nessa goes to dine with the chief armourer of his court, and with the *elite* of his household in fifty chariots. And again we find that when Queen Méave pressed Ferdiah to fight Cuchulainn on her part (in the Tain bó Cuailgné), one portion of the great reward which was offered to him was a chariot worth "four times seven cumals,"—that is, worth eighty-four cows.'

The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn, by O'Curry. *Atlantis* i., p. 375.

[2] 'Magh Aie.' The Plains of Roscommon. O'Curry's Lectures, p. 35. 'Magh Aie,' says O'Curry, in another place, 'so named from Aie, the son of Allghuha the Druid. The palace of Cruachain was situated in this plain.'

The Battle of Magh Leana, p. 61.

[3] 'Finnavair:'—'Tinnabhair—Fair-Brow.'

The Exile of the Children of Nisnich, by O'Curry. *Atlantis*, i., p. 386.

And half distrustful, knowing wily Maer,
He asked for more assurance of her faith.
Then she to him, in rythmic rise of song,
And he in measured rauns to her replied.[1]

MAER.

A rich reward of golden rings I'll give to thee, Ferdiah fair,
The forest, where the wild bird sings, the broad green plain, with me thou'lt share;
Thy children and thy children's seed, for ever, until time is o'er,
Shall be from every service freed within the sea-surrounding shore.
O, Daman's son, Ferdiah fair, O champion of the wounds renowned,
For thou a charmed life dost bear, for ever by the victories crowned,
Oh! why the profered gifts decline; oh! why reject the nobler fame,
Which many an arm less brave than thine, which many a heart less cold, would claim?

FERDIAH.

Without a guarantee, O Queen! without assurance made most sure,
Thy grassy plains, thy woodlands green, thy golden rings, are but a lure.
The champion's place is not for me until thou art most firmly bound,—
For dreadful will the battle be between me and Emania's Hound.
For such is Chuland's name, O Queen, and such is Chuland's nature, too,
The noble Hound, the Hound of fame, the noble heart to dare and do,
The fearful fangs that never yield, the agile spring so swift and light:
Ah! dread the fortune of the field! ah! fierce will be the impending fight!

MAER.

I'll give a champion's guarantee, and with thee here a compact make,
That in the assemblies thou shalt be no longer bound thy place to take;
Rich silver-bitted bridles fair—for such each noble neck demands—
And gallant steeds that paw the air, shall all be given into thy hands.
For thou, Ferdiah, art indeed a truly brave and valorous man,
The first of all the chiefs I lead, the foremost hero in the van;
My chosen champion now thou art, my dearest friend henceforth thou'lt be,
The very closest to my heart, from every toll and tribute free.

[1] Here, as elsewhere in the original of this poem, there is a sudden change from prose to verse. It may be convenient to mention, once for all, that the prose portions of this tale are represented in the present poem by blank verse, and the lyrical portions by rhymed verse. 'This,' says O'Donovan, 'is the usual arrangement of ancient Irish tales; a certain portion of the story is first told in prose, and the most remarkable incidents in the same are afterwards repeated in metre, often in the nature of a dialogue between two of the principal characters. It is generally supposed that these stories were recited by the ancient Irish poets for the amusement of their chieftains at their public feasts, and that the portions given in metre were sung.'

Battle of Magh Rath, p. 12.

FERDIAH.

Without securities, I say, united with thy royal word,
I will not go, when breaks the day, to seek the combat at the Ford.
That contest, while time runs its course, and fame records what ne'er should die,
Shall live for ever in full fame, until the judgment day draws nigh.
I will not go, though death ensue, though thou through some demoniac rite,
Even as thy Druid sorcerers do, canst kill me with thy words of might;
I will not go the Ford to free, until, O Queen! thou here dost swear
By sun and moon,[1] by land and sea, by all the powers of earth and air.

MAER.

Thou shalt have all; do *thou* decide. I'll give thee an unbounded claim,
Until thy doubts are satisfied. Oh! bind us by each sacred name,
Bind us upon the hands of kings, upon the hands of princes bind;
Bind us by every act that brings assurance to the doubting mind.
Ask what thou wilt, and do not fear that what thou would'st cannot be brought;
Ask what thou wilt, there standeth here one who will ne'er refuse thee aught;
Ask what thou wilt, thy wildest wish be certain thou shalt have this night,
For well I know that thou wilt kill this man who meets thee in the fight.

FERDIAH.

I will have six securities, no less will I accept from thee;
Be some our country's deities, the lords of earth, and sky, and sea;
Be some thy dearest ones, O Queen! the darlings of thy heart and eye,
Before my fatal fall is seen to-morrow, when the hosts draw nigh.
Do this, and though I lose my fame—do this, and though my life I lose,
The glorious championship I'll claim, the glorious risk will not refuse.
On, on, in equal strength and might shall I advance, O queenly Maer,
And Uladh's hero meet in fight, and battle with Cuchullin brave.

[1] 'By sun and moon.' 'Now this Ugaine Mor exacted oaths by the sun and moon, the dew and colours, and by all the elements visible and invisible, and by every element which is on earth, that the sovereignty of Erin should be invested in him for ever.'
Battle of Magh Rath, p. 3.

MAER.

Though Domnal[1] it should be, the sun, swift-speeding in his fiery car;
Though Niaman's[2] dread name be one, the consort of the God of War;
These, even these I'll give, though hard to lure them from their realms serene,
For though they list to lowliest bard,[3] they may be deaf unto a queen.
Bind it on Morand, if thou wilt, to make assurance doubly sure;
Bind it, nor dream that dream of guilt that such a pact will not endure,
By spirits of the wan and weird, by every spell, by every art,
Bind Carpri Min, of Manaud, bind my sons, the darlings of my heart.

FERDIAH.

O Maer! with venom of deceit that adder tongue of thine o'erflows,
Nor is thy temper over-sweet, as well thine earlier consort knows.
Thou'rt truly worthy of thy fame for boastful speech and lust of power,
And well dost thou deserve thy name—the Brachail of Rathcroghan's tower.[4]
Thy words are fair and soft, O Queen! but still I crave one further proof—
Give me the scarf of silken sheen, give me the speckled satin woof,
Give from thy cloak's empurpled fold the golden brooch so fair to see,
And when the glorious gift I hold, for ever am I bound to thee.

MAER.

Oh! art thou not my chosen chief, my fervent champion, sure to win,
My tower, my fortress of relief, to whom I give this twisted pin?
These, and a thousand gifts more rare, the treasures of the earth and sea,
Jewels a queen herself might wear, my grateful hands will give to thee.

[1] 'Domnal.' The high dignity of Domnal may be inferred from the following comparison in a quatrain quoted in the preface to *Cormac's Glossary* from Colman Mac Lenini;—

'As blackbirds to swans, as an ounce to a mass (of gold),
As the forms of peasant women to the forms of queens
As a king to Domnall . . . . .
As a taper to a candle, (so is) a sword to *my* sword.'

Three Irish Glossaries, Preface, p. 51.

[2] 'Niaman.' O'Donovan, in a note to the *Four Masters*, vol. i., p. 24, gives an interesting list of the divinities of the Pagan Irish, among others, 'Ned, the god of war,' and 'Nemon, his wife.' 'Nemon' is, I presume, the same as 'Niaman.'

[3] 'For though they list to lowliest bard.' 'As *Anu* was mother of the gods, so Buanann was mother of the *fianu*. So Etán is said to have been *muime na filed*—'nurse of the poets.'—*Three Irish Glossaries*, Preface p. 33.

[4] 'Rathcroghan's tower.' 'Rath-Cruachan, the royal palace of the Kings of Connaught.' O'Curry's *Lectures*, p. 35.

And when at length beneath thy sword the Hound of Ulster shall lie low,
When thou hast ope'd the long-locked Ford, and let the unguarded water flow,
Then shall I give my daughter's hand, then mine own child shall be thy bride—
She, the fair daughter of the land where western Elgga's waters glide.[1]

And thus did Maer Ferdiah bind to fight
Six chosen champions on the morrow morn,
Or combat with Cuchullin all alone,
Whichever might to him the easier seem.
And he, by the god's names and by her sons,
Bound *her* the promise she had made to keep,
The rich reward to pay to him in full,
If by his hand Cuchullin should be slain.

* * * *

The dwellers in Ferdiah's tent that night
Were scant of comfort, a foreboding fear
Fell on their spirits and their hearts weighed down;
Because they knew in whatsoever fight
The mighty chiefs, the hundred slaying two
Met face to face, that one of them must fall,
Or both perhaps, or if but only one,
Certain were they it would their own lord be,
Since on the *Tain Bó Cuailgné*, it was plain
That no one with Cuchullin could contend.

Nor was their chief less troubled; but at first
The fumes of the late revel overspread
His senses, and he slept a heavy sleep.
Later he woke, the intoxicating steam
Had left his brain, and now in sober calm
All the anxieties of the impending fight
Pressed on his soul and made him grave.[2] He rose
From off his couch, and bade his charioteer
Harness his pawing horses to the car.
The boy would fain persuade his lord to stay,
Because he loved his master, and he felt

[1] 'Elgga, that is Ireland.'—O'Curry's *Battle of Magh Leana*, p. 79.

[2] 'All the anxieties of the impending fight,' &c. A similar foreboding is recorded in the *Battle of Magh Rath*. 'The monarch, grandson of Ainmire, slept not, in consequence of the weight of the battle and the anxiety of the conflict pressing on his mind; for he was certain that his own beloved foster-son would, on the morrow, meet his last fate.'—p. 113.

He went but to his death; but he repelled
The youth's advice, and spoke to him these words—
'Oh! cease, my servant. I will not be turned
By any youth from what I have resolved.'
And thus in speech and answer spoke the two.

FERDIAH.

Let us go to this challenge,
Let us fly to the Ford,
When the raven shall croak
O'er my blood-dripping sword.
O woe for Cuchullin!
That land will be red;
O woe! for to-morrow
The hero lies dead.

CHARIOTEER.

Thy words are not gentle,
Yet rest where thou art,
'Twill be dreadful to meet,
And distressful to part.
The champion of Ulster!
Oh! think what a foe!
In that meeting there's grief,
In that journey there's woe!

FERDIAH.

Thy counsel is craven,
Thy caution I slight,
No brave-hearted champion
Should shrink from the fight.
The blood I inherit
Doth prompt me to go—
Let us go to the challenge,
To the Ford let us do!

Then were the horses of Ferdiah yoked
Unto the chariot, and he rode full speed
Unto the Ford of battle, and the day
Began to break, and all the east grew red.
Beside the Ford he halted. 'Good, my friend,'
He said unto his servant, 'Spread for me
'The skins and cushions of my chariot here
Beneath me, that I may a full deep sleep

Enjoy before the hour of fight arrives,
For in the latter portion of the night
I slept not, thinking of the fight to come.'

Unharnessed were the horses, and the boy
Spread out the cushions and the chariot's skins,
And heavy sleep fell on Ferdiah's lids.
Now of Cuchullin will I speak: he rose
Not until day with all its light had come,
In order that the men of Erin ne'er
Should say of him, that it was fear or dread
That made him from a restless couch arise.
When in the fulness of its light at length
Shone forth the day, he bade his charioteer
Harness his horses and his chariot yoke.
'Harness my horses, good, my servant,' said
Cuchullin, 'and my chariot yoke for me,
For lo! an early-rising champion comes
To meet us here beside the Ford to-day—
Ferdiah, son of Damon, Daré's son.'
'My lord, the steeds are ready to thy hand.
Thy chariot stands here yoked, do thou step in,
The noble car will not disgrace its lord.'

Into the chariot then, the dextrous-bold,
Red-sworded, battle-winning hero sprang
Cuchullin, son of Sualtam, at a bound
Invisible Bocanachs and Bananachs,
And Geniti Glindi[1] shouted round the car,
And demons of the earth and of the air.
For thus the Tuatha di Dananus used
By sorceries to raise those fearful cries
Around him, that the terror and the fear
Of him should be the greater, as he swept
On with his staff of spirits to the war.

Soon was it when Ferdiah's charioteer
Heard the approaching clamour and the shout,
The rattle and the clatter, and the shout,
The whistle, and the thunder and the tramp,
The clanking discord of the massive shields,
The clang of swords, the hissing sound of spears,
The tinkling of the helmet, the sharp crash

[1] 'Geniti Glindi.' There is mention of these mysterious beings in the *Battle of Magh Leana*. They are called 'Women of the Valley.'—p. 120.

Of armour and of arms, the straining ropes,
The dangling bucklers, the resounding wheels,
The creaking chariot, and the proud approach
Of the triumphant champion of the Ford.
Clutching his master's robe, the charioteer
Cried out, 'Ferdiah, rise! for lo, thy foes
Are on thee!' Then the Spirit of Insight fell
Phophetic on the youth, and he thus sang.

CHARIOTEER.

I hear the rushing of a car,
Near and more near its proud wheels run,
A chariot for the God of War
Bursts—as from clouds the sun!
Over Bregg-Ross it speeds along,
Hark! it's thunders peal afar!
Oh! its steeds are swift and strong,
And the Victories guide that car.

The Hound of Ulster shaketh the reins,
And white with foam is each corsair's mouth,
The Hawk of Ulster swoops o'er the plains
To his quarry here in the South,
Like wintry storm that warrior's form,
Slaughter and Death beside him rush,
The groaning air is dark and warm,
And the low clouds bleed and blush.[1]

Oh, woe to him that is here on the hill,
Who is here on the hillock awaiting the Hound;
Last year it was in a vision of ill
I saw this sight and I heard this sound.
Methought Emania's Hound drew nigh,
Methough the Hound of Battle drew near,
I heard his steps and I saw his eye,
And again I see and I hear.

Then answer made Ferdiah in this wise,
'Why dost thou chafe me, talking of this man?
For thou hast never ceased to sing his praise
Since from his home he came. Thou surely art

[1] 'And the low clouds bleed and blush.'

For this line, and for many valuable suggestions throughout the poem, I am indebted to the deep practical insight and correct judgment of my friend Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Not without wage for this: but nathless know
Ailill and Maer have both foretold by me
This man shall fall, shall fall for a reward
Just as the deed: This day he shall be slain,
For it is fated that I free the Ford.'

Not long Ferdiah's charioteer had gazed
With wondering look on the majestic car,
When, as with thunder-speed it wheeled more near,
He saw its whole construction and its plane:
A fair, flesh-seeking, four-peaked front it had,
And for its body a magnificent creit
Fashioned for war, in which the hero stood
Full-armed and brandishing a mighty spear,
While o'er his head a green pavilion hung;
Beneath, two fleetly-bounding, large-eared, fierce,
Whale-bellied, lively-hearted, high-flanked, proud,
Slender-legged, wide-hoofed, broad-buttocked, prancing steeds,
Exulting leaped and bore the car along;
Under one yoke, the long-maned steed was grey,
Under the other, black the broad-backed steed.

Like to a hawk swooping from off a cliff,
Upon a day of hard and biting wind,
Or like a spring gust on a wild March day
Rushing resistless o'er a level plain,
Or like the fleetness of a stag when first
'Tis started by the hounds in its first field—
So swept the horses of Cuchullin's car,
Bounding as if o'er fiery flags they flew,
Making the earth to shake beneath their tread,
And tremble 'neath the fleetness of their speed.

At length, upon the north side of the Ford,
Cuchullin stopped. Upon the southern bank
Ferdiah stood, and thus addressed the chief:
'Glad am I, O Cuchullin, thou hast come.'
'Up to this day,' Cuchullin made reply,
'Thy welcome would by me have been received
As coming from a friend, but not to-day.
Besides, 'twere fitter that I welcomed thee,
Than that to me thou should'st the welcome give;
'Tis I that should go forth to fight with thee,
Not thou to me, because before thee are

My women and my children, and my youths,
My herds and flocks, my horses and my steeds.'
Ferdiah, half in scorn, spake then these words—
And then Cuchullin answered in his turn.
'Good, O Cuchullin, what untoward fate
Has brought thee here to measure swords with me?
For when we two with Scatha lived, in Skye,
With Uatha and with Aifé, thou but wert
My page to spread my couch for me at night,
Or tie my spears together for the chase.'
'True hast thou spoken,' said Cuchullin, 'yes,
I then was young, thy junior, and I did
For thee the services thou dost recall;
A different story shall be told of us
From this day forth, for on this day I feel
Earth holds no champion that I dare not fight!'
'Good, O Ferdiah,' still continuing, spoke
Cuchullin, 'thus it is that thou should'st not
Have come with me to combat and to fight;
For when we were with Scatha, long ago,
With Uatha and with Aifé, we were wont
To go together to each battle-field,
To every combat and to every fight,
Through every forest, every wilderness,
Through every darksome path and dangerous way.'
'O Cuchullin of the beautiful feats,'
Replied Ferdiah, 'though we have pursued
Together thus the arts of war and peace,
And though the bonds of friendship that we swore
Thou hast recalled to mind, from me shall come
Thy first of wounds. O Hound, remember not
Our old companionship, which shall not now
Avail thee, shall avail thee not, O Hound!'
'Too long here have we waited in this way;'
Again resumed Ferdiah, 'To what arms,
Say then, Cuchullin, shall we now resort?'
'The choice of arms is thine until the night,'
Cuchullin made reply, 'for so it chanced
That thou should'st be the first to reach the Ford.'
'Dost thou at all remember,' then rejoined
Ferdiah, 'those swift missive spears with which
We practised oft with Scatha in our youth,
With Uatha and with Aifé, and our friends?'

'Them I, indeed, remember well,' replied
Cuchullin. 'If thou dost remember well,
Let us to them resort,' Ferdiah said.
Their missive weapons then on either side
They both resorted to. Upon their arms
They braced two emblematic missive shields,
And their eight well-turned-handled spears they took,
And their eight little quill-spears, and their eight
White ivory-hilted swords, and their eight spears,
Sharp, ivory-hafted, with hard points of steel.
Betwixt the twain the darts went to and fro,
Like bees upon the wing on a fine day;
No cast was made that was not sure to hit.
From morn to mid-day the missiles flew,
Till on the bosses of the brazen shields
Their points were blunted, but though true the aim,
And excellent the shooting, the defence
Was so complete that not a wound was given,
And neither champion drew the other's blood.
''Tis time to drop these feats,' Ferdiah said,
'For not by such as these shall we decide
Our battle here this day.' 'Let us desist,'
Cuchullin answered, 'if the time hath come.'—
They ceased, and threw their missile shafts aside
Into the hands of their two charioteers.
'What weapons, O Cuchullin, shall we now
Resort to?' said Ferdiah. 'Unto thee,'
Cuchullin answered, 'doth belong the choice
Of arms until the night, because thou wert
The first that reached the Ford.' 'Well, let us, then,'
Ferdiah said, 'resume our straight, smooth, hard,
Well-polished spears with their hard flaxen strings.'
'Let us resume them, then,' Cuchullin said.
They braced upon their arms two stouter shields,
And then resorted to their straight, smooth, hard,
Well-polished spears, with their hard flaxen strings.[1]
'Twas now mid-day, and thus 'till eventide
They shot against each other with the spears.
But though the guard was good on either side.
The shooting was so perfect that the blood

[1] 'Well-polished spears with their hard-flaxen strings.' 'And *Derg Dian-Scothach* saw this order, and he put his forefinger into the string of the spear.'—*The Fate of the Children of Tuireann*, by O'Curry. *Atlantis*, iv., p. 233. See also *Battle of Magh Rath*, pp. 140, 141, 152.

Ran from the wounds of each, by each made red.
'Let us now, O Cuchullin,' interposed
Ferdiah, 'for the present time desist.'
'Let us indeed desist,' Cuchullin said,
'If, oh Ferdiah, the fit time hath come.'
They ceased, and threw away from them their arms
Into the hands of the two charioteers.
Each to the other gently then approached,
Each round the other's neck his hands entwined,
And gave him three fond kisses on the cheek.
Their horses fed in the same field that night,
Their charioteers were warmed at the same fire,
Their charioteers beneath their bodies spread
Green rushes, and beneath their heads the down
Of wounded men's soft pillows. Then the skilled
Professors of the art of healing came
With herbs, which to the scars of all their wounds
They put. Of every herb and healing plant
That to Cuchullin's wound they did apply,
He would an equal portion westward send
Over the Ford, Ferdiah's wounds to heal.
So that the men of Erin could not say,
If it should chance Ferdiah fell by him,
That it was through superior skill and care
Cuchullin was enabled him to slay.
Of each kind, too, of palatable food
And sweet, intoxicating pleasant drink,
The men of Erin to Ferdiah sent.
He a fair moiety across the Ford
Sent northward to Cuchullin, where he lay;
Because his own purveyors far surpassed
In numbers those the Ulster chief retained:
For all the federate hosts of Erin were
Purveyors to Ferdiah, with the hope
That he would beat Cuchullin from the Ford.
The Bregians[1] only were Cuchullin's friends.
His sole purveyors, and their wont it was
To come to him and talk to him at night.

[1] 'The Bregians.' 'The Bregian hosts of the Boyne' are mentioned in the *Battle of Magh Rath*. In a note to the passage, Dr. O'Donovan says: "The River Boyne flows through the plain of Bregia, which was the ancient name of a very extensive tract of Meath, containing five cantreds or baronies.—*Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 194.

[*To be continued.*]

Humane Societies of China.

By Lambton Young,

Secretary to the Royal Humane Society.

It has been the custom for some centuries past for Europeans to speak of the Chinese as a nation of ruthless, indeed almost barbarous, people, most careless of human life on all occasions, though very ingenious in constructing machines and articles for household use suitable for their every-day wants. Lord Macartney in his 'Embassy' did much to controvert this idea, and of late years greater intercourse has modified the bad opinion entertained of this curious nation, the inventors of gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the winnowing machine, almost identical with that used by our farmers at the present day—to these now can be added the credit of establishing the first recorded *Humane Society* with a regular organised system for the *saving of human life*. In the following pages it will be seen that *from the times of antiquity* the duty of providing for the salvage of human life at Hankow devolved on the territorial authorities: at Chinkiang and Nankin societies have been established for *more* than two hundred years. Let us in civilised Europe think for one moment that with our boasted interest in all that can conduce to alleviate pain or distress in our fellow-men we did not establish any regular system for rewarding the saving of life or publishing means for instant treatment of suspended animation until the establishment of the Royal Humane Society in 1774 by Dr. Hawes and Dr. Cogan, who soon rallied round them to aid in the good work thirty other gentlemen, amongst whom were Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. J. C. Lettsom, F.R.S., Rev. Dr. Towers, &c.

Having heard that there were societies in China similar in all respects to those of Europe, I wrote to the late Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, requesting him to allow the consuls in China to make enquiries at the various ports of that country respecting the existence of these institutions, and to send home any facts that they might obtain. The following accounts are the result of their labours, and it will be

observed how curiously near to our system of procedure in providing for the safety or restoratioa of life that of the Chinese is.

Reports have come from the undernamed towns:—Kewkeang, Hankow, Shanghai, Pang-keam-tow, Chan-keang, Nankin, Silver Island, Golden Island, and north bank of Yang-tze.

There are no societies now at Newchwang, Formosa (south portion), Chefoo, Tientsin, Amoy, Swatow, or Tamsuy.

Consul Robertson, in his despatch, September 1869, sends extracts from 'Notes and Queries' on China and Japan (No. 12, vol. ii., 1868), obtained by personal observation and native sources.

Humane institutions are still kept upon the Yang-tze, and render considerable service. At this port there are three societies, one at Silver Island, one near Golden Island, and a third on the north bank; the two former are under the management of a paid officer selected by the society, but appointed by the Prefect of Chinkiang, the latter similarly by the Prefect of Yangchow. These societies are said to possess twenty-two boats, large and small, chiefly hired, some of which are distinguished by being painted red, all having their occupation and station painted on their quarter and flags. It is their duty to assist any boat in distress, and for saving a man's life they are rewarded with 2000 cash, for picking up a corpse 500 cash, 250 of which is paid to the boat, the balance being used to defray burial expenses when the body is unclaimed.

The crews of the Chinkiang (Golden Island) boat get no wages, but are allowed to use the boats in ferrying passengers and goods across the river; in this way they make a good deal of money, as their boats are safer and can cross the river when others would not venture out. The large boats of the Silver Island institution get an allowance of 1320 cash a day, the smaller ones but 450, neither being permitted to trade. These societies, like many at home, are generally supported by charity, but the wood tax office collects, in addition to its tariff dues, one per cent. for these societies. An account of receipts and disbursements is rendered monthly to the prefect by the superintendent, and when subscriptions fail to support the institution on the north bank, the salt commissioner assists it with funds from his office. As the societies merely charter the boats, the rules prescribed for their overhaul, &c., are not enforced, the owner of the craft having to keep his boat seaworthy. Judging from the number of boats to be seen here hailing from distant towns and carrying goods, it would appear that they trade considerably. Bodies picked up are kept in the society's house to be identified: if no one claims the corpse it is buried, and a note is recorded of the circumstances under which it was found. A small tombstone bearing the name of the society and registered number of the corpse is placed over the

grave at the expense of the Chinshenghin. The graves are repaired annually, and those in this vicinity appear to be well cared for.

Consul Lay reports, September 29, 1869, from Kewkeang, that he finds, after enquiring from the Chinese, that a Humane Society existed there prior to the year 1853, and was supported entirely by native merchants. Its object was to assist all vessels (punts, &c.) in distress, and save life and cargo and effects. This society had a large fleet of vessels, and many lives and much property were annually saved.

The Humane Society's boats anchored at various places in the Kewkeang reach, commanding Kewkeang and the whole water in the reach, as well on the Kewkeang as on the northern shore of the river. They were paid for and belonged entirely to the native merchants, and no pecuniary assistance was asked from the Government. On the devastation of the country, however, by the rebels, and on the taking of Kewkeang in the early part of 1853, these boats disappeared; they were probably taken possession of by the rebels, or abandoned by the proprietors, many of whom were ruined, and they have never again been resuscitated. The Chinese authorities took the matter into their own hands a few years ago, and employed one boat, which was increased to two last March. Their duties are identical with those the merchants possessed up to 1853, and they have the entire charge of the river mentioned above. The expenses of keeping these vessels are borne by the district magistrate out of the imperial funds.

Owing to the unfriendliness and 'suspicion' of the Chinese, Mr. Lay was unable to obtain more than the most meagre information as to the boats themselves, their capabilities of standing severe weather, or the apparatus used for saving drowning men. The following is all that can be learned. Each boat carries five men, a head man and four sailors; their wages are about 6500 cash and 4500 cash a month, equal to 1*l.* 12*s.* and 1*l.* 1*s.* Perquisites are given to the men; thus, for saving a life a sailor gets not less than 1000 cash, sometimes more, at the discretion of the magistrate, and (he is not quite sure) in this case not according to the wealth or position of the individual saved, but according to the amount of *risk undergone.* For every body recovered a payment of 1000 cash is made to the sailor bringing it in.

In the event of a gale, it is the duty of these boats to go into the centre of the stream, where they lie, unless used, till the gale abates, when they return to the shore. A man, not connected with the crew, then takes charge of the boat, the crew disappear, and nothing more is seen of them until the weather threatens again, or a capsize takes place. He had difficulty in getting at the actual instructions given to the head man of the boat as to the weather and circumstances in which he should act; as far as he could learn, his presence in heavy weather is left to

himself. He was told, 'If the weather is very bad the boat will not go out;' and to his reply, 'It is wrong to leave the matter to the option of the captain,' he received, 'Oh, but the boat always goes out;' and so on.

Mr. Lay has himself seen the boats out in rough weather, but not in the very heavy blows which occur here in the winter months, and which in this long reach raise a heavy sea, sometimes obliging foreign steamers to find a safe anchorage and smoother water on the opposite side of the river.

The Humane Societies' are like most Chinese boats; outside, just forward of the house, he was told, they use a slanting grating, on which the bodies of those immersed are placed for a time to assist in restoring animation. Beds and clothes are provided in the cabin; in the winter large fires are made; in fact, everything seems to be done for the comfort of the suffering. The apparatus used are long bamboos with large hooks at the end to catch the clothes of the drowning, and life-belts similar to ours, which are thrown overboard to all those capable of making use of them. The crew are supposed to swim, and in cases jump overboard to save life. The boats have orders not to save cargoes or effects, but only life.

The report from Hankow, October 5, 1869, by Consul Caine says: '*From the times of antiquity* the duty of providing Humane Society's boats for this district, within which lies the junction of the Yang-tze and Han rivers, has devolved upon the territorial authorities. Owing, however, to the futility of this as well as of almost every other attempt of the Imperial Government of late years to carry out any benevolent undertakings, in consequence of the impudent fraud and greed of the underpaid employés of the local authorities, whose sole idea in connection with these boats was to make use of them as instruments of extortion from the public and embezzlement of public money, at the same time utterly neglecting the important duty of saving human life, a number of influential gentry and merchants established a Humane Society, supported by voluntary contributions, in the year 1823. Inside the society's hall a stone monument records that the association was formed to save life, in consequence of the uselessness of the Government boats; also that a charter had been obtained from the authorities rendering them free from official control. It also is recorded that during the first seventeen years of its existence it saved 4132 lives and recovered and buried 6955 bodies from the river.

The boats used by the society are about thirty-five feet long by seven feet broad. They are flat bottomed, with square bows, very strongly built, and low sides, or comparatively little of the vessel above water. The mast is very short and thick. They resemble in shape the ordinary

Chinese boat, so frequently described, but are much broader in proportion to their length, and have a smaller house or cabin on deck than is usual with that class of vessel. They labour under the same disadvantage as all other native craft, in being unable to beat against a head wind from being flat bottomed. In former years they were well supplied with water-tight life-belts, made of bamboo, and covered with oil-paper and varnish. The boats seldom carry them now, the boatmen saying that every one can swim.

On the Yang-tze, each boat is manned by a coxswain and four men; on the Han by a coxswain and three men. When the stream runs exceptionally fast, ropes are laid down in the river near the banks, attached to buoys, by which boatmen may haul their boats past projecting rocks, and drowning persons may have wherewith to cling. During the winter, ginger broth, or a decoction made of ginger, is carried in each boat, to be given to persons rescued during the cold weather, as it is stated that more lives are lost during the year from cold and the exhaustion resulting from protracted immersion, than from simple drowning. To encourage the crews of these boats, 1500 cash, or about 6*s.* sterling, are given for every life saved under ordinary circumstances.

Formerly, owing to the exaggerated respect entertained for the dead by the Chinese, the rate for the recovery of dead bodies was higher than that for the living, but this was afterwards altered on account of a very general suspicion that the Society's employés *drowned* their subjects before taking them out of the water.

When rescued, the subjects are provided with a change of clothing as soon as they are brought to the society's house, when their names and addresses are entered in a register. Should they be insensible, the burnt ashes of a pod of the 'Tsaon Keŏ' (named by Dr. Hooker, of Kew, the *Gleditschia sinensis*) are put inside their nostrils, when, as the manager stated, they sneeze and immediately revive. In case of death, the friends are at once communicated with: the bodies of distressed poor and friendless strangers being buried in the society's cemeteries. In each of these the tomb is numbered to tally with the register, thirty-two pounds of quick-lime are placed inside each coffin, and allowance is also made of one pound weight of paper in imitation of copper cash, and of 100 paper-made imitations of silver ingots for their use in the world of spirits; fifteen feet of cloth are given for a shroud, and a gravestone also.

Certain gratuities are made on festival days to the society's men for any assistance they may have rendered to dismasted or otherwise distressed vessels. On the coming of the last day of the Chinese year (the day on which it is an imperative custom for everyone to settle his accounts) every Humane Society's boat must be cruising to protect people with money when crossing the river alone, to prevent their being

robbed and murdered by evil-minded boatmen. Should the suspicions of the society's men be in the least manner aroused, they must at once hail and beat the gong, in order that the other society's vessels may immediately come to their assistance, when in every case they will be rewarded with ten taels, or about 3*l.* sterling. During the above-mentioned evening, tubs full of turpentine are burnt on the river sides to give light to passengers.

Through the kindness of Lieutenant John Hext, R.N., commanding H.M. gunboat 'Firm,' the following professional description of the ordinary cruizer at Chinkiang is furnished, which is merely a reduced copy of the 'red' boat:

Dimensions of Junk.

	feet	in.
Length, extreme	44	0
„ between perpendiculars	28	0
Depth amidships	3	3
Breadth, extreme	10	4
„ at stern	7	0
„ at bow	4	10
„ abaft house	10	0
„ before house	9	6
Height of mainmast from deck to stream	45	0
„ „ to lower part of sail	3	9
„ foremast to stream	27	0
„ „ to lower part of sail	4	6
Length of mainyard	15	4
„ foreyard	7	0
„ the house	10	0
Rudder, depth	9	0
„ breadth	4	0
„ immersed	7	6
Lee boards, length	5	6
„ „ breadth	3	0
„ „ immersed	4	0
Draught of water, forward	0	9
„ „ aft	1	6
Length from bow to foremast	7	0
„ „ foremast to mainmast	10	0

These junks would be of no use in a heavy sea on a coast, though with plenty of sea room they might be safe boats. Their peculiarities are—

Slight draught of water, being perfectly flat bottomed, the rudder being fitted to trice up on going into shallow water. Great facility in turning, owing to the enormous size of the rudder in proportion to the vessel.

Great spread of sail, which is easily shortened or set.

They are carvel built, with very large timbers, but weighing very little. They are almost useless in a calm, as the only means of propul-

sion besides sail is a large scull. In a light breeze, with the wind at all free, very fast. Their crews, four to seven men. Their smartness in getting under weigh to go after a boat capsised is very remarkable everything set in about a minute.

The wood used in construction is a sort of teak—hard, heavy, red wood from the upper waters of the Yang-tze—for the part below the water line, and for the upper parts pine. No regular staff of carpenters is kept; workmen to repair and build boats are engaged from time to time as required, and are superintended by the board.

Should the body of a drowned person remain long under water where the river is deep, and the friends of the deceased wish to recover the corpse, recourse must be had to professional divers. These gentry accept the soubriquet of Sliue-Knei, or 'Water Devils,' and extraordinary tales of their devilry in the water are current, and seem to be believed.

The directions for restoring suspended animation are simple and easily carried in the memory: 'Strip off the wet clothing and sprinkle the body with a decoction of ginger; then wrap it in a cotton quilt. Do not in despair leave the body merely because it is unconscious; be particularly careful not to warm the body at a fire, else the cold humour will be driven inside.'

The lives saved, &c., at Chinkiang alone are as under :—

	Lives saved	Corpses recovered
During 1867	177	31
„ 1868	176	50
„ 1869 to end of seventh month .	121	20

A register of age, sex, clothing, personal appearance, and date of recovery of every corpse brought on shore is kept, and a coffin and grave, marked with the register number, are provided for each unclaimed body, at a cost of 700 cash (2*s*. 8*d*.) Note is kept of all enquiries after persons supposed to be drowned.

The following are the regulations by which the crew must guide themselves :—

I. Every person, alive or dead, that was on a capsized boat must be brought ashore. Enquiries, therefore, should be addressed to the survivors, and steps taken accordingly. The saving of life must be preferred to the saving of goods. Not an article must be touched before all the bodies are on board.

Any offender against this rule will be sent to the authorities for severe punishment.

II. If a boat is floating bottom upwards, immediate care must be taken to discover and extricate any persons who may have been under her decks when she went over, and the boat and bodies should be taken straightway to the nearest shore.

III. Leave will not be granted to any of the crew to go on shore except under urgent circumstances, and then not unless each man finds a substitute.

IV. Where a man has been rescued alive from the water, let him take off his wet clothes, and put on dry ones supplied by the office, and give him a bowl of ginger decoction to drink, dry his clothes and return them to him, receiving back the office clothes. The board will grant poor persons such amount of money as will take them home again.

V. The dead must not be searched or stripped. The board will take charge of all letters or parcels found, register them, and expose a list thereof at the office.

VI. As it is of great importance to encourage all to assist in saving life, non-employés will be rewarded at the same rate as employés. Employés shall not, for the sake of the reward, wrangle or quarrel with others who may assert a claim, lest the lives of those in the water be lost. Any case of quarrelling of this sort will be sent to the magistrate to be severely dealt with.

VII. Conspiracy between expert swimmers and the employés to share the reward for saving life, to be earned by the former purposely falling into the water in order to get rescued, will be severely dealt with.

The Nanking Humane Society is not supported by any subscription from a tax board, but relies wholly on subscriptions and the revenue from its property. The property is, as might be expected, in a very poor state after the rebel occupation, and much land belonging to it still lies unidentified from the universal obliteration of landmarks and boundary stones.

The revenue being wholly private and unofficial, the ruling powers exercise no control over the choice of the office bearers, save to give a formal sanction to the choice when made. The officers are chosen by the votes of the subscribers. The fleet consists of three large 'red' boats, crew seven men each, and two smaller ones, crew five men each.

Oxford Chit-Chat.

'Acqua di Maggio, pane per tutto l'anno' may, no doubt, be very true, but it hardly tends to assist one's pleasure, either at the 'Eights,' or on Cowley marshes.

Conceive, for a moment, the insanity of attempting to get up a little enthusiasm at either the above, when the drippings of your neighbour's umbrella are making struggling efforts to get at the small of your back.

Never, I should imagine, has Oxford had such uninterruptedly unfortunate weather for those who come to see the races. It has been a compound of March winds and April showers, with a dash of thunder to enliven the scene.

I can merely say that Pembroke is at the head of the river, Balliol is second, and B. N. C. is third—a position she obtained more by strength than style.

I am not in favour of early rising—I think it a mistake, and this feeling grows upon me when I remember that Milton wrote his grand 'Address to the Sun' over the midnight oil—no doubt a tallow-candle. I was induced, at the solicitation of a very dear friend, to indulge in what I consider nothing less than a fit of midnight ecstacy, or, in other words, to watch the "sun rise" among some Westmoreland hills. The sun was very grand, and very punctual; but I confess, with regard to the early rising, that I have not been the same man since. And yet, in spite of this fearful lesson, I was enthusiastic enough to rise on May morning at something like 4 a.m., and to further rise to the top of Magdalen House, in order to hear the choristers of the ancient college warble the eucharistic hymn. It really was a treat. The very fact of the custom dating back to 1501 was quite sufficient to excite a little interest in the most drowsy breast. In that year the 'most Christian king, Henry VII.' gave to Magdalen College the advowsons of the churches of Slymbridge, in Gloucestershire, and Lyndon, in Sussex, together with one acre of land in each parish. In gratitude for this benefaction, the college has been

accustomed, during the lifetime of the royal benefactor, to celebrate a service in honour of the Holy Trinity, with the collect still used on Trinity Sunday, and one of the prayers taken from the Communion office.

The commemoration service ordered in the time of Queen Elizabeth is still performed on the 1st of May, when is sung in the college tower a Latin hymn, having reference, no doubt, to the original service.

As I have said, I was there, and enjoyed it much, in spite of the cock-crowing period at which it took place.

Theodore Hook once offered, as an apology for not attending morning chapel, the fact that it was too late for him to sit up. He could manage a seven o'clock service, but to sit up till eight in the morning was really too much to expect. As the singing takes place at five in the morning, I think I shall next time sit up till then.

'The press, sir, is a mighty engine,' said Pitt; 'Mr. Pickwick yielded his fullest assent to the proposition.'

The press must be a mighty engine, for in Oxford it seems clamorously demanded of you that you shall buy a paper. Not only are you waylaid daily by some half-dozen street arabs, with shouts of '*Echo*, 2nd edition, two a penny!' but at the end of the week you are forcibly reminded that there ore such mighty engines for information as the *Chronicle*, *Journal*, and *Oxford Times*. The publishing day of each is Friday, and the interest that the travelling vendors of these exhibit is really amusing. Now, however, there's another paper in the field. The *Oxford Guardian*, which has made its 'bow to the public,' and has come forward to supply some great want of the age. But this has been too much for the *Times* (Oxford). They, too, have brought out a mid-weekly paper, and have candidly confessed that they, with others, were 'startled out of their ordinary quiescence by the unexpected announcement from an unsuccessful journalist, that 'it has been determined to bring out a new Oxford paper, which shall be thoroughly independent, and the organ of no political party.' The *Oxford Times* is equal to the occasion, and assures this presumptuous imitator of their successful *Times*, that they, and they alone, can supply the want; and further, they declare war *à outrance*, by letting the world know that their edition will be ready for the breakfast-table every Wednesday morning.

What is the commemoration to be like? Is the Sheldonian Theatre to be used, and are 'the masses,' or, rather, 'them asses' of undergraduates to repeat the disgusting exhibition of last year? If the man with the red tie (who, in other respects, appears to be a respectable graduate of the University) carries out his threat of again shaking this red flag in the face of the Undergraduate we may expect the Sheldonian to resume its character of a noisy pot-house; and yet those in authority seem help-

less. Surely, some means might be adopted, by which only those who care to conduct themselves as gentlemen shall be admitted, or by which a few M.A.'s might be scattered in the gallery to preserve order.

The present proctors are already highly popular, and need fear nothing on the 12th. 'Apropos,' of some unfortunate whose experiences of a proctor may not have been pleasant, sings, in the 'Undergraduates' Journal:'

'I know a man, he's fair to see,—
Take care!
He can both hard and gentle be,
Beware!
Avoid him, he is seeking thee.
His bulldogs follow close around,—
Take care!
In any place he may be found,
Beware!
Avoid him, he is seeking thee.'

The festivities announced during the commemoration are promising. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby will give dramatic recitals on June the 8th. The 'Philharmonic Society' will perform 'Acis and Galatea' in the Sheldonian Theatre on the Monday, and a grand ball will be given by the Apollo Lodge of Freemasons the same evening. On the Tuesday the Oxfordshire Horticultural Society will hold their show in the gardens of St. John's College, and on the day of the Eucœnia the Freemasons propose giving an outdoor musical fête in New College Gardens.

Just let me say one word of each Musical Society of which Oxford may proudly boast. The 'Choral' lays claim to being the mother of them all, and with it Dr. Stainer, the able and lately-appointed organist of St. Paul's, was long identified, assisting much by his ready help to bring it to its present state of efficiency. The second professes to be 'more select,' and to consist of the more refined porcelain clay of humanity. Of the Choral Society it would be impossible to speak in too high terms, for the great treat which they lately gave the townspeople in their admirable performance of 'Athalie' and 'Stabat Mater.' The first of these works had never before been presented to an Oxford audience, and on this account was eagerly looked forward to. The sacred drama of 'Athalie'—esteemed the finest production of Racine—exhibits, as Schlegel observes, the great poet in his whole strength for the last time before taking leave of poetry and the world. 'Stabat Mater,' which has not been performed in Oxford since 1858, has nothing in common with the former, each representing a distinct idea of what sacred music should be. The one, however, was written by a German and a Lutheran; the other by an Italian and a Roman Catholic. Both of these, as I have said, were

admirably rendered by this society to one of the largest audiences ever seen within the walls of the Corn Exchange.

Is Oxford to be a military centre? The old women of the University have been wonderfully active of late in their opposition to Mr. Cardwell's suggestion. When we remember that these said old women petitioned against the main line running through Oxford, and afterwards agitated in favour of a branch being carried on to it at Didcot, we need not be surprised at anything they may do. Amongst the many arguments brought forward against the scheme, perhaps, that is not the least remarkable which says that the young officers who may be quartered in the neighbourhood, and whose time should be given to instruction and drill, would be corrupted by the influence of the members of the University!

SHELLEY'S METAPHYSICS.

ADVANCED criticism has long ignored the traditional opposition between philosophy and poetry. In their mutual relations they would rather seem like two mathematical lines that tend to meet the further they are produced. It would be needless to quote the names of metaphysicians, ancient and modern, to illustrate this natural affinity that the highest efforts of philosophy bear towards poetry; while, on the other hand, every reader knows how often poets, at least the greatest poets, seem to combine the results without undergoing the labours of philosophers.

Indeed, when once, in its thirst for unity, in its strivings to attain the unattainable, the mind has sacrificed exactness for width of view, speciality for generality, it is forced to confess that the methods by which it can test truth are in no way proportionate to its desire to obtain it. As it leaves the terra firma of the sensible, so, too, does it lose the certainty of its footing. It may indeed attempt to rise on the winged words of revealed religions; but necessarily limited in extent, such flights stimulate rather than satisfy the active mind.

In default of observed facts, recourse is made to extended inferences of reason—acute deductions, subtle analogies—methods the results of which possess little influence over any but the particular schools that employ them. Far more popular has been the appeal to the multitudinous forms of supernatural illumination, a method peculiarly adapted to meet the requirements of the vulgar. Akin to the latter method, though free from the hackneyed character it so often exhibits, is what is commonly called poetical inspiration, drawing its knowledge not, as in the former case, from communion with God, but (at least with the majority of poets) from intercourse with man and nature. Where certainty and proof lie so far beyond the limits of the understanding, the love of beauty, half feeling and half thought, may prove no unsafe guide to the springs of truth. The appeal to the heart may be advantageously combined with the dialectic of the reason. The poet may

strike to the centre, though he may not exactly know how; while the sympathy subsisting between him and his readers establishes a conviction that might never be obtained by the colder methods of exact logic. In some spheres of knowledge this is a commonplace: a deeper insight into human character is to be gathered from the synthesis of Shakspeare than from all the analyses of psychologists; and surely this must be at least as true of the vaster and far more insoluble problems that beset our conceptions of life, destiny, and nature.

It is the aim of the present article to analyse Shelley's philosophy as exhibited in his poetry, and further to point out the natural connection that exists between his philosophy of nature and his philosophy of man; in other words, to show how his metaphysical conceptions of man and nature lead to his revolutionary doctrines as regards man and society.

A comparison of 'Queen Mab,' the work of Shelley's boyhood, with any of the productions of his early manhood, suffices to show the formation of his philosophical views. It would be tedious to quote passages from the somewhat inconsistent poem above mentioned; but we may briefly state that we find in it the promises without the conclusions of materialism. Led to the latter doctrine by the tendencies of his time, his own nature, perhaps influenced by an unaffected admiration for Plato, revolted at the consequences of such a philosophy; for the future his poems breathe a spirit of idealism—their philosophical principle is Pantheistic. But Shelley's Pantheism is not that materialistic Pantheism (better called Panteosmism) in which matter and motion are the veritable realities, and of which mind is a perishable function; grand as is the poetry that Lucretius has raised on such a materialistic basis, the idealism of Shelley affords deeper foundations and a fairer fabric. Shelley's Pantheism is rather analagous to that of Spinoza, recognizing an Absolute Substance as the condition of all finite existences, which by its own necessity manifests its infinite reality in the multitude of its passing individualisations.

What then is 'Nature' in Shelley's poetry? Is it not, according to the scientific ideal, an environment in which man grows and lives in common with the beasts of the field, and the sum of his relations with which is comprised in modification of its phenomena for the amelioration of his own condition? Still less is it, according to the theological ideal, a marvellous dwelling-place in which to admire the handiwork of God, and so to praise Him for the wonders that he doeth towards the children of men. Shelley believes only in the existence of absolute spirit, which, impersonal and universal, he recognises as the one reality no less in nature than in man. The opposition between mind and matter is thus apparent, not real. Both are alike ripples emanating from the one

eternal power which as one substance permeates the whole of things, and of which all individual objects are concrete manifestations. But the mind of man, itself 'a portion of the eternal,' stands in a relation of positive self-assertion to this Universal. The religion of the Brahim or the Buddhist, in which the consciousness of the individual is lost in proportion as it rises to the recognition of the infinite essence—this negation of humanity involved in the assimilation with the divine—is quite opposed to the spirit of the philosophy we are considering. On the contrary, the sensuous is not disregarded, but under the free power of spirit becomes regenerated, by becoming the expression of the spiritual. Nature is only inert matter to the inert mind. The poet idealises the sensuous into beautiful forms. And Shelley's poetry of Nature consists of descriptions of such beautiful forms, which serve, like the objects of the Platonic Eros, to unveil the spiritual truth that underlies the sensible phenomena.

The following passages may serve to illustrate the conception from different points of view.

Describing the effects of the contemplation of sunrise from the Euganean Hills, he writes: (The noon—the leaves—the vines—the Apennines—)

> And my spirit, which so long
> Darkened this swift stream of song,
> Interpenetrated lie
> By the glory of the sky,
> Be it love-light harmony,
> Odour, or the soul of all,
> Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
> Or the mind which feeds this verse
> Peopling the lone universe.

These lines describe the action and reaction going on between Man and Nature, the appreciation of the true beauty of which depends on the perception of the ideal without by the ideal within—the mind that perceives and the beauty perceived finding a point of unity in their mutual absorption under the Universal. This absorption, however, is a conscious act on the part of the mind perceiving, and ends not in a suicidal self-negation, but in a richer and truer realisation of spiritual life. The last two lines of the passage we have quoted might, it is true, suggest the hypothesis that the without is the absolute creation of the individual spirit; but those that precede, as well as a host of other passages, might be quoted to prove that such was not Shelley's usual conception. Mind makes Nature only in the sense of recognising the spiritual therein by kinship thereto. Nature is one manifesta-

tion of the eternal substance, just as mind is another. Consider the following passage:—

> Yet like a buried lamp, a soul no less
> Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
> An *atom of the Eternal*, whose own smile
> Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen,
> O'er the grey rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
> Filling their bare and void interstices.

An analogous expression to this is in the 'Adonais' applied to the mind of man. The spiritual life is itself 'a portion of the eternal,' and cannot die. The following passage from this poem will show the conception formed of death by this philosophy:—

> The one remains, the many change and pass,
> Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly,
> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

These lines are instinct with the very spirit of the Eleatics. The worthlessness of the phenomenal as such, the reality of the universal, appear in more striking contrasts by the solemnity of death's approach. It would be difficult on the evidence before us to decide what were Shelley's views touching immortality. None would grant more to personality in life—does he admit none in death? Shelley was one of the last to have dogmatised on such a question. In the conception of a future world, in the construction of myths and νεκυίαι, owing to the nature of the subject, great imaginations have always been prone to allow themselves the fullest liberty, and to take but little account of apparent self-contradictions. Shelley forms no exception to this rule. A fanciful νεκυία, begins and ends the 'Revolt of Islam.' In the poem itself speculations on the part of the characters seem to recognise only a Comtist immortality by memory.

> The grave . . . I fear 'tis passionless,
> . . . . . we meet again
> Within the minds of men whose life shall bless
> Our memory.

On the other hand, the views in the 'Adonais' are far more in accordance with Shelley's philosophical principles. 'Death is dead,' not Keats—

> He is made one with Nature . . .
> He is a presence to be felt and known,
> Spreading itself where'er that power may move
> Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
> Which wields the world with never wearied love,
> Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above.

The resemblance this passage bears to the Christian theology is only a superficial one. It really describes the return of the human soul to the Universal, of which it is but a temporary individualisation. And this absorption seems only consistent with an impersonal immortality—the more so as the universal thought is regarded abstractedly in relation to its manifestations as necessity devoid of mere human feelings and intentions, which the self-confidence of man ascribes by analogy to his gods.

But the poetry of Pantheism, though, as we have seen, it can rob the grave of its terrors, is most adapted to picturing the ideal in natural life, in living nature. Its proper sphere is the sensuous in nature and man; but not the sensuous as such. Art in the service of the mere animal nature stands self-condemned. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' but art degraded to the level of sensuality is as transient as the passions on which it rests. The true poet, passing by on the other side like the fury he describes, though with different motives ('Prom. Unbound,' Act I.),

> Leave (s) the self-contempt implanted
> In young spirits sense-enchanted,
> Misery's yet unkindled fuel.

Shelley deifies only where he recognises the spiritual. Under the magic spell of his poetry, as by the wand of an enchanter, the sensuous is transformed, and becomes the glorified garb of the spirit within,

> And in the soul an odour wild is felt
> Beyond the sense.

Thus not only is passion purified, but the worship of nature becomes the worship of the spirit it embodies. For illustration of the first of these transformations we can only refer to the scene between the lovers in Canto VI. of the 'Revolt of Islam;' to the scene of the vision in 'Alastor;' and, perhaps the most beautiful of all, to the description of the Lady Emilia in 'Epipsychidion.'

Of the second, the hymn to Asia, or Nature glorified by the approaching victory of man (that occurs in the 'Prometheus Unbound'), is one of the best known, as it is one of the most beautiful representations. We quote the first stanza:—

> Life of life, thy lips enkindle
> With their love the breath between them,
> And thy smiles before they dwindle
> Make the cold air fire, then screen them
> In those looks, where whoso gazes
> Faints entangled in their mazes.

These are not thoughts naturally suggested by the contemplation of an autumn sunset or a summer sunrise. Perhaps such a description could only be written under a southern sky. Yet the richness of the language does not do more than set off the truth of the idea. This is that Nature for which, as 'queen and goddess of mortals,' Bruno and Varini perished at the stake, and of which, were an impersonal representation possible, we might, perhaps, obtain a vague conception from the warmest of Turner's landscapes.

Such then is the solution which Shelley affords of some of the great problems of existence—the nature of man, his place in the world, and future destiny. Spirit is the universal essence underlying all phenomena. Man participates in it as a portion of it, and by virtue of this participation recognises it again in Nature, in which the divine is reflected in forms of sensuous beauty. This absolute mysticism is what is peculiar in Shelley's poetry of Nature. We may assign to general causes the universal admiration for Nature that is shared in common by all the modern romantic school. But this only renders it the more interesting to distinguish the individuality that each member of that great cluster of poets stamped upon his work. How different, for instance, does Nature appear in Scott, Wordsworth, and Shelley? Scott gives us the picturesque in Nature—his descriptions are equally varied and vivid; but, after all, they are little more than descriptions—they are wanting in that deeper and indescribable something which we find in the two other poets, and the place of which is not thoroughly supplied by simply connecting the descriptive scenes with trains of moral sentiment. Wordsworth, on the other hand, represents Nature with a truly ideal touch; he finds more in it than is given to direct observation. But Shelley's communion with Nature is a rapt enthusiasm, an intoxication of passion; the attitude of Wordsworth is rather one of calm reflection, of keen insight. If Wordsworth individualises the scenes he describes, Shelley universalises them. The one finds a separate voice in separate things, the other one voice under many shapes—each feature of Nature, with all the richness and variety with which he clothes it, is still to him but as 'one atom of the Eternal.' With this is connected a further difference, deeply affecting the life and opinions of the two poets: the one turns to Nature to find relief from the disappointments and miseries arising from the death-struggles of tottering social systems, and the unbridled license of revolutionists; the other turns from Nature to Man, eager to find in the social world that same spiritual beauty that he has already evolved in the world of Nature, and prepared to accept every destructive agency which, by the overthrow of the past, may lead to the realisation of his ideal. This is the point of connection which we

mentioned above as existing between what we have called Shelley's Metaphysics and his revolutionary theories. It would be an interesting question to estimate the moral influence of the love of Nature so universally felt, or at least so universally affected, by cultivated classes in the present century. The charming, and, to say the least of it, socially-inclined, Phillina, in Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' expresses the opinion that with an increased admiration for Nature a proportionate decrease in human sympathies takes place. And without doubt this danger is peculiarly incidental to mysticism, whether it has Nature or God for its object. But Shelley's preface to the 'Alastor' alone would be sufficient to show that any such charge would be inapplicable in his case. We shall see, rather, that after communion with Nature he returns thrice armed with 'passion-winged ministers of thought' to slay the 'hydra brood' of custom. The 'Alastor,' written in 1815, depicts the fate of the genius divorced from all human sympathies. In the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty' and in 'Mont Blanc,' both written in the succeeding year, we see how Nature herself leads her true worshipper back to the world of man. The following passage illustrates the point of transition, being an address of the poet to Mont Blanc :—

> Thou hast a voice, great mountain, to repeal
> Large codes of fraud and woe : not understood
> By all, but which the wise and great and good
> Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

Similarly Laone (in Canto I. of the 'Revolt of Islam') is supported in hope and despair by the Spirit of Nature :—

> The spirit whom I loved in solitude
> Sustained his child ; the tempest-shaken wood,
> The waves, the fountain, and the hush of night—
> These were his voice.

Nature and Man, we must remember, in Shelley's philosophy, are as the two poles of the Universal; between them lies a distinction rather than a difference. Man's admiration for Nature exists in so far as he finds the universal in it—that is (for he must evolve it in the shape of beauty, love, and out of his own consciousness), in so far as he realises what is greatest and best in himself externally therein. But the return thence to the existing world places him in a necessary antagonism with the social institutions he finds there. In a whole universe of harmony and love he sees that only Man is vile. Thus communion with Nature gives rise to a shock—a mental awakening—a sudden conversion—a

hatred of the system that fosters such moral hideousness—a desire to reform all things by the light of Nature. Thus, so far from alienating man from society, it becomes in a way the condition of enlightened human sympathy. And as man regarded Nature, so must deified Nature regard man, as its object. The poet occupies a position above them both—each to him represents but a part of the same whole. And hence the essential communion between the two in Shelley's poetry. Nature suffers when man suffers; Nature rejoices with the rejoicings of man. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, Laone again ('Revolt of Islam,' Canto I.)

> To the clouds and waves in tameless gladness
> Shrieked, till they caught immeasurable mirth
> And laughed in light and music.

The whole of the 'Prometheus Unbound' presents us with developments of this idea, viz., the joy that Nature feels at the regeneration of mankind. The same fact may perhaps account for a peculiar kind of imagery frequently used by Shelley, who is often as fond of illustrating the processes of Nature by similes derived from human thoughts and feelings as he is of the usual illustrations of the latter by means of metaphors drawn from the former. Here is an instance of this inversion of the image combined (in the two concluding lines) with the ordinary species of metaphor :—

> Thou dost wake, oh Spring,
> Oh child of many winds! as suddenly
> Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
> That now is sad because it hath been sweet,
> Like genius, or like joy, which riseth up
> As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
> The desert of our life.

We are now in a position to see the relation in which Shelley necessarily stood to the revolutionary ideas of this day. Shelley would have reconstructed society by the light of Nature. But Nature had also been the watchword of Rousseau and the revolutionary school. Hence Shelley naturally adopted their extremest views, and the majority of his poems are elaborate pleadings or passionate attacks against the different institutions of society. Thus the 'Revolt of Islam' is an assertion of the rights of the many against the tyranny of kings, priests, and soldiers. 'Helen and Rosalind' affords a picture of the miseries that arise from the institution of marriage and the cruelties recognised by law. But we are not here concerned so much with the particular writings as with the general theories of Shelley. We have seen the motives that urge the poet to preach his new creed, and hinted the characteristics that

are to mark the regeneration it is to introduce. But how are the ideas of the Visionary to reach the heart of the multitude? How is society, so lately enthralled by fear and faith, to be recast in a day? The answer is—by wishing it. Shelley had the firmest faith in his ideal.

> We might be otherwise, we might be all
> We dream of, happy, high, majestical;
> Where is the beauty, love, or truth we seek;
> But in our minds?

He never seems to have recognized how little mere preaching can do against prejudice. The history of Europe has proved that among the Western nations it is only by the gradual and indirect action of the extension of knowledge that customs and creeds can be successfully attacked. Fiery conversions by enthusiasm are peculiar to the Eastern disposition. It was a psychological error not to have recognised this fundamental difference of character and the consequent diminution of the influence of the prophet in the Western world. Yet the fact that Shelley laid the scene of his revolutionary epic in the East will justify dramatically the extravagances of the story, though at the same time it must limit the applicability of the tenor. To those who are disposed to find in Comte's generalisation the true key to the interpretation of history, Shelley must seem the very incarnation of the metyphysical spirit. An Universal Substance they would regard as the philosopher's Fetish: while undoubtedly the law of Nature is, as Mr. Mill describes it, only the imaginary law of an imaginary being. But, on the other hand, we would mention that Shelley only recognises *substance in its activity* as the law of the universe—a law that under the symbols of 'harmony,' 'love,' &c., is as real to him as any exact generalisation of science: nor is a poet ever bound by the tether of observation, inasmuch as he professedly transcends facts by feelings. All poetry—even the art that Positivism is to introduce—must in this sense be metaphysical. In the second place, however impossible the revolutionary ideal of liberty and equality, it is at least to the full as practicable as a forced union under a compulsory creed, well described as 'Catholicism *minus* Christianity.' Though the theological and metaphysical schools (the contest between which is symbolised in Shelley by that between the Eagle and Serpent in Canto I. of the 'Revolt of Islam') were never destined to be united in a restored harmony, still it is certain that such an issue can never result from the advent of a Positive *régime*. But, whatever we may think of the falseness of Shelley's ideal or of the irrationality of his means, these have nothing to do with our estimation of his poetical genius. Impartial criticism will confess that deficiences of logic are not perhaps unaccompanied by a higher

development of feeling; that there are cases in which a page of passion is worth a volume of reason.

Space will only permit us to make a few remarks on other characteristics of Shelley. He is essentially a lyrical poet. The dramatic element in several of his poems is merely formal; but in the 'Cenci' he has shown that he can throw off his own feelings and emotions and paint individual character from without, as well as give expression from within to the typical character of oppressed humanity asserting itself against tyranny—the character which figures in so many of his poems. It is by his shorter lyrics that Shelley is principally known. The key-note of these is generally one of profound sadness, and is exactly characterized by his own words:—

> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Their depth of sentiment, their subtlety of thought, their exquisite finish of language, entitle them to rank among the highest efforts of this species of poetry. Viewed on his metaphysical side, there is no poet who raises us more into the dreamland of philosophy. Yet he affects no dogmatism; if he persuades, it is without didactic effort. Exactness, sometimes consistency, are sacrificed for variety of view, for depth of feeling. Whether as a 'light,' a 'beauty,' a 'sustaining love,' or veiled in ten simple images, his language makes us feel rather than conceive that ideal universality and unity which (to apply his own language)

> Like a star,
> Beacons from the above, where the eternal are.

For is it possible that, with truth, and love, and liberty for the watchwords of his song, so vast a genius can have wholly missed the mark. The extreme nature of his views is due to their reactionary character. He was a hater of kings—yes: but previous to the revolution in France, and during the Castlereagh Administration in England, there was a real connection between royalty and tyranny on the one hand, and passive obedience and extreme misery on the other. He was a hater of all forms of religion, and especially of Christianity—yes: but his attacks, like those of Voltaire, were directed against hierarchical intolerance and the abuse of faith, in days when hypocrisy and priestcraft stood hand-in-hand for the defence of tyranny, when belief in God implied the superstitious enforcement of blind submission to man. The essence of Christianity lies in its ideal of character. And on this point Shelley's poetry will bear comparison with the works of the purest of Christian writers. As we have hinted above, we must distinguish between his ideals and the means by which he imagines they can be achieved. As

regards the former, we venture to assert that he is a poet who belongs to the present more than to the past, and who will belong to the future more than to the present. It will be for posterity to see whether the fittest epitaph to his memory may not be found in his own lines :—

A poet hidden
  In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
  Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

A. CORDERY.

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

THE

DARK BLUE

JULY, 1872

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JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION V.

BARON TORRIANO and Israel returned to the same room within a few minutes; Israel's face shone like that of the first man when he beheld the first woman, an undefinable grace, beauty, and manliness hovered over it; he seemed to stand more erect, and his eyes' lustre gleamed with almost supernatural brightness. In Israel had been stirred that mightiest and divinest feeling—the love of the other sex! That smile of recognition had told him one human heart can beat for another with a holy longing, culminating in a chaste embrace; that a heart can be given and taken; that a soul can cling to a soul; that this unison can create a happy desire to be but part of that other, to see, feel, strive, and live with that other in the sacred combination nature has designed for us. Poor Israel knew nothing of the degraded use we make of nature's most precious feelings; what he had seen in Paris had not troubled him, for his heart had not responded,' however great the temptation; now it was otherwise—he would have overcome the obstacles of a Hercules to reach that one heart—for reach it he *must!*

The visitors started when they saw Israel; he could not but create the impression that he was one of the handsomest men you could behold, and possessed of such unbounded active wealth that he became almost a semi-god.

His Royal Highness spoke a few kindly sentences, 'hoped to receive Mons. Torriano, would give him admission anywhere, and trusted that

he would make a long stay, perhaps settle in England, the best country in the world for using capital such as Mons. Torriano's.' His Royal Highness departed. His Grace had been in altercation with the Lord Mayor on some political question; they were both strong Conservatives, but clashed continually; with the one Conservatism meant power, with the other money. Both addressed Israel, anxious he should come to His Grace's palace and to the Mansion House. Israel smiled.

'And if I accept your invitation, gentlemen, you will have a sorry guest, for I am very eccentric, and ran counter to all social usage in Paris.'

Israel spoke his English like a foreigner, to whom the language had been bequeathed in early infancy. It was as a little child his mother had taught it him, and intercourse with an old English clerk in the counting-house at Jerusalem had kept up the knowledge of it.

His Grace's aristocratic politeness, and the blunter courtesy of the City man, however, assured Israel that he would be a welcome guest anyhow, and that English people always respected other folk's eccentricities, possessing such a goodly share of their own. Both went, and there was left that venerable man, whose kindly eye told of a large heart within, whose whole life had been passed in sympathy with others, who had never refused help when asked for it, and who had given dignity to a faith which many moderners ridiculed, because they misunderstood the grand old bearings of its influence on mankind, and never had comprehended that, shorn of all outer superfluous garments of ceremony, Judaism stood out in the world's history as the great champion of individuality and all the virtues it implanted in man and woman,—naturally also showing the vices it occasioned when carried too far.

'Israel Torriano,' said the old man, 'I saw thee in Palestine when thou wert a stripling; dost remember me?' Sir Moses looked low down into Israel's eyes.

Israel returned the glance, and as if some sharp instrument had touched him, he started and said:

'Oh yes, now I know, you were angry with me!'

'Dost remember why?'

'Because I despised money-making, and had my own ideas on the Nazarene's philosophy even then.'

'Even then; and art thou not cured? I did not call it money-making, I called it *work*, and thou never wouldst work, Israel, like thy father; as for the other, that philosophy kills our faith and our race.'

'No, Sir Moses, never; rightly understood, it supplements it and purifies it. Men are now looking for new directions; men are fools; humanity can only progress on the old principles it has started, but then they must remain principles, not become combinations of churches or cliques.'

'What dost mean, Israel?'

'That, as I understand it, Judaism did give separate dignity to the individual, much higher than any other ancient nation, and that the Nazarene's philosophy, rightly comprehended, modified this individualism, by teaching us the value of our neighbour, or socialism in a higher sense.'

'I do not know what thou meanest, Israel; I believe I am too old for all this now; I shall remain Jew, and die in the faith of my father.'

'Do you think, Sir Moses, I shall recant? oh, no, you do not understand the baptism of the spirit; I feel I have had that, I need no more. I shall live and die a Jew.'

'Israel, really,' and the old man took excitedly the young man's hands, 'tell me so, tell me, I shall never see thee stand there and forswear your father's, my best friend's, religion?'

'Never, Sir Moses; why should I, there is no need. The inner man must conceive truth, not the outer man proclaim it by ceremonies. I am what I am, and *I* believe I understand Jesus of Nazareth better than many so-called Christians, who profess to be his followers by right.'

Tears rolled down the old man's furrowed cheeks.

'Israel, Israel, thou art the same fanciful stripling I knew years ago. Thou makest me weep, for I do not know what to do with thee; promise me one thing, thou wilt never be baptized?'

'Never, Sir Moser, never; why should I?'

'For no one, Israel, for no Christian woman; for thy temptations here will be great.'

Israel started again, thought for a moment, raised himself up, and said with fiery eye and proud bearing:

'Never, for no one.'

'I am satisfied, Israel; come and see thy old friend; Torriano there knows where I live. Thou wilt be welcome in my home.'

He too went, and the cousins were left alone.

'Now, Mr. Israel, this was dreadful; here are my horses prancing, while you and Sir Moses went off in ecstacies about things of no consideration whatever. Who would be such a fool to turn Christian, when he is better off as a Jew. There, do leave off philosophising. I believe under all this philosophical unrest, you are a very good sensible fellow. If I do not carry you away now, we shall have another swarm of visitors. Come, quick, I have to show you much.'

Israel and his cousin passed through London, looked at some of the principal points of interest in a hasty way, and drove to the City. Baron Torriano was anxious Israel should see the place where such vast money transactions were carried on. Here Israel was introduced, at the Baron's office, to some of the first money notabilities of the day. It

astounded him not a little to hear such fabulous sums mentioned, all the quarters of the globe spoken of as if they were next door, and see himself addressed as one surely acquainted with every bourse transaction in Europe. He turned away, listless and fatigued, beginning almost to hate the very name of money. The Baron's friends and business relations shrugged their shoulders, and looked upon Israel as a lunatic, a man who disgraced the famous name he bore.

'I see you are tired, cousin;' said the astute Baron. 'Come now, we'll shorten business to-day, and I will return home with you early. You shall come with me to the park.'

'I should like to walk through a few of your streets: really this driving will not suit me, I like to see life as it is, not as it seems.'

'Come along. Good morning, gentlemen; hope to see you at dinner to-night, Baron Teller; and you, cousin Francis; and you, brother.'

The brother-in-law smiled.

'Clever fellow, Baron Torriano,' he said; 'but he'll not hook that fish. He means to speculate with Israel's money, and I say he won't.'

'Don't think so either,' chimed in Baron Teller; 'don't like the fellow; hate peculiar notions and that sort of thing; upon my word, I believe the man despises us, because we like to earn our daily bread.'

'And a little butter on it; eh, Teller? Think of that Turkish stock affair, last week. I say you did me;' responded Torriano's brother-in-law.

'Well, you had your eyes open, hadn't you?

Baron Torriano and Israel had gone out near the Exchange; suddenly Israel took old of the Baron's arm, and said sternly:

'Cousin, what is this? Look at those children, ragged and dirty. What? Do you here in England bring up thieves and beggars by trade? Surely this is impossible, why, you load yourself with criminals. I did see abroad poverty and misery, but somehow, the children never struck me such as these. Let us speak to the little fellows; poor children —no shoes, ragged and torn clothes, knees out, hair matted, sickly coloured faces. God help me, Torriano, this is frightful, when I have just listened to such transactions as you all have been carrying on. I don't understand it. What does it mean? Are these English laws?'

'We don't make laws about such things; it is the natural course of affairs in the world. You must have lunatics and paupers in a state.'

'I say you mustn't have children actually driven into vice. Go on, dainty man; I *will* speak to these poor boys.'

Israel could really do nothing without attracting attention, such an undefinable charm was about him: and when he bent down to

the urchins, whose eyes glistened at such a fine gentleman speaking to them, there came around him flower girls and porters, street sellers, newspaper and telegraph boys, tradesmen's lads with their parcels, busy clerks hurrying to and fro from their counting-houses; even stately city merchants stood still, while Baron Torriano quickly escaped this incongruous throng.

'Well, boys, why are you here in this state; have you no father or mother?'

'Please, sir, we be brothers; mother's dead this two years, and father gets drunk.'

'Does he not look after you, or does not some one take you to school?'

'Oh, father got enough to do with hisself; we are orphans like, and must shift as well as we can.'

'What do you mean?'

'We pick up what we can; do go sometimes to the ragged school, but then he do whop us so; can't stand it.'

Loud laughter from the bystanders. Israel could not quite comprehend all this.

'You tell me, boys, that you are allowed to grow up in this fashion; why, it would be training you to thieves.'

'P'rhaps, don't know what we mightn't come to. Who *should* care for us; it's nobody's business, sir—got a copper?'

'You young rascals, you can ask for money.'

'Well, sir, what d'ye 'spect from street vagabons?' said one, sagaciously; 'we isn't taught better.'

'Why don't you go to school?'

'Got none, only the ragged one, and that ben't smart, like; we goes sometimes.'

Israel turned to a bystander.

'Is it true that you allow one single child to run wild in England, like this?'

'Law, sir, they's used to it; it does them good.'

'Then, I say you are an unchristian nation. Jesus said, "Let the little ones come unto me," and here you allow the germs of the future generation to grow up like wild beasts?' This was spoken to those around him with thundering accents.

A loud 'Haw! haw!' followed the speech. The police now came up and some of the crowd went.

'Oh, it's only a missionary; Lord bless you, there's plenty of them about. I thought he was a swell and would give the boys a sov. It's no use preaching, you must be doin' something for them.'

'Come along, boys,' said Israel, and called for a cab.

The cab came, and Israel got in with the boys. 'To Piccadilly,' he called out.

The boys were in high glee; they nodded politely to the last by-standers, as if they dismissed them.

'He's a rum 'un, to take them boys to Piccadilly. Lord bless 'un, they'll be prowided for by the genteel sort now. It does make me laugh. They takes up one or two and makes reformatories for a couple of hundred, and there are thousands swarming about. It's the lots they must catch; look ye here, sir.' And the broad-shouldered man, who had delivered this speech, called to Israel as they were driving off, 'Go ye down and tell that ere fine Parliament of ours, and them fine lords and bishops, to make haste and open some big places as is shut up and opens on Sunday for nothin', 'cause no one goes in 'em, and bring in the little children and teach 'em to earn their bread, and then, sir, you'll have done some good. We wants a big, large reformation, we does; the money tables kicked down, as you is a kind of missionary, and God's Word set up; there now. I'm but a working man, but if I were on them soft benches in Westminster I'd thunder away till something was done.'

The words died away after the cab, and the boys bobbed their heads from each side, in sign of leave taking.

* * * * * * * *

The cab was stopped all at once; Baron Torriano, who had been waiting for the upshot, came to the door, looking anything but pleasant.

'Israel, you are making a fool of yourself; I'll give these boys a shilling, let them go!

'No, cousin, they won't hurt you; you go home by yourself. I'll take them with me.'

'You are mad, Israel, you may catch some disease and bring it to us!'

'Oh, that's it; you are afraid to mix with the poor, I am not. I wish I could live with them always.'

'And give up all your acquaintances; *all*, Israel?'

Israel coloured deeply; 'Yes,' he said, with desperation.

'In an hour I shall fetch you to ride in the Row; you must be seen there. Pray dispose of them before then, you may meet friends there!' said the Baron significantly, as he moved off, to enter another cab and go his own way.

'Here, Pedro, is a present for you, said Israel, as they got home. Two English boys from the streets, whom no one sees to. Will *you* take care of them?'

'Oh, but they are dirty, señor, give them some money and let 'em go; they'll know what to do with it.'

'Pedro, even you want to buy all and pay all with money. Did I so deal by you?'

'No, señor, but we can do them no good.'

'I don't know, I shall see; go and have them washed, and then we'll give them decent clothes.'

'Oh, I can't touch them.'

A knock at the door, in came the superfine manager of the hotel.

'If you please, sir, much as we value such high custom as yours, we really must beg such creatures as these are left in the hall. We do not know what they may not bring into the house.'

'Then I'll take the whole house, and let the others go.'

'Very generous of you, sir, but that would ruin our custom, and the beggars would still remain.'

'Then I'll go elsewhere!'

'No respectable person will take you in on such conditions, whatever you pay.'

'Sir, are these then outcasts of society, in a Christian land?'

'Oh, dear no, but they must be put into their right places.'

'Very well sir, it is your house, your wishes shall be obeyed; but please leave the room.'

This was said authoritatively, for Israel could command when he liked.

The manager went; Israel called the boys.

'Come here, lads; what shall I do with you? You see you cannot stop here, your natural father is no good, the country does nothing for you, and there seems no home to be found. Where shall I send you?'

The poor boys looked wistfully at him.

'Don't send us to father, for he beats us unless we bring home tin from begging. Please sir, can't we stay with you, you do look kind like,' said the eldest boy, his big blue eyes swimming with tears.

A great wave of divine emotion came over Israel, he looked at these lost children of our modern civilisation; and Israel Torriano, the great eastern banker, wept over the neglected ones of mankind.

'Pedro,' said Israel, 'I am ashamed of you!—you, risen from the people—you, to forget that you have been in rags yourself!'

Pedro stood sulkily at the door. Fine clothes, good living, and civilised company, had begun to convert Pedro's honest gipsy heart into a callous compound of superficial gentility.

'Come with me, my children; we shall see what money can do.'

Israel went out with the ragged boys, who looked up at him as if he were of divine origin. Pedro shook his fist after them.

'Drat the brats! How dare they come between me and my master! Filthy English beggars, who wants them here? I'll get rid of them.'

Israel stalked up Piccadilly, and asked the next policeman for a bath, then for a boys' clothes shop. The policeman smiled, and looked at the boys.

'In clover, me lads, ain't ye now? That genl'man looks as if he wouldn't mind a five pun' note.'

But the boys did not seem to care; they looked up at Israel, and smiled gratefully, before they had even received his bounty.

The bath was reached, the boys were washed, and the tailor's shop had supplied the necessary clothing; who would have believed the boys to be the same? They looked like little princes, and hung to Israel's skirts, that his heart swelled with pleasure, while he began to understand fully that something was wrong somewhere with us. If water, soap, and a decent jacket, would so metamorphose beggar children into respectable beings, what might not teaching do? The next thing was a pastrycook's. But do what he would Israel could not persuade the boys to eat more than a penny bun each. They seemed far more anxious to remain with him and near him, and a kind of pride had taken possession of them that they should behave worthy of their outward appearance.

'Look here, boys, now we'll go home again.'

This time they walked back. When the waiter opened the door, he said: 'Will the young gentlemen dine with you, sir?'

Now the 'young gentlemen.' 'Good God!' thought Israel, 'is this the way Christian children are dealt by?'

He ordered dinner, merely to please the boys, and was about to sit down himself when Baron Torriano rushed into the room:

'This is too bad! I have waited one hour for you, cousin. The horses are saddled, and the best time in the Row will be over. Who are these?' pointing to the smart-looking boys.

'The beggar lads you despised.'

Baron Torriano gave a long whistle.

'Really, cousin Israel, Moses was right; you are the most eccentric being I ever met with.'

'I don't think so. I begin rather to imagine that I am sensible, while others are eccentric. The world does seem a little topsy-turvy here as elsewhere. But you shall not complain, I will come with you. Look here, boys, you eat your dinner; here is some money for you, go home afterwards and come back to-morrow.'

Both boys began to whimper. 'Please don't send us away, we'll be very good; any corner will do for us to sleep in. Father will take our clothes away and sell 'em, and take the money too, and beat us into the bargain. Please sir, don't send us away.'

'Torriano! Heaven help me, if ever I came across such a father it would go hard with him and me,' said Israel, white with anger.

'Plenty to be found in the slums of London; I cannot conceive why you make such a fuss about it.'

'Pedro shall make up a bed for you when he comes home.'

'Please, sir, he don't like us; he shook his fist at us. May we wait in the Park till you reach home; we are used to be out all nights.'

'Poor lads; well, wait as long as you may in the Park, and be back at eleven.'

'Thank you, sir, thank you; we'll go now, we've eaten enough.'

Israel grasped his cousin's arm. 'Torriano, something tells me that I shall one day come into conflict with society; I wish I had never left Olivet. I am not fit for this.'

'Nonsense, come along; the Row will make you forget it.'

* * * * * * * * *

The Row! We go into ecstacies about many things, but often miss that sublime poetry created by the unison of refined humanity and natural beauty; the Row in Hyde Park presents one of those unisons! You might, had you but a small portion of imaginative power, spin out thousands of charming tales out of such elements. Sitting on a summer's eve close to the bright green of the sward under the shade of the trees, near pretty gambolling children, looking at graceful women and handsome men, who would not forget beggars and misery, trouble, death, want, vice and crime? They are here, stowed away out of reach, and whose head would it trouble in the Row that much of that refined humanity owes its existence to the rags on the other side? Once, more equalised, the rags will disappear and also the ultra-natural refinement, but out of such an equalisation will arise the bright spirit of real humanity as designed by the Creator and proclaimed by Him of Nazareth!

The charm of the scene told on Israel; the Bois of Paris had left him cold—had rather palled on him; but the Row pleased him, charmed him, enticed him out of himself. Israel Torriano rode well, as he did everything manly, well; people knew the Baron and nodded at him, and people stared at Israel.

'Who can that be?' asked one and another. 'Look, the Earl of Harrow's daughter is riding up with her father; who in the world is he, that the old beau deigns to notice him?'

At that moment a beautiful girl cantered with an old man, towards the Baron and Israel; it was *she*, an earl's daughter! The old beau was the elderly gentleman whom Israel had seen at the Frankfort Station. Israel, Israel, that tell-tale blood rushed to your face! a small strip was still round the hand, cut that morning to catch a glimpse at that form in the carriage; Israel, where were all the resolutions to remain a contemplative being? Gone, gone, instead of them one supreme longing filled Israel's soul, to be near that exquisite shape and that speaking face.

'Well, Baron, how do ye do?' exclaimed the Earl; 'not seen you for

a long time. Lucky fellow, gained that last Derby again; to be sure where money is, money comes.'

'Then I'm afraid, papa, it will never come to us;' pertly joined in his daughter.

'Tut, miss, don't expose weaknesses before strangers.'

It reminded the Baron of his duty.

'My Lord, my cousin, Israel Torriano, from the East, he arrived yesterday in London.'

My Lord raised his eyebrows, and said significantly:

'Well sounding, glorious name, glorious place the East; happy to see you, Mr. Torriano. My daughter.'

But Israel was already by the lady's side.

'Oh, we have met before, at the station in Frankfort; we joined hands in Samaritan work,' retorted the young dame.

Israel seemed dumb; his eyes rested on the Earl's daughter, and appeared powerless to be removed.

'Oh, now I remember, Gertrude, I did see you speak to a gentleman; does Mr. Torriano speak English?' this was addressed to the Baron, for Israel had not yet said a word.

'Pardon me, my Lord, the pleasure to meet your daughter again, made me forget to thank my cousin for the introduction!'

The Earl liked the reply; he glanced at Israel, and at his daughter.

'Come on, Baron, we'll have a canter together, the new friends can follow us.'

And he was riding by *her* side; so near something, which he could not define, which he had ignored in his life, something that made all his nerves tingle, all his blood boil, all his heart-strings quiver, something that would have made him rather renounce life than give up that place to another! The women he had looked coldly upon were avenged, for Israel's passion would be immeasurable when once aroused; with him love had not been frittered away in a hundred minor or guilty and frivolous connections!

'Tell me, man or woman, *has* God allowed the male to despise the female so much that the former may wear off the brightness of love by a hundredfold illicit connections, and then expect the latter to join hands with him in her pure virginity? Shall the woman alone be chaste and a willing slave to man's passion? The universe cries 'No, no, no!' the higher claim mankind puts in above the brute is nought, unless the great principle is acknowledged that the sexes must be judged alike, and that man has become unchaste only because he has indulged his idea of supremacy to such a degree that, for him alone, the female portion of creation seemed made at all, having no original claim to independent existence; that, if he chose, woman may be his slave in vice, or his com-

panion in virtue—his mistress or his wife! Raise up the woman; proclaim her equality in the human status, not because she belongs to that class, whom man requires to be virtuous as his wife, mother, sister, or daughter individually, but because she is a woman, an integral creation of her own, a being endowed with qualities as great as man's, if various; a part and particle of the whole as well as man, without whom creation would be incomplete! Once recognise that man *can* live without this irresponsible indulgence of passion, that means *can* be taken to educate man to virtue and to subdue excessive desires, whose victim woman *must* be, and the world is saved. Other pleasures will be sought after, pleasures that will not ruin one portion of mankind socially while they pass harmlessly over the other, leaving it free from reproach! What a holy compact is marriage between a virtuous man and woman; not between a man who has passed through the furnace of our modern civilisation and then thinks himself fit, *roué* as he is, to lead to the altar a blushing young girl coming to him fresh and lovely from the garden of Eden, but between a man who holds out his pure manly hand to his helpmate, and who knows that he would have no right to claim what ought never to be his due. Let us go back centuries and learn chastity from the early Teuton, the finest race of the time, so says even the Roman historian, whom he subdued!

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The ride was over. Israel hurried home to dress, dined with his cousin's family; was radiantly happy, kind and pleasant to all, and consented to accompany the Baron and Baroness to the opera.

They entered those gorgeous precincts, and beheld in the box opposite, the Earl and his daughter; Gertrude in a plain white evening dress. The white dress of the French Countess had not touched Israel's heart, the dress of the young English girl did; it seemed to float around her like white seraph wings and enhance her beauty a thousand fold.

'There is the Earl and his daughter,' said Israel, anxiously.

'We'll go across presently,' chimed in the Baron, knowing well where was Israel's desire.

Gertrude looked a little confused, just blushed a little as they entered. Israel became again dumb. The Italian music sounded through the house; the Italian artists did their best to personate love and hate in the swelling chords of musical harmonies,—it was all the same to Israel Torriano. He stood behind Gertrude's chair, and his soul swam in elysium. To hear her voice, to feel her breath, to contemplate her beauty was more heavenly than the finest music.

'Papa, dear, the Duke is bowing to us.'

'Bother him, I'm getting tired of his fussy ways.'

'You did not say so yesterday, papa.'

'Oh, bah; after all he's poor; no match for you, Gertrude.'

Gertrude felt ashamed, though she might have been used to it; for the Earl had sold three daughters to the highest bidder, and was trying to sell the fourth. Gertrude had never felt the degradation of it so much as now.

'Do you love the Duke?' asked Israel, hoarsely.

'What do you mean, Mr. Torriano?'

'Because if you do, say so, and I'll leave the opera at once.' Israel stared at her.

The Earl and Baron were deep in horse racing, at the back of the box.

'Pardon me, you are insulting me!'

'Lady Gertrude, I am in earnest; tell me, and tell me at once, tell me this moment?'

Here was love-making with a vengeance.

'Mons. Torriano——'

'Say, Israel!'

'I cannot, it would not be proper.'

'Say it, I'm only an Eastern Jew; we are all eccentric.'

'Israel Torriano, pardon me, you are very rude!' and Gertrude laughed a silvery laugh.

'Lady Gertrude, say Israel.'

'Israel!'

'Good night; I'm going, I cannot stay any longer, or I shall tell you I don't know what. Oh, do say Israel again?'

'Israel——'

'Lady Gertrude, Gertrude, good night; don't let them follow me. Listen, to-morrow I'll come to see you at your house, when will you receive me?'

'Any hour.'

'Really? Then wait for me; good night, good night, Gertrude.' Israel bowed to the Earl and Baron, and abruptly left the box.

'What an eccentric fellow, this cousin of yours. Is that the famous eastern Torriano?'

'Yes, my Lord; worth, worth—I could not tell.'

'Eccentric, very eccentric; still one might put up with a great deal. Evidently smitten with Gertrude. Bah, Jew or no Jew, what does it matter? I might then bet *ad infinitum*;' this the Earl said inwardly—outwardly he smiled.

'Should like to see you both at my house, come and dine to-morrow, never mind the short invitation.'

'I might answer for myself, but I could not for my cousin; he is beyond *my* management, so I found to my cost to-day.'

'Well, well; we'll expect you.

The Baron went, and the Earl turned to his daughter.

'Gertrude, you'll be the richest of the lot; that man's wealth is unknown; hooked a fine fish, and a handsome one too.'

'I wish you would not speak so, papa; I am tired of being held up to the highest bidder, and sold like my poor sisters.'

'Sold like your poor sisters; why my girls have the finest establishments about town.'

'And are all miserable.'

'Bosh; what has a married woman to do with happiness? She's married, and has got an establishment, that's all.'

'And her husband?'

'Is an appendix, nothing more; she must take him in with the rest.'

'Papa, *I* won't do it!' Gertrude, in spite of the good society she was in, grasped her father's arm. 'I shall never marry, so you'll have me on your hands.'

'Why not, child?'

'Because I won't be sold to *any* man, and because you *will* sell me, whether I like or no.'

'But you might run away.'

'I shall never do that; since I will not do surreptitiously what I am forbidden to do openly. Sooner will I enter an order.'

'The new-fangled ideas of the High-Church party.'

'No, necessity would take me there. I shall say no more, papa. Remember, never try to sell me to any one, because I won't be sold—even to the man I might love.'

'Then you are a fool. There is Sir James Terence; I'll just have a chat with him about the Newmarket affair. Somebody will be in soon, my daughters are never long left alone.'

Gertrude was speedily surrounded by acquaintances, who thought her less sprightly than usual, and believed she was in a bad humour. Poor Gertrude was trying to gather up the shivered pieces of her idealism, and disgusted to see how little they fitted into the miserable mercenary world of her father's ideas.

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Israel returned home on foot; asking his way right and left in his own off-hand peculiar way. He had utterly forgotten his *protegés*: as he neared Piccadilly, he found the air getting cold and shivery, and he hurried on faster; suddenly, near the hotel, some one tugged at him.

'O, sir; we waited for you.'

There were the boys, trembling in the night air.

'Poor boys, would no one let you in?'

'We did not like to ask, sir; so we stopped till you came.'

'Come along.'

The night porter looked astonished when Israel came in with his charges; but they were dressed decently, and passed on.

'Pedro, Pedro,' called Israel.

Pedro was gone; no Pedro could be found. Israel sat down. What could Pedro's absence mean.

'Oh, sir; we saw the young gentleman go out with a portmanteau in his hand, and we crouched down, that he should not see us.'

'When was it about?'

'About an hour ago.'

So there ended all this gipsy attachment; on the first severe trial, the jealous Spanish blood rebelled, and Pedro left a master to whom he professed so close an attachment.

'The teaching of the Nazarene's words had not done much good there,' thought Israel.

'Can we do anything for you?'

'I want little help: you may sleep in Pedro's bed to-night. Next to my own.' It was said a little harshly.

'Don't be angry, sir; we'll try to be good,' said the eldest boy.

The simplicity of the profession pleased Israel.

'Come here, boys; Pedro was a boy like you; who had been brought up on the streets, and in the roads of sloth and wickedness; he fancied he loved me. He came with me, and I thought I had touched his soul; for a time it was so, but latterly, luxury and a certain freedom have spoiled him, and now he has become faithless and left his master, to whom he professed a deathless attachment. You will do the same.'

The boys, with the sharpness of street-arabs, looked into Israel's face.

'Try us, sir, do now; do try us, our father don't care what becomes of us. Many times have we been turned out to sleep where we could, so he won't miss us, for a good bit.'

'And the law allows this?'

'Don't know the law.'

Israel, never hilarious, broke out into a wild loud laugh.

'What?' he called out; 'I know they go into all lands to preach, as they call it, the Gospel of Christ, and allow such things at home? Such evident training of little children for sin? England, art thou much better than loose Italy, bigoted Spain, frivolous France, and ambitious Germany? Train thy children callously to vice, and then build prisons for them? I had expected other things of my mother's country!' and Israel bent his head in sorrow.

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The next day came; Israel looked ill. Many contending emotions had affected his organisation. He sent one of the boys with a letter to

his cousin, that he could not see him to-day, as he felt unable to converse upon general topics. In Israel's thoughts a firm idea established itself, to win Gertrude, and fly. If she loved him, she would come; if not, he would then search into this people's condition; thus his eye expanded, and his chest heaved. Gertrude tempted him to renounce his original conception of life—that some beings might pass it in contemplation and adoration. His natural impulses seemed too strong for him; but if Gertrude responded not to his passion, he felt the link would be broken. He would tear asunder those false social fetters, and proclaim aloud to the world that it was false, superficial, self-seeking, leading those to sin who could find no other outlet, and then despising and punishing them for it. Ha, he would. Israel lost the thread of his thoughts, they led him beyond his own power of reasoning!

The afternoon sun shone softly through the Venetian blinds; innumerable cards had been left at the hotel. The Baron had called, but not seen Israel. All manner of monetary and other dignitaries had come, and all had been disappointed. The celebrated eastern banker sat in his room, deep in thought, restless with the longing desire of love, and in the company of two beggar boys, whom he had picked up in the London streets.

It became late in the afternoon; Israel roused himself, and sent the boys for a cab. Pedro had not come back.

'Please sir, let us go with you; we'll wait anywhere for you.'

Israel could not refuse; the boys climbed up on the box. The cabman was directed to the Earl's house, whose address the Baron had given Israel.

'Is Lady Gertrude in?'

'Yes sir, but she was just going out to ride. Are you Mr. Torriano?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, then she expects you.'

Israel was led through the luxurious though somewhat faded house, into the drawing-room; here he found no one.

'I will call Lady Gertrude.'

'No necessity,' said Gertrude, as she entered the room, fully equipped in her riding habit.

Before her stood Israel; the servant withdrew; the two were alone.

Gertrude blushed deep scarlet, but retained her self-possession. Israel trembled.

'Let us go into the conservatory, ours is an old house, and we have a very fine conservatory. It is my pet place, and I do all I can to embellish it; do come with me.'

Israel followed her. Amid the cool shade of ferns and stunted foreign trees they stood. From fountains waters fell in showers around them.

Stillness reigned here, as if no London noise were near, and love had found a nook where to rest in.

Gertrude, a little confused, pointed out the pleasant spots of the place. Israel looked at her.

'Gertrude, you must listen. I love you with that strength which a man feels who finds at once his mate. I want to run away from you, and cannot; could you love me and make me forget my early vows?'

Israel spoke those words fiercely, not like a pleading lover.

Poor Gertrude, standing next to him, her head bared, in one hand her riding hat, looked up pleadingly at him.

'Israel Torriano, don't say this again; I cannot marry. They would sell me to you for money, and I will not be sold; my father watches us, he knows you are coming here; he thinks you will speak to me, he wants me to say yes. Oh, Israel, *if* you love me as you say, then renounce me, for it must, with my surroundings, ever be a bargain. I should always think so, and hate myself for it.'

'Gertrude, do you know what you say?' And Israel laid his hands caressingly on her curls.

'Yes, yes, I do; don't speak of it, don't take your image out of my soul. It is money, money, money, in my father's house, and for what? To bet on the turf. I have come to despise man for his selfish pleasures and tyrannical ways. I am tired of it, and love best to sit with my own thoughts. Israel, I believe you are kind and generous; the men I have known are not so. I do not know if I should love you; but I detest money to that degree that I undervalue those who possess it. Israel, if you were poor, it would be otherwise. I cannot marry a rich man.'

'But I am poor; my wealth I would give up to-morrow—in fact, I never possessed it.'

'No, no; you cannot get rid of it; it is yours, and will stick to you. I am a Christian, you are a Jew. All London will say it was done for money, and the very thought kills higher feelings. Israel, do you care for me?' She looked up at him pleadingly.

'Gertrude, Gertrude, I have fought all day; but love was stronger than I am. Something within me reaches for you; my hands are stretched out for you. Gertrude, I feel man was *not* made to be alone!' He grasped her hand.

'It cannot be; I'll never be a sold bride, and my father *would* do it. *I* know him, he'll bargain the moment he hears of it.'

'Don't wait; come with me and fly?'

'Israel! Why should I? And even then he would bargain; he'd settle it with the Baron. I cannot, I cannot, I cannot.'

'Gertude, am I then destined to suffer for my own former callousness? Ah, I preached to others, and am now caught myself. Ger-

trude, I did not want to love woman; I even looked down upon such love; Gertrude, the first look of your bright, ingenuous face, conquered me, and made another man of me: it is so sweet to hold you here; must I dash away the cup, Gertrude?' He looked into her eyes.

'Oh, do not look at me; Israel, I believe I could love you, I believe I do love you; I believe I long to be yours: to fly even with you; yes! I own it all, all. I could follow you to the ends of the earth; you also took my heart by storm; I'll say it now, for I must, your image has never left me since that first meeting. Israel, my soul has panted for thee! look at me, look at me now; I'll speak the grand truth: Israel, I am thine already, but such is my horror of money influence, such my detestation of what women are made to do for it; such misery have I seen my mother and sisters suffer, that—Israel, dear Israel, just as I adore thee now—yes, look at me—I should loathe you then; for I know, they would sell me for money; they would not even grant me more natural feelings. Israel, tempter, go, go, or I do not know what I shall do! Go, for Heaven's sake, leave me! I have no further strength; take away your face, for I love you to distraction, and I believe I loathe you already!'

With a wild shriek, Gertrude tore herself away, and fell right into her father's arms, who had, unperceived, come behind them.

Israel rushed past him.

'May your money worship be cursed! it has torn from me your daughter!'

The young Jew ran from the house.

[*To be continued.*]

Periodical Literature in India.

By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie.

I.

It was not long after the terrible emotion caused by India's severest trial, 'The Sepoy Mutiny,' had subsided, that, while holding an important position in Central India, I had the honour to form one of a small band who were anxious to improve the various grades of Europeans resident at the station. The means were a series of lectures. As coming under the head of *subsidiary education*, they seemed particularly well adapted to the country; for, in the East, where intellectual stagnation, even among true Britons, is so apt to become lamentably frequent, should men only wish to have their memories refreshed (supposing them to be 'too clever by half,' to require any 'subsidiary' knowledge), what better plan than a system of lectures can be devised to stimulate them to keep up an acquaintance with what they once knew of the various branches of science and literature? Again, the thought occured to us that lectures, to many of our hearers, would not only be subsidiary, but actual, primary education. For my own part, having long held it to be indisputably true that 'Periodical Literature is a great thing,' that it is a potent instrument in the education of a people, it was selected for the subject—English and Anglo-Indian—on two occasions, when I attempted to give, with the help of a rather limited library, and the assistance of a few genuine old Indians—stars of a world gone by—some account of its rise, progress, and importance.

Having opened our campaign in July, 1859, Nagpore became the second great province,[1] in which, during the month, lectures for the diffusion of useful knowledge had been instituted. Looking back to upwards of forty years, the Peishwa, the Nagpore Rajah, and Holkar,

[1] On the 2nd July, a series of lectures was opened by Sir Bartle Frere, Chief Commissioner of Scinde, in the Government English School at Kurrachee.

were all rising with one accord against the English. The Pindarries and Mahrattas were distracting the land.

On the very ground where we had now raised our humble standard to give an occasional hour's intellectual entertainment to those who sought it, during that critical period host was encountering host; the 'fatal hill' of Seetabuldee resounded with the clang of arms, and the thunder of 'the red artillery;' and Nagpore fell—another trophy to the Saxon race! The remarkable events in Central India during that important time have been ably and graphically chronicled in the Life of Sir John Malcolm—a biography which will never die—by one of the brightest ornaments of our Indian Periodical Literature,[1] to whom allusion will be made in due course. And now the present writer must be pardoned for commencing his subject—which professes to treat of periodical literature in India only—with a piece of egotism. My first serious attempt in the walk of our indigenous Indian literature was made public through the pages of that popular vehicle, the 'Calcutta Review,' some twenty-seven years ago; and any literary ardour and energy I then possessed were thereby roused into a decisive state of action. In the preface to the little work under review it is remarked: 'Literature in India may be said to be in a state of inaction [1845] with the exception of *one* Review, which, leviathan like, plays about in the torpid pool.' Again, 'The 'Calcutta Review,' undoubtedly the best work (Anglo-Indian), we have ever had, we are afraid is not sufficiently patronised in *our* Presidency (Madras). We have frequently asked if such a person had seen the last number of the above Review, when the reply, 'I have heard of such a work, but have never read it; upon my soul I've no money to throw away, and in fact I've not much relish for works published in India: besides, who can write here?—Who can write here? *that* is the question!'

In this same number of the 'Review,' it may be mentioned, a volume of 'Prose and Verse,' from the Calcutta press, was noticed; the book was written by Captain A. H. E. Boileau, of the Bengal Engineers, who had taken up the mantle which had been worn, and worn so well, by Dr. Grant, Henry Meredith Parker, H. Torrens, R. Rattray, Captains Macnaghten and Richardson, as the supporters of Anglo-Indian Periodical Literature in days gone by; and who, now a colonel and com-

[1] Sir John William Kaye, K.C.S.I., founder of the 'Calcutta Review;' and who, true to his love of periodical literature, was present at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner in London, 12th May, 1872; on which august occasion also the chair was filled by His Grace the Duke of Argyll, Secretary of State for India, who, amidst the most important official duties, in addition to writing several works, has found time to communicate with various periodicals (including newspapers) on subjects of vast importance.

mandant in his own corps, lectured to us on 'Topography' on our opening night. The Colonel's various scientific attainments, and his Lectures on Iron Bridges were still well known in Bengal. The familiar, good-humoured face comes vividly before me, while writing this sketch. We behold him as he is pacing along with his bearer behind him—that Oriental functionary being always ready to receive the huge *lathie* (stick), as long as a hop-pole, carried by the Colonel from door to door, in manner quite patriarchal—his blue frock coat, with faded light-blue Bhurtpoor ribbon of '26, buttoned up to the throat, even in the hottest weather; and, as he goes, pouring forth to those who sought it his boundless stock of information. He was a genuine type of the old Indian school—generous to a fault, and abounding in anecdote. The Colonel's appearance in the lecture room, after the severe official labours of the day, made every one happy; and, like Falstaff, he was not only witty in himself, but 'the cause of wit in other men.' Proposing to teach his audience how to take some measurement in the easiest way—gained from his vast experience in surveying—seizing the chalk and commencing—'You see the triangle, A B C,' gave promise of a rather dry lecture; but soon the subject became deeply interesting from the introduction of a well-timed anecdote or illustration from his personal history; and all went home delighted. Not among the least worthy of old Indians departed, will appear this General (in that rank he died a few years since)—a sort of chief among 'the old familiar faces'[1]—one whom Charles Lamb would have delighted to take by the hand; and who, from the morning of life to its close, did battle in the East for the cause of knowledge and mental recreation in the small army of India's periodical writers.

Shortly after being criticised, I had the audacity to become an occasional Calcutta reviewer, when I began to carefully watch periodical literature in its various aspects, both at home and in India; and I became more and more convinced of its power and utility in the education of a people.

The number of the 'Calcutta' (December, 1845), to which allusion has already been made, is a very varied and interesting one, containing six leading articles, and four 'miscellaneous critical notices'—the former consisting of elaborate essays on 'Indian Buddhism, its Origin and Diffusion,' 'The Cape of Good Hope,' 'The Urdu Language and Literature,' 'Rammohun Roy,' 'Married Life in India,' and 'The Mahommedan Controversy'—the number almost a library in itself; and among the 'notices,' one of a 'Charge delivered to the Grand Jury of Bombay by the Honourable Mr. Justice Perry' (Sir Erskine, and now Vice-President of the Council of India), and another of an anonymous pamphlet on the

[1] 'So may we talk of the old familiar faces.'—*Charles Lamb.*

'Education of the People of India: its Political Importance and Advantages.' The reviewer sums up his notice of the latter brief essay by remarking: 'Undoubtedly, a *sound* education, widely diffused throughout the native community, of all classes and grades, must be regarded as one of the primary instruments of its effectual amelioration;' and as a set-off against 'many disappointments and drawbacks,' we are informed that the well-written 'article in the present number, on *Rammohun Roy*—whose life embraces 'the commencement of that great social and moral revolution' through which India is 'now silently but surely passing'—is the '*bona fide* production of a native Hindu.'

The foundation of a well conducted periodical literature in India, carefully translated into the vernacular, until English becomes (as it one day must) universal, I have long thought, would produce the germs of a mighty revolution, especially in what is now in a decided transition state—the Hindu mind; and the Mahomedans, too, or those of any persuasion who take an interest in their rulers, would have easy access to a knowledge of our present political power, and that in days gone by, of our rational amusements and mental recreation, and of our scientific and literary attainments—all borne to the mind's eye with the idea of a highly Christianised civilisation. Such a hope could not have been entertained at the time of the publication, in 1780, of 'Hicky's Gazette,' the first Indian newspaper.[1] This great event in the history of periodical literature in the East is duly recorded by the historian of Bengal with the importance it so well merits:—

'On the 29th January, 1780, the first newspaper ever published in India made its appearance in Calcutta.' A newspaper could not have been started at a better time. The hands of Warren Hastings were indeed full, for he was employed during the next four years, chiefly out of Bengal, in managing the affairs of Benares and Oude, in a war with the renowned Hyder Ali, the Rajah of Mysore, 'and in negociations all over India.' But Mr. Hicky, and the society of which he wrote, afforded far from good examples for the improvement of the native community. 'The whole picture of Anglo-Indian society, at this period, was a very bad one, and,' remarks a Calcutta reviewer, 'society must have been very bad to have tolerated' 'Hicky's Gazette'—a strange contrast with the highly-polished and newsy 'Pall Mall' of our time. Infamous slander is the chief material of which the first Indian journal is composed; and even Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General, and the dignitaries of the Supreme Court, came in for their share; while colonels, missionaries, and beautiful young ladies just arrived for the marriage mart, are all mercilessly dealt with. At length Mr. Hicky

[1] 'Calcutta Review,' No. II., August, 1844, p. 314.

thought it 'a duty incumbent on him to inform his friends in particular, and the public in general, that an attempt was made to assassinate him last Thursday morning, between the hours of one and two o'clock, by two armed Europeans, aided and assisted by a Moorman!' Such was the first Indian editor, the amusing chronicler of the gay and grave doings of a great age long passed away, the scene of whose labours was Calcutta, where, at that time, there was only one church, and deep drinking was considered a rational amusement. It may be interesting, while thinking of the improvement which has taken place since Hicky's time in our Indian newspapers, to look also at the improvement in civil and military salaries since then—not a bad theme for a reflective mind. When Sir Thomas Munro arrived in India, as a cadet, in 1780, his pay was five pagodas (17½ rupees, or 35*s.*[1]) a month, with free quarters, or ten pagodas without. Five pagodas and free quarters was the way generally followed. 'Of the five pagodas,' writes Mr. Munro, 'I pay two to a Dubash, one to the servants of the mess, and one for hair-dressing and washing; so that I have one pagoda per month to feed and clothe me.' Mr. Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth), a civilian in the Secret and Political Department, on his arrival in India, in 1769, had only eight rupees a month;[2] but the 'writer,' as the young civilian was then always styled, was, in those days, allowed to trade under certain restrictions. The mention of such eminent men suggests others of great celebrity in India, who, during the latter portion of the eighteenth century, even supposing no difficulty existed in paying for the newspaper or periodical, could not get the article of the intellectual quality they desired. It was a dark night, even in England, for the broad-sheet. The sunny days of a penny 'Daily News,' 'Telegraph,' 'Globe,' or 'Standard,' and a halfpenny 'Echo,' were yet far remote. The future Sir John Malcolm, and Lord Metcalfe—of whom the biographer of the former has also written so well, and who was born in Calcutta, in 1785, or two years after the great soldier and political 'Jan Malcolm, Sahib' arrived in India—during their early labours must have gained but little assistance from the Indian press, of which Sir Charles Metcalfe was afterwards styled the Liberator; and on whose account the noble Metcalfe Hall, on the banks of the Hooghly, was erected by the citizens of Calcutta to perpetuate his name.

Under the administration of Lord Cornwallis, or from 1786 to 1793, the tone of social morality in India became much improved. The 'Calcutta Review' informs us that the 'India Gazette' of 1788, has an editorial congratulating its readers on the fact 'that the pleasures of the bottle, and the too prevailing enticements of play, were now almost

[1] Taking the Sicca rupee, say £2 a month.

[2] 'Calcutta Review,' No. I., May, 1844, p. 17.

universally sacrificed to the far superior attractions of female society.' It was the old story, now told in India, which had long been told in other parts of the world, and of which the editor of the 'India Gazette' must have been an admirer, while bewailing bachelor life in Calcutta:—

'Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!—
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled.'

Or, perhaps, the ideas of the lively Moore regarding the 'superior attractions of female society,' would have been more palatable to the editor of the 'India Gazette' than those of the more sober Campbell, as in the well-known verse of the Irish melody:—

'Oh! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we are far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!'

But such a 'defence of inconstancy'—such a piloting off and bidding 'good-bye!'—may be unjust to an age in India when the precocious youth, the 'girl of the period,' and the periodical of sensational tales, had not yet appeared in England.

It is strange to think of what such men as Hicky and the above-mentioned editor would write about the law of progress, could they now behold Young Bengal in his railway carriage or steamer, with his 'Friend,' 'Englishman,' 'Phœnix,' or 'Pioneer'—all ministering to his social wants. Shades of Caxton, Watt, and Stephenson, the reality is a stern one!

On the 29th of May, 1818, under the administration of Lord Hastings, the first efforts to improve the native mind by education, and by periodical literature in the shape of a native newspaper, were made. The journal appeared from the Serampore Press, and was styled the 'Sumachar Durpun.' Lord Hastings took it into Council, and allowed it to be circulated at one-fourth of the ordinary postage. About the same period the Calcutta School-book Society was formed. Thousands of natives began to learn the English language, and there was every sign of civilisation struggling to be born. There is not space here to enter into even a brief account of the restrictions on the Indian press, after the departure of Lord Hastings; of the ejectment of Mr. Buckingham by Mr. John Adams; of the comparative freedom of the Indian journals during the last two years of Lord Amherst's administration; of the attacks on Lord William Bentinck for carrying out his masters' (the Court of Directors') orders, and the consequent renewed restriction on the press; or of its liberation by Sir Charles Metcalfe in September,

1835. About the year 1832 there were several Bengali newspapers, also a Bengali magazine.

Let us now turn to the stars of Anglo-Indian periodical literature, some of which went out while giving fair promise of more glory, and to those whom to know was an honour, who, in their maturer years, thought sometimes with pride of the delight their writings gave while life's morning was opening on a brilliant Indian career.

I shall here bring the editorial *We* into operation, which was first adopted by the Printer, 'the ostensible director of the paper,'[1] in 1640; just eighteen years after the first printed newspapers appeared in London—the 'Weekly News of Nathaniel Butter.

Of course the mighty Oriental (Hindustani) HUM (*We*) has existed from time immemorial. The first work we shall turn to is the Bengal 'Annual,' of which the number for 1833 lies before us. This was a very successful publication while it lasted, and very superior in literary merit to some of the English Annuals. It was maintained for a few years at first without any engravings, but latterly with embellishments from Europe, which probably caused its abandonment as being too costly for India, and consequently unremunerative. Its principal contributors were Henry Meredith Parker, of the Bengal Civil Service; Captain D. L. Richardson (editor); John Grant, Apothecary-General; Lieut. A. H. E. Boileau (the familiar face before mentioned), and numerous others, all of whose names are given in the respective volumes, which contain no anonymous productions. W. T. Robertson, C.S., R. H. Rattray, Esq., Lieutenants Macgregor and Westmacott, the Hon. Sir John Malcolm, Mrs. Hough, and Miss Anna Maria Mowatt, in addition to the names above mentioned, figure in a list of about fifty contributors to the 'Bengal Annual' for 1833.

The volume, standing entirely on its literary merits; typography very good, bound in red (not Morocco), with gilt edges, not a single illustration, opens with 'An Oriental Tale,' by the highly accomplished and versatile Henry Meredith Parker. This being the fourth number of the 'Annual,' which would make its foundation date from 1830, the London critics had ample time to decide on the merit of the Eastern stranger. The thing, to exist well, must be decidedly Oriental, was the unanimous voice, from which there is no appeal. When men go to India to seek their fortunes, and women to the marriage-mart, to carry out what Dr. Johnson styles the great end of female education, to get husbands, (an idea now exploded, but which the learned Doctor might have thought more sensible than soliciting 'Female Suffrage' at home!) said the critics, when they take up the pen, they must leave their British character behind them and give us something of the marvellous, and

[1] Andrews.

Oriental-picturesque that we do not know. To please such a fastidious race, the 'Oriental Tale' came forth; and it was thought so worthy of giving a flavour to 'Bole Ponjis,' that it appears in Mr. Parker's collected writings, under that title, published in 1851. Remarks from the 'Monthly Review,' and 'Morning Herald,' head the contribution, the former probably written by some lineal descendant of Smollett's friend, Mother Griffiths; and they may be accepted as curiosities of literature:—

'To us, at this side of the Ganges, (which side?) subjects entirely Indian, or at least Asiatic, would be in general much more acceptable than those which we can easily obtain in our northern climate.'—'Monthly Review.'

'The "Bengal Annual" comes from about our antipodes (really!)—from the Calcutta Press, and is printed upon Indian paper. It would be well if the Eastern character had entered a little more into its contents.'—'Morning Herald.'

The tale is full of fun and rich humour. Mounted on the pedestal of purpose, the tale-teller shouts forth: 'Joseph, a duwaat (ink-stand), filled with the blackest ink of Agra, and forty thousand new Persian cullums (pens). Good! A fresh chillum, saturate the tatties with goolaub, scatter little mountains of roses, chumpah, and baubul blossoms about the room; bring me a vast serai of iced sherbert, pure juice of the pomegranate, you understand, and now here goes!'

And now commences an Oriental tale with a vengeance:—

'The snakes were prodigiously lively—thermometer stood precisely at 138° Fahrenheit in the sun, but was some degrees lower in the shade. There is an uproar! A tiger and a buffalo, coming to drink up the last quart of water which lies in a little patch of marsh, have got themselves into a sufficiently absurd situation: a playful boa has embraced them both. He, poor good-natured creature, quite unconscious of their dis-satisfaction, has judiciously wrapped his tail round a pretty extensive clump of teak trees, and with the spare end of his body is uncommonly busy cracking the ribs of his companions, which go off like so many muskets, and otherwise preparing them in the most approved manner amongst boas for his supper. I said the snakes were prodigiously lively.'

And so on, from the cracking of a tiger's tooth, fairly shivered by the heat, down to the adventures of Kubbadar Cham, Major Mimms, and his beloved Nealini. The escape of the dark-eyed Nealini and the redoubted Mimms from the pile which had been fired to burn them, is told with great humour; and the tale, near the end, asks 'Who does not recollect the parties of the accomplished Lady Mimms at her mansion in Portland Place; her golden pawn-box; her diamond hookah; the emerald in her nose, and her crimson silk trowsers?' And again: 'Who does not recollect General Sir Godfredo Mimms, K.C.B., with his side curls and his pig-tail?' &c., &c.

With reference to the 'side curls' thus mentioned as worn by the

gallant Mimms, he may have worn them before he became a knight; and English readers will be inclined to allow a touch of fact to the above picture when they learn that, not very many years before the present writer went to India, a Commander-in-Chief's Order appeared in Madras, forbidding young officers to wear 'side-combs,' as giving an 'effeminate appearance' to officers in the army; which most sensible Order, by the way, was said to have been written by His Excellency's admirable and gifted lady! Not a few who were bred in the 'nursery of captains' will recollect this Order.

The Calcutta reviewer of 'Bole Ponjis' says truly of Parker's writings: 'There is many a transition from grave to gay, from lively to severe; but the prevalent characteristic of them is humour, which occasionally, as in the "Oriental Tale," becomes broad and open-mouthed, but which is generally of that chastened and tasteful kind which was probably more appreciated in former times than in these days.'[1]

[1] 'Calcutta Review,' No. 32, December, 1851.

[*To be continued.*]

The Fight at the Ford Between Ferdiah and Cuchullin.

An Episode from the Ancient Irish Epic Romance, THE TAIN BÓ CUAILGNÉ; OR THE CATTLE PREY OF CUAILGNÉ.

By Denis Florence Mac-Carthy, M.R.I.A.

[*Continued from page* 465.]

That night they rested there: Next morn they rose
And to the Ford of battle early came.
'What weapons shall we use to-day?' inquired
Cuchullin, 'Until night the choice is thine,'
Replied Ferdiah, 'for the choice of arms
Has hitherto been mine.' 'Then, let us take
Our great broad spears to-day,' Cuchullin said,
'And may the thrusting bring us to an end
Sooner than yesterday's less powerful darts.
Let then our charioteers our horses yoke
Beneath our chariots, so that we to-day
May from our horses and our chariots fight.'
Ferdiah answered, 'Let it so be done,'—
And then they braced their two broad, full-firm shields
Upon their arms that day, and in their hands
That day they took their great broad-bladed spears.
And thus from early morn to evenings's close,
They smote each other with such dread effect,
That both were pierced, and both made red with gore,—
Such wounds, such hideous clefts in either breast
Lay open to the back, that if the birds
Cared ever through men's wounded frames to pass,
They might have passed that day, and with them borne
Pieces of quivering flesh into the air.

When evening came their very steeds were tired,
Their charioteers depressed, and they themselves
Worn out—even they the champions bold and brave.
'Let us from this, Ferdiah, now desist,'—
Cuchullin said, 'for see, our charioteers
Droop, and our very horses flag and fail,
And when fatigued they yield, so well may we.'
'Let us desist indeed,' Ferdiah said,
'If the fit time hath come'—and so they ceased.
From them they threw their arms into the hands
Of their two charioteers. Each of them came
Forward to meet the other. Each his hands
Put round the other's neck, and thus embraced,
Gave to him three fond kisses on the cheek;
Their horses fed in the same field that night;
Their charioteers were warmed by the same fire.
Their charioteers beneath their bodies spread
Green rushes, and beneath their heads the down
Of wounded men's soft pillows: Then the skilled
Professors of the art of healing came
To tend them and to cure them through the night.
But they for all their skill could do no more,
So numerous and so dangerous were the wounds,
The cuts and clefts and scars so large and deep,
But to apply to them the potent charms
Of witchcraft, incantations, and barb spells
As sorcerers use, to staunch the blood and stay
The life that else would through the wounds escape:—
Of every charm of witchcraft, every spell,
Of every incantation that was used
To heal Cuchullin's wounds, a full fair half
Over the Ford was westward sent to heal
Ferdiah's hurts: of every sort of food,
And sweet, intoxicating, pleasant drink
The men of Erin to Ferdiah sent,
He a fair moiety across the Ford
Sent northward to Cuchullin where he lay,
Because his own purveyors far surpassed
In number those the Ulster chief retained.
For all the federate hosts of Erin were
Purveyors to Ferdiah, with the hope
That he would beat Cuchullin from the Ford.
The Bregians only were Cuchullin's friends—

His sole purveyors—and their wont it was
To come to him, and talk with him at night.

They rested there that night. Next morn they rose,
And to the Ford of battle forward came.
That day a great, ill-favoured, lowering cloud
Upon Ferdiah's face Cuchullin saw.
'Badly,' said he, 'dost thou appear this day,
Ferdiah, for thy hair has duskier grown
This day, and a dull stupor dims thine eyes,
And thine own face and form, and what thou wert
In outward seeming have deserted thee.'
''Tis not through fear of thee that I am so,'
Ferdiah said, 'for Erin doth not hold
This day a champion I could not subdue.'
And thus Cuchullin mourned, and thus replied
Ferdiah, both oppressed with coming woe:
'A truce to these invectives;' then broke in
Ferdiah, 'we far other work this day
Have yet to do than rail with woman's words.
Say, what shall be our arms in this day's fight?'
'Till night,' Cuchullin said, 'the choice is thine,
For yester morn the choice was given to me.'
'Let us,' Ferdiah answered, 'then resort
Unto our heavy, sharp, hard-smiting swords,
For we are nearer to the end to-day
Of this our fight, by hewing, than we were
On yesterday by thrusting of the spears.'
'So let us do, indeed,' Cuchullin said.
Then on their arms two long great shields they took,
And in their hands their sharp, hard-smiting swords.
Each hewed the other with such furious strokes
That pieces larger than an infant's head
Of four weeks' old were cut from out the thighs,
And great broad shoulder-blades of each brave chief.
And thus they persevered from early morn
Till evening's close in hewing with the swords.
'Let us desist,' at length Ferdiah said.
'Let us indeed desist, if the fit time
Hath come,' Cuchullin said; and so they ceased.
From them they cast their arms into the hands
Of their two charioteers; and though that morn
Their meeting was of two high-spirited men,

Their separation, now that night had come,
Was of two men dispirited and sad.
Their horses were not in one field that night,
Their charioteers were warmed not at one fire.
That night they rested there, and in the morn
Ferdiah early rose and sought alone
The Ford of battle, for he knew that day
Would end the fight, and that the hour drew nigh
When one or both of them should surely fall.

Then was it for the first time he put on
His battle suit of battle and of fight,
Before Cuchullin came unto the Ford.
That battle suit of battle and of fight
Was this. His apron of white silk, with fringe
Of spangled gold around it, he put on
Next his white skin. A leather apron then,
Well sewn, upon his body's lower part
He placed, and over it a mighty stone
As large as any mill-stone was secured.
His firm, deep, iron apron then he braced
Over the mighty stone—an apron made
Of iron purified from every dross—
Such dread had he that day of the Gae Bulg.
His crested helm of battle on his head
He last put on—a helmet all ablaze
From forty gems in each compartment set,
Cruan, and crystal, carbuncles of fire,
And brilliant rubies of the Eastern world.
In his right hand a mighty spear he seized,
Destruction, sharply pointed, straight and strong:—
On his left side his sword of battle swung,
Curved, with its hilt and pommel of red gold.
Upon the slope of his broad back he placed
His dazzling shield, around whose margin rose
Fifty huge bones, each of such a size
That on it might a full grown hog recline,
Exclusive of the larger central boss
That raised its prominent round of pure red gold.

Full many noble, varied, wondrous feats
Ferdiah on that day displayed, which he
Had hever learned at any tutor's hand,
From Uatha, or from Aifé, or from her,

Scatha, his early nurse in lonely Skye :—
But which were all invented by himself
That day, to bring about Cuchullin's fall.

Cuchullin to the Ford approached and saw
The many noble, varied, wondrous feats
Ferdiah on that day displayed on high.
'O Laegh, my friend,' Cuchullin thus addressed
His charioteer, 'I see the wondrous feats
Ferdiah doth display on high to day :
All these on me in turn shall soon be tried,
And therefore note, that if it so should chance
I shall be first to yield, be sure to taunt,
Excite, revile me, and reproach me so,
That wrath and rage in me may rise the more :—
If I prevail, then let thy words be praise,
Laud me, congratulate me, do thy best
To stimulate my courage to its height.'—
'It shall be done, Cuchullin,' Laegh replied.

Then was it that Cuchullin first assumed
His battle suit of battle : then he tried
Full many, various, noble, wondrous feats
He never learned from any tutor's hands,
From Uatha, or from Aifé, or from her,
Scatha, his early nurse in lonely Skye.
Ferdiah saw these various feats, and knew
Against himself they soon would be applied.

'Say, O Ferdiah, to what arms shall we
Resort in this day's fight ?'—Cuchullin said.
Ferdiah answered, 'Unto thee belongs
The choice of weapons now until the night.'
'Let us then try the Ford Feat on this day,'
Replied Cuchullin. 'Let us then, indeed,'
Rejoined Ferdiah, with a careless air
Consenting, though in truth it was to him
The cause of grief to say so, since he knew
That in the Ford Feat lay Cuchullin's strength,
And that he never failed to overthrow
Champion or hero in that last appeal.

Great was the feat that was performed that day
In and beside the Ford : the mighty two,
The two great heroes, warriors, champions, chiefs

Of western Europe—the two open hands
Laden with gifts of the north-western world,—
The two beloved pillars that upheld
The valour of the Gaels—the two strong keys
That kept the bravery of the Gaels secure—
Thus to be brought together from afar
To fight each other through the meddling schemes
Of Ailill and his wily partner Maer.

From each to each the missive weapons flew
From dawn of early morning to mid-day;
And when mid-day had come, the ire of both
Became more furious, and they drew more near.
Then was it that Cuchullin made a spring
From the Ford's brink, and came upon the boss
Of the great shield Ferdiah's arm upheld,
That thus he might, over the rim of the shield,
Strike at his head. Ferdiah with a touch
Of his left elbow, gave the shield a shake
And cast Cuchullin from him like a bird,
Back to the brink of the Ford. Again he sprang
From the Ford's brink, and came upon the boss
Of the great shield once more, to strike his head
Over the rim. Ferdiah with a stroke
Of his left knee made the great shield to ring,
And cast Cuchullin back upon the brink,
As if he only were a little child.

Laegh saw the act. 'Alas!' indeed, said Laegh,
'The warrior casts thee from him in the way
That an abandoned woman would her child.
He flings thee as a river flings its foam.
He grinds thee as a mill would grind fresh malt.
He fells thee as the axe does fell the oak.
He binds thee as the woodbine binds the tree.
He darts upon thee as a hawk doth dart
Upon small birds, so that from this hour forth
Until the end of time, thou hast no claim
Or title to be called a valorous man:
Thou little puny phantom form.'—said Laegh.

Then with the rapid motion of the wind,
The fleetness of a swallow on the wing,
The fierceness of a dragon, and the strength
Of a roused lion, once again up sprang
Cuchullin, high into the troubled air,

And lighted for the third time on the boss
Of the broad shield, to strike Ferdiah's head
Over the rim. The warrior shook the shield,
And cast Cuchullin mid-way in the Ford,
With such an easy effort that it seemed
As if he scarcely deigned to shake him off.

Then as he lay, a strange distortion came[1]
Upon Cuchullin; as a bladder swells
Inflated by the breath, to such a size
And fulness did he grow, that he became
A fearful, many-coloured, wondrous Tuaig—
Gigantic shape, as big as a man of the sea.
Or monstrous Fomor, so that now his form
In perfect height over Ferdiah stood.

So close the fight was now, that their heads met
Above, their feet below, their arms half-way
Over the rims and bosses of their shields:—
So close the fight was now, that from their rims
Unto their centres were their shields cut through,
And loosed was every rivet from its hold;
So close the fight was now, that their strong spears
Were turned and bent and shivered point and haft:
Such was the closeness of the fight they made
That the invisible and unearthly hosts
Of Spirits, Bocanachs and Bananachs,
And the wild wizard people of the glens,
And of the air the demons, shrieked and screamed
From the reverberating rim of the shields,
And from their sword-hilts and the shafts of their spears:
Such was the closeness of the fight they made,
They forced the river from its natural course,
Out of its bed, so that it might have been
A couch whereon a King or Queen might lie,
For not a drop of water it retained,

[1] 'A strange distortion.' The *Geniti Glindi* mentioned in the text, p. 460, and referred to in the note, thus give an account of their supernatural power in the *Battle of Magh Leana*, p. 121: '"Whence come these women?" said the nobles. "We have come from afar by our own powers," said they. "Our art is to bring the sea upon the high places, snow upon the ground, broad sheets of lightning upon the extensive plains, and a change of form upon races (of men), and fairy distortions upon noble families."' The particular distortion of Cuchullin is referred to by O'Curry in a note to *The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn.* *Atlantes*, i., p. 108.

Except what came from the great tramp and splash
Of the two heroes fighting in its midst.

Such was the fierceness of the fight they waged,
That a wild fury seized upon the steeds
The Gaels had gathered with them; in affright
They burst their traces and their binding ropes,
Nay even their chains, and panting fled away.
The women too and youths, by equal fears
Inspired and scared, and all the varied crowd
Of followers and non-combatants who there
Were with the men of Erin, from the camp
South-westward broke away, and fled the Ford.

At the edge-feat of swords they were engaged
When this *surprise occurred*, and it was then
Ferdiah an unguarded moment found
Upon Cuchullin, and he struck him deep,
Plunging his straight-edged sword up to the hilt
Within his body, till his girdle filled
With blood, and all the Ford ran red with gore
From the brave battle-warrior's veins outshed.
This could Cuchullin now no longer bear
Because Ferdiah still the unguarded spot
Struck and re-struck with quick, strong stubborn strokes;
And so he called aloud to Laegh, the son
Of Riangaha, for the dread Gae-Bulg.
The manner of that fearful feat was this:
Adown the current was it sent, and caught
Between the toes: a single spear would make
The wound it made when entering, but once lodged
Within the body, thirty barbs outsprung,
So that it could not be withdrawn until
The body was cut open where it lay.
And when of the Gae-Bulg Ferdiah heard
The name, he made a downward stroke of his shield,
To guard his body. Then Cuchullin thrust
The unerring thorny spear straight o'er the rim,
And through the breast-plate of his coat of mail,
So that its farther half was seen beyond
His body, after passing through his heart.

Ferdiah gave an upward stroke of his shield,
His breast to cover, though it was 'the relief

After the danger.' Then the servant set
The dread Gae-Bulg adown the flowing stream;
Cuchullin caught it firmly 'twixt his toes,
And from his foot a fearful cast he threw
Upon Ferdiah with unerring aim.
Swift through the well-wrought iron apron guard
It passed, and through the stone which was as large
As a huge mill-stone, cracking it in three,
And so into his body, every part
Of which was filled with the expanding barbs.
'That is enough: by that one blow I fall,'
Ferdiah said. 'Indeed, I now may own
That I am sickly after thee this day,
Though it behoved not thee that I should fall
By stroke of thine;' and then these dying words
He added, tottering back upon the bank.

FERDIAH.

O Hound, so famed for deeds of valour doing
'Twas not *thy place* my death to give to me;
Thine is the fault of my most certain ruin,
And yet 'tis best to have my blood on thee.

The wretch escapes not from his false position,
Who to the gap of his destruction goes;
Alas! my death-sick voice needs no physician,
My end hath come—my life's stream seaward flows.

The natural ramparts of my breast are broken,
In its own gore my struggling heart is drowned:—
Alas! I have not fought as I have spoken,
For thou hast killed me in the fight, O Hound!

Cuchullin towards him ran, and his two arms
Clasping about him, lifted him and bore
The body in its armour and its clothes
Across the Ford unto the northern bank,
In order that the slain should thus be placed
Upon the north bank of the Ford, and not
Among the men of Erin, on the west.
Cuchullin laid Ferdiah down and then
A sudden trance, a faintness on him came
When bending o'er the body of his friend.
Laegh saw the weakness, which was seen as well

By all the men of Erin, who arose
Upon the moment to attack him there.
'Good, O Cuchullin,' Laegh exclaimed, 'arise,
For all the men of Erin hither come.
It is no single combat they will give,
Since fair Ferdiah, Daman's son, the son
Of Daré, by thy hands has here been slain.'
So Laegh addressed the hero, though he seemed
To hear him not, but mourned his friend the more.
And thus he spoke these words, and thus he moaned:
'Alas! Ferdiah, an unhappy chance
It was for thee that thou didst not consult
Some of the heroes who my prowess knew,
Before thou camest forth to meet me here,
In the hard battle combat by the Ford.
Unhappy was it that it was not Laegh
The son of Riangaha, thou didst ask
About our fellow-pupilship, a bond
That then the unnatural combat then have stayed;
Unhappy was it that thou didst not ask
Honest advice from Fergus, son of Roy;
Or that it was not battle-winning, proud,
Exulting, ruddy Connall thou didst ask
About our fellow-pupilship of old.
For well do these men know there will not be
A being born among the Conacians who
Shall do the deeds of valour thou hast done
From this day forth until the end of time.
For if thou hadst consulted these brave men
About the places where the assemblies meet,
About the plightings and the broken vows
Uttered too oft by Connaught's fair-haired dames;
If thou hadst asked about the games and sports
Played with the targe and shield, the sword and spear,
If of backgammon or the moves of chess,
Or races with the chariots and the steeds,
They never would have found a champion's arm
As strong to pierce a hero's flesh as thine,
O rose-cloud hued Ferdiah! None to raise
The red-mouthed vulture's hoarse inviting croak
Unto the many-coloured flocks, nor one
Who will for Croghan combat like to thee,
O red-cheeked son of Daman!' Thus he said,

Then standing o'er Ferdiah he resumed:
'Oh! great has been the treachery and fraud
The men of Erin practised upon thee,
Ferdiah, thus to bring thee here to fight
With me, 'gainst whom it is no easy task
Upon the Tain Bó Cuailgné to contend.'
He paused awhile, still gazing on the dead,
Then to his charioteer he spoke. 'Friend Laegh,
Strip now Ferdiah, take his armour off,
That I may see the golden brooch of Maer,
For which he undertook the fatal fight.'
Laegh took the armour then from off his breast,
And then Cuchullin saw the golden pin
That cost so dear, and then these words he spoke.

CUCHULLIN.

Alas! O brooch of gold!
O Chief, whose fame each poet knows,
O hero of stout slaughtering blows,
Thy arm was brave and bold.
Thy yellow flowing hair,
Thy purple girdle's silken fold
Still even in death around thee rolled,—
Thy twisted jewel rare.
Thy noble beaming eyes
Now closed in death, make mine grow dim.
Thy dazzling shield with golden rim—
Thy chess a king might prize.
Oh! piteous to behold,
My fellow pupil falls by me.
It was an end that should not be,
Alas! O brooch of gold!

After another pause Cuchullin spoke:—

'O Laegh, my friend, open Ferdiah now,
And from his body the Gae-Bulg take out,
For I without my weapon cannot be.'

Laegh then approached, and with a strong sharp knife
Opened Ferdiah's body, and drew out
The dread Gae-Bulg. And when Cuchullin saw
His bloody weapon lying red beside
Ferdiah on the ground, again he thought

Of all their past career, and of the deeds
By them together done in days gone by.
Laegh interposed at length, and thus he said:
'Good, O Cuchullin, let us leave the Ford,
For long have we been here, by far too long.'
'Let us then leave it now,' Cuchullin said,
'O Laegh, my friend, but know that every fight
In which I hitherto have drawn my sword,
Has been but as a pastime and a sport,
Compared with this one with Ferdiah fought.'
And he was saying, and he spoke these words:

CUCHULLIN.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
I played but with the spear and sword;
Alike the teaching we received,
Alike were glad, alike were grieved,
Alike were we by Scatha's grace
Deemed worthy of the highest place.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
I played but with the spear and sword;
Alike our habits and our ways,
Alike our prowess and our praise,
Alike the trophies of the brave
The glittering shields that Scatha gave.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
I played but with the spear and sword,
How dear to me, ah! who can know?
This golden pillar here laid low,
This mighty tree so strong and tall
The chief, the champion of us all!

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
I played but with the spear and sword.
The lion rushing with a roar,
The wave that swallows up the shore,
When storm-winds blow and heaven is dim,
Could only be compared to him.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
I played but with the spear and sword;

Through me the friend I loved is dead,
A cloud is ever on my head—
The mountain form—the giant frame
Is now a shadow and a name.

The countless legions of the *Tain*,
Those hands of mine have turned and slain;
Their men and steeds before me died,
Their flocks and herds on either side,
Though numerous were the hosts that came
From Croghan's Rath of fatal fame.

Though less than half the foes I led,
Before me soon my foes lay dead.—
Never to gory battle pressed,
Never was nursed on Bamba's breast,
Never from sons of kings there came
A hero of more glorious fame.

THE FATE OF FERDIAH SO FAR.

THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

By H. D. Traill.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CITY OF THE EARTHLY LIFE (continued).

The further we advanced in our walk through the City, the more evidences met us of the accuracy of our guide's description of it, and of its title to its name. It was really difficult, at times, to recollect that one was in Hades—so forcibly did the sights and sounds about us recal to us the cities of the world of mortals. The entire absence of horses and vehicles from its streets was, of course, an unusual feature, but to anyone who recollected the silent thoroughfares of Venice, this phenomenon presented in itself nothing necessarily suggestive of the unearthly. And, with this one exception, there was little or no external difference between this City and an European capital: there was the same incessant stream of pedestrians passing to and fro, some with the quick pace and earnest look of busy men, others with the slow step, and vacant, desultory air of the street-lounger, pausing every moment to gossip with an acquaintance, or to gaze into what I suppose I must call—to make myself intelligible to mortals—the fronts of shops. Those who—from the fact that spirits require not, and indeed are unable to make use of, food, drink, clothing, or any of the other matters which are the objects of earthly needs—have inferred that no shops can have existed in the City of the Earthly Life, have been guilty of a very rash assumption. On the contrary, the City is full of shops, many of which do a thriving business. The fact that none of the inhabitants require any of the articles which the shops supply, does not, curiously enough, prevent them, especially the female spirits, from shopping to a very liberal extent. It is hardly necessary, however, to warn the reader that if he attempts mentally to represent these establishments to his mind by comparisons drawn from the shops of a mortal dispensation, he will fall into errors of the grossest materialism, and be apt to form a very unworthy and dishonouring

conception of spiritual trade. I must therefore beg him to accept the fact of their existence without questioning, on the one hand, or, on the other, attempting to form any conception of them; contenting himself with my assurance that they are something infinitely superior to anything on earth—types of fashionable perfection, of whose glories the establishments of Regent Street and the Boulevard des Italiens are but dim and earthly reflections.

The multitude of the impressions which we were receiving from the busy scene around us left us without much leisure for self-analysis; but from time to time we examined our sentiments with respect to the sights we were witnessing, and were surprised to find that they had undergone a considerable change. For my part I confess that, anxious as I still was for the moment to arrive when we should be introduced to the solution of the problem of existence, I did not find the time hang at all heavily on my hands. Confirmed Cockney as I had been in my lifetime, I was surprised to find the extent to which my earthly attachment to the life of cities had influenced my character as a spirit. The M.P. and the country gentleman were, I think, much in the same case. Now that we had become familiar with the idea of the existence of poverty, misery, etc., in the City, we had almost grown reconciled to it, and began to look with reviving interest and pleasure on the more attractive features of the scene around us. The only members of the party who did not seem to share these feelings were the artist and the poet. The former was, I think, rather disgusted by the absence of the picturesque from our urban surroundings, and felt the want of the beauties of natural—I should say supernatural—scenery. The poet's extreme sensibility was still suffering from the sights he had met with in the quarter of the poor; and he had, besides, always preferred a country to a town life.

'This is but a dreary place, to my mind,' he said, suddenly addressing the apparitor; 'no one with a poet's love of reflection and retirement could endure it for an hour.'

'Indeed!' replied our guide, pointing to a little spirit who was laughing and talking amongst a group of fashionable acquaintances on the other side of the street. 'Do you recognise that gentleman?'

'Gracious heaven! yes,' said the poet, with a start. 'It is de Tomkins—Tristan l'Hermite de Tomkins.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'the great author of "Fleshly Fetters," and of those still finer poems, "Beating the Bars" and "Cries of an Imprisoned Soul?"'

'The same,' replied our guide.

'You surprise me,' I said. 'Why, in the other world he was reported to live a life of the most melancholy seclusion, awaiting with an almost indignant impatience the release of his aspiring spirit.'

'He has taken,' said the apparitor, 'a fashionable little villa in one of the suburbs, and spends the greater part of his time here amongst the best society. *You* knew him,' he continued, turning to the poet, with a slight smile of compassion for my innocence. 'Never was a man fonder of clanking his fleshly fetters in a drawing-room. The struggles of his imprisoned spirit to free itself were there made the subject of such complimentary criticism as quite to reconcile it to its captivity. The literary and social success of his utter despair made him completely happy for life.'

'Quite true,' muttered the poet, 'and a man more particular about his dinners I never met, nor a better judge of a glass of wine. But what then?' he continued, after a pause; 'this is only to say that he had the weaknesses and vanities inseparable from the flesh. Is he, in his spiritual life, still to long for the fame of the drawing-room, and the vain delights of flattery?'

'What a curiously unreasonable set of persons you mortals seem to be,' said the apparitor, laughing. 'I really don't know what it is you would have. You seem to have dogmatised, all your mortal lives, about the character and conditions of the future life, without the slightest reflection upon all the consequences which your dogmas involve. A spirit is to retain his personal identity; you indignantly repudiate any supposition to the contrary; in fact, you call it Pantheism, I believe, to maintain such a supposition. No: the spirit of John Smith is to be conscious of himself as John Smith's spirit—is *to be*, in fact, John Smith, but divested of all the mental attributes which he possessed, or rather, which together constituted *him* on earth—cut off suddenly and for ever from the multitude of associations of thought and feeling, the sum total of which was what John Smith really meant when he used that most foolish and unmeaning of words, "I." The *house*, in other words, is to be the same, but all the bricks and mortar composing it are to be different. That, I believe, is your theory, or rather, the impracticable and self-contradictory wish which you have exalted into a theory!'

This sudden incursion of our guide into the regions of metaphysics disconcerted us all somewhat, and we were irritated at finding that the subject was as obscure and confusing to us, as spirits, as it had been when we were mortals; added to which, the fatal transparency of our spirit-natures, and the patency of our inmost thoughts, deprived us of that power of concealing mental bewilderment which is essential to a comfortable discussion of metaphysical questions. The only person who seemed not ill at ease under the turn which the conversation had taken was the country gentleman. In life he had had, as he had told Minos, a singular passion for mentally fuddling himself, as it were, with the consideration of abstruse mental problems, and he declared, with pleasure,

that his head was already beginning to spin round and round, as it had used to do when the vicar and he got fairly on to the subject of Free Will.

But during this conversation we had arrived at another quarter of the City, and we now stood before a large building in the best style of spiritual architecture.

'The Courts of Justice,' said the apparitor, indicating it.

'Humph!' muttered the M.P., gloomily, 'crime here, then, as well as poverty!'

'To be sure,' replied our guide, cheerfully, 'and civil litigation in abundance. Conceive a thriving city without it! Criminal business is of course somewhat limited by the inability of spirits to commit crimes of violence; but there are plenty of offences against property. The doings in the money market alone supply a sufficient calendar of such crimes, besides contributing to fill the cause list with civil actions. Neither the civil nor the criminal side of the Court, however, is, I think, much worth visiting. The proceedings are so absurdly simple and expeditious. In the spirit-world, as you are aware, the secret thoughts of every one are visible to his fellow; and the consequence is, that in criminal cases the Court has only to look at the prisoner in order to see at once whether or not he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged. In civil cases the proceedings are less simple, though there too of course, the Court derives great assistance from the transparency of the plaintiff and defendant. No one of course can prosecute a claim which he knows to be unjust, or resist one which he knows to be just. But, in many cases, both the plaintiff and defendant honestly believe in the justice of their respective claims, and then it is necessary to call and examine—that is, *inspect* witnesses, a glance at whom is sufficient to reveal the true state of facts. This makes these trials tediously long, at least, according to our reckoning. Some of them have been known to last many minutes,[1] whereas the criminal cases—but here we are within a few yards of the Criminal Court, peep into it for yourselves;' and leading us through a lofty vestibule of the Court, he threw open a swing door on the left hand.

The Court was in construction not unlike one of the courts of the earth; save that there was no provision for accommodating counsel and attorneys. It consisted in fact of a bench, a dock, and a witness-box, and the rest of the space was occupied by spectators. On the bench

[1] I have never been more painfully conscious of the inadequacy of mortal language to express the phenomena of the spirit world. The word 'minutes' does not of course represent with any approach to accuracy the actual period which elapsed, the very idea of which, indeed (being as it is a *period* in *eternity*, i.e., a *finite* part of an *infinite* thing) is necessarily beyond the grasp of the mortal reader.

there was seated a single judge, and two streams of spirits were passing into and out of the dock, and into and out of the witness-box, respectively, with a rapidity almost too quick for the eye to follow. Each spirit as he passed through the dock would pause for an inconceivably short period of time, and simultaneously the spirit then passing through the witness-box would pause also. Each of the pairs of spirits consisted of a prisoner and his prosecutor, and in the inconceivably short period of time during which they both passed, the former was judged and condemned, and directed by a gesture to pass on. The calendar is thus got through with considerable expedition.

On a sudden, however, the continuity of these singular processions was broken by what seemed to us a still more singular interruption. While one of the spirits was making the usual pause in the dock, and another pausing in the witness-box, the judge made a different gesture, and the prisoner spirit instead of passing on with his companions flitted across to the witness-box and passed out among the prosecutors, while the prosecutor flitted past him into the dock and joined the procession of prisoners. We looked inquiringly at the apparitor for an explanation.

'Ah!' he said, 'you are unaccustomed to such rapid procedure, and your eye is not yet quick enough to recognise its justice; but I may explain it to your reason. That prisoner is innocent, and being innocent it follows from data with which you are already familiar, that the prosecutor must have known of his innocence. That being so, the latter is guilty of false accusation, and the shortest method of dealing with the case is to make the two change places. When your eye gets more accustomed to the use of its new power, you will be able to discover a false prosecutor's guilt by direct ocular inspection instead of by inference only. The spectators can do so, for you see the change of places between the two excited no surprise amongst them.'

'How extraordinary!' said the M.P., 'that a spirit should with such certainty of detection, dare to prefer a false accusation.'

'It is not unfrequently done, however,' replied the apparitor. 'Perpetually gazing as they do on the inmost thoughts of others, many spirits have the greatest difficulty in realising the fact that their own are equally exposed.'

'The proceedings in these courts,' continued the apparitor, as we turned to go; 'are far less interesting now, than they were some little time back.'

'How is that?' we enquired.

'Well,' replied our guide. 'At the time I refer to, some very violent reforming moralists had just arrived here, and they broached the idea that in a state of society where motives, desires, intentions, &c., were as capable of detection and proof, as are overt acts upon earth, they should

be as liable to punishment. It was not, they argued, the mere *act* which was considered to justify the punishment even under human codes of law, but the *mens rea* of which the act was only the evidence. Where therefore this *mens rea* was not matter of inference, but object of direct vision, it was the bounden duty of a well-ordered state to visit it with the same punishment as the act. The idea was so thoroughly logical, and was advocated with so much ability, that for a short time it was put into practice.'

'And with what result?' enquired the M.P., deeply interested.

'Oh, the most absurd you can conceive,' was the reply. 'In the first place it produced the utmost confusion throughout the whole city. For a few days everybody seemed to be engaged in arresting and prosecuting everybody else. Nobody was safe. The most respectable spirit was liable to be given in charge by a total stranger for an evil thought of the most temporary nature. On one occasion a spirit of the highest character was descending the steps of his house when he happened to see on the other side of the way a person with whom he had had a quarrel some time back, and a beggar who was passing by, immediately handed him over to the police on a charge of ill-feeling. The police, under a new and active commissioner, one day made a raid upon the stock exchange, and apprehended nearly the whole of the members, on warrants charging them with covetousness and a "wish that it were possible to defraud each other with impunity." It was no uncommon thing for a rich and a poor spirit simultaneously to seize each other in the street, and clamour for the police, the former accusing the latter of envy, and the latter retaliating with an accusation of selfishness. But it was the crowning absurdity of the *trial* which gave the final blow to the new criminal code.'

'How so?' we enquired.

'Why,' said the apparitor, 'the reformers who introduced the new system were under the self-delusion which I referred to a little while ago. They had not realised the fact that they were themselves as transparent as the persons against whom they had been so rigorously legislating, and though they took the greatest care in selecting from amongst their number the fittest possible persons to be judge and public prosecutor, it was found impossible to obtain any of sufficient internal purity, to make their assumption of either function anything but the grossest and most painful absurdity. It was too ridiculous to have a judge trying a "coveting case," when the prisoners and every one else could see him plainly longing for something of his neighbour's; or a public prosecutor declaiming against a prisoner charged with "malice," when the working in his own breast of the most acrimonious feelings towards his late mother-in-law, was patent to every spectator in court. They tried for a short time to

mitigate the absurdity by a distribution of work, putting for instance spirits liable to covetous inclinations, to try "malice cases," and *vice versâ* but they found that the classes were not sufficiently sharply divided, and the old anomaly would be always recurring. At last, *solvuntur risu tabulæ*. A very monstrous case turned up, in which the judge was so obviously the moral inferior of the prisoner, that the whole court burst into laughter, in which, to do him justice, "the learned judge joined," as you say on earth when somebody makes a more than usually stupid joke. The prisoner could not be discharged because it is contrary to the law existing. He was sentenced and then pardoned, and the next day the new criminal code was repealed, and now we attempt the punishment only of overt acts.'

'It was certainly a remarkable experiment,' said the M.P., 'and, successful or not, it does the highest credit to the boldness and originality of the statesmanship of those who initiated it.'

'The bold and original statesmen are not far from you at this moment,' said our guide, pointing to a building of a more modern order of spiritual architecture which adjoined the Courts of Justice we had just quitted. 'Yonder is the Chamber of Representatives. The members are now sitting, in fact, they sit *en permanence*, as becomes an immortal assembly.'

'I should like, of all things, to be present at one of their debates,' said the M.P., eagerly. 'Can it be done?'

'Nothing easier,' replied our guide. 'The public are admitted without any restriction in the way of ticket or order. In fact,' he continued, with a slightly melancholy smile, 'no such restriction is necessary, as you will imagine when you learn the subject of debate. The gallery is generally empty, save for a few who go there to indulge a few minutes' curiosity, or to ridicule the members. But here we are.' And, passing under an arched gateway of imposing appearance, we followed him up a winding staircase into the gallery of the chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CITY OF THE EARTHLY LIFE (*concluded*).

THE Chamber of Representatives in the City of the Earthly Life is in appearance something like our own House of Commons, with the exception that there is no table, and the important consequence of this exception that there is nowhere to put the mace when the House is in session, and no means, therefore, of indicating, by the removal of the 'bauble,'

that members have resolved themselves into committee of the whole House. As the House, however, never goes into committee, and the Speaker, consequently, never leaves the chair, the latter defect is of less consequence, and the only serious informality in their proceedings is, that there is no mace visible when the Speaker is *in* the chair.

An animated debate was in progress, and the apparitor named for our information the various speakers who rose alternately to attack or defend the proposition then before the House. Unaccustomed as we were to the public speaking of spirits, and to the extreme rapidity which they communicate their thoughts, most of the speakers were, to use the M.P.'s expression, 'inaudible in the gallery,' and we were at last compelled to ask our guide what was the subject of discussion.

'Oh,' he replied, 'they have but one subject of discussion, and it arises directly out of the legislation of which we have been lately speaking.'

'Indeed,' said the M.P., 'what is that subject?'

'The question of Free Will,' replied the apparitor, glancing at the country gentleman, whose attention was instantly arrested. 'When they found it impossible to apply criminal law to the correction and punishment of evil wishes and intentions, the efforts of the reformers were naturally directed towards the root of the evil, and they turned their attention to attempts to check and prevent the existence of these evil wishes, intentions, &c., in the breasts of spirits. However, the extreme severity of the repealed legislation has produced its natural effect in a conservative reaction, and the necessitarian party is now in a slight majority. *Their* contention is, that all legislation with the object of improving the moral condition of spirits is futile, and that the utmost they can do is confined to restraining, by the addition of deterrent motives, the manifestations of a bad moral condition in overt acts. They argue that as it is even doubtful whether man is not the slave of the stronger motive, and so incapable of independently influencing even his outward acts, so he must *à fortiori* be incapable of freeing himself from the solicitation of motives, whose *presentation* of themselves to him is,—free will or no free will,—clearly independent of his control. The Free Will party, on the other hand, argue, that motives properly so called are more subjective that objective'—here the country gentleman drew a long breath of gratified interest—'and that though the mere *thought of performing* an evil action may, and perhaps must, always arise in the mind where an alternative of good or evil action is presented, yet this does not constitute a *motive* (which is, in strict language, not an idea of, but a prompting to, action, exercising a certain appreciable bias upon the will), and that, by an assiduous training of the will (to be provided for all by legislative enactment), this force may be reduced to a minimum,

and at last absolutely disappear, so that the so-called motive in question is no longer either felt as a motive by the agent, or is even visible in operation to the spectator. It is a beautiful point, is it not?'

'It is indeed,' said the country gentleman.

'How long have they been debating it?' enquired the M.P.

'Continuously, and without a moment's cessation, through all the years which have elapsed since the repeal of the Criminal Code,' was the reply.

'You amaze me,' said the M.P., 'pray why the deuce don't they divide?'

'All questions before the legislature have to be settled by an unanimous vote,' replied the apparitor. 'Do you think the rough human expedient of majorities could be tolerated by spirits, particularly on such questions as this? Besides, where all are equally disinterested, and all equally competent to judge, all should be convinced. So they go on from year to year, speech succeeding to speech, argument to argument. No spirit ever leaves the House, the Speaker never for a moment quits the chair,' (the poet here cast a glance of profound sympathy at that official) 'and so they will, nay must, continue in session to all eternity.'

'Eternity!' exclaimed the country gentleman, aghast. 'Humph! that's rather too much. No one can be fonder of these discussions than I am—in moderation, and with a good bottle of wine to wet one's logic—but to go on for ever, that seems to me rather a waste of time.'

'And yet,' said the M.P., musingly, 'and yet the vast issues which hang upon the problem; the grand gains to the world of spirits if the advocates of Free Will could prove their case, and law might cease to chastise, and learn to purify. Can an eternity be better spent than in efforts, even futile efforts, to achieve this moral deliverance for one's fellows. Besides, is it so certain that they *are* futile?'

'You *know* they are,' replied the apparitor, half in pity half in disdain; 'Were they not so on earth, and is the problem any clearer to you here?'

'No, indeed,' said the country gentleman, shaking his head.

'There is but one way of solving it, the way which you have all so well chosen;' continued the apparitor, always with that unpleasant half-smile that crossed his features when he spoke of our plans for the future.

'True,' said the M.P., eagerly; 'but cannot one reveal the solution to others?'

'Impossible,' replied the apparitor, in a solemn voice. 'Between us and that region that holds the keys to the secrets of man's life, flows the great River of the Mystery. None return thence to tell other what they have seen. Each must deliver himself; they that abide in the city are of the city. None can know the secret who will not surrender all

for the knowledge. These spirits here,' and he pointed to the disputants below, 'are freed indeed from the lower passions and vanities of the earth, but the pride of intellect and the joy of dispute, and the thirst for action, hold them yet. They love the treasure less than the search. Come, let us be going.'

But we still lingered, fascinated by the scene before us. We gazed on those ranks of anxious spirits, bound together by a common passion for unattainable knowledge. We watched the incessant altercation of eager disputants, and the majestic calm of the motionless presiding spirit; we thought of the years that had passed over them in unwearied controversy, of the everlasting, and also of the (to an English mind) utterly unpractical character of their occupation, and a strange mixture of feelings possessed our minds. The indescribable light of the spirit-world flowed in, and flooded that chamber of eternal session; from without floated in the laughter, and light footfalls of the city loungers, and the quick but measured tread of the 'spirits of business,' and the whole panorama of human life seemed unfolded before and behind us, for our admiration, our pity, and our contempt. Life in its contented littleness and its unhappy dignity—life, the round of petty toils and petty pleasures, or the struggle of eternal aspirations and eternal defeat.

'You have seen enough of the city,' said the apparitor, as we left the chamber, and regained the open street; 'and our time moreover is short. We must return to Minos. The Court will have risen, and the Chief Justice will be expecting us.'

We followed our guide through the streets of the city, not sorry to be leaving it—I speak, at least, for the majority. With the exception of the M.P., whose thoughts were still lingering by the scene we had just left, we were all heartily wearied of its sights and sounds. We had not been on earth the mere toilers at business or pleasure from whose ranks the vast spirit population of this city is recruited. Its ceaseless inexorable life filled us with bewilderment and unrest. No doubt, as the apparitor had told us, the fashion of the world we had left still clung to us; but we could not think of the utter *sleeplessness* of this densely-populated city without a kind of terror. We felt—only with infinitely more intensity—the sensations of a man who, standing at midnight on some eminence that neighbours London, and listening to the faint murmur which never quite ceases in her streets, suffers himself to think of the mighty city as of *one* living being. Then he will think how, for years, perhaps for centuries, this creature has never known sleep—such sleep as visits the hamlet when the last footfall has sounded in its single street, the last cottage-door has been shut, the last lattice quenched, and the river left to babble to itself under the deserted bridge; but how, for generations and generations, *she* has waked through the endless proces-

sion of the hours—sleepless in her toil, her revel, and her tears: the last footsteps of the night's debauch sounding through her vexed streets with the first footsteps of the morrow's toil—a red glare ever overhanging her roofs like the reflection of her fevered unslumbering eyes!

But this awe, which none feel on earth but those who can realise and think of a great city as a whole, oppressed us, fresh from the earth, with far greater urgency in this city where no one slept, and but few even rested. We now contemplated, with all our former horror and aversion, the condition of those spirits who could voluntarily plunge themselves in turmoil more restless and incessant than that of an earthly city—unrelieved even by those pauses which render such a life tolerable upon earth. I must however add, in common fairness, that we were naturally beginning to get bored with a city in which we had seen all the sights which it had to show us; and the moral repulsion which we now felt reviving in our minds when we thought of its inhabitants, was no doubt largely stimulated by *ennui*. Still, from whatever cause, we were well pleased to find ourselves emerging from the city by way of one of its fashionable suburbs. To closely-packed streets began to succeed rows of semi-detached houses, then of detached villas; then gardens began to appear; and at last we stood on the very limits of the city, with a wide and smiling plain before us. The country gentleman breathed again.

'Ha!' he exclaimed, with a long and hearty expiration, 'it is something to be free of that place of turmoil and vanity and crime, and to breathe again the fresh air of the country.'

'To me,' said the poet, gazing on the fair and quiet scene before us, 'it is sweet, but also, as ever in lifetime, sad. It has awakened in me anew that infinite longing to know all that is beyond.'

'Of course, of course,' said the country gentleman, a little disconcerted. 'That of course. No doubt the sight of a scene like this does awaken in one—as you say—the infinite—upon my word this looks excellent soil.'

'It is, indeed, very fine,' replied the apparitor. 'It is the part of Hades in which those spirits who prefer an agricultural life generally select their allotments.'

'What," said the country gentleman, attempting, but without success, to disguise his agitation, 'is this where the high farming you spoke of is carried on?'

'It is,' replied the other. 'Look there, and there."

And sure enough we saw, on looking round, that the landscape was portioned out into allotments, each with its little farm and homestead in its midst, the picture of rural ease and plenty and content. The arable land blazed with the yellowest crops, the pasture land smiled with unspeakable verdure, cattle of a sleekness unattainable by earthly oil-

cake lounged and lay around. Most singular of all to behold, each allotment had a weather of its own—one lay bathed in sunshine, another drowned in torrents of descending rain, and sunshine succeeded rain, and rain sunshine in every allotment, at the mere wish of its proprietor. Under the guidance of the apparitor, we approached the farms for a closer inspection, and walked round several of them, minutely examining the crops. The proprietors stood each in the midst of his allotment, gazing at the sky with an expression of the bitterest discontent. The agricultural *tout ensemble* was perfect, and it needed but a glance at our country friend to see how profound an impression it was producing on his mind.

'The spot is convenient for the city, you see,' said the apparitor, slyly.

'Yes,' muttered the country gentleman, 'one likes a run there sometimes. It is the very thing,' he continued in lower tones, 'the very thing.'

We remained a long time gazing upon this rural scene, some of us a little impatient to depart, but all unwilling to rouse the country gentleman from the deep reverie into which he had fallen. The M.P. had been wrapped in profound musings ever since he had quitted the city, and had hardly vouchsafed a passing glance at the scene which was so absorbing his companions' attention. At last the apparitor broke silence.

'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'we must indeed be going. We shall barely have time to return to the Court and have your papers made out before it will be necessary for us to set out on our journey to the mysterious region for which we are bound.'

These last words seemed to rouse the squire with a start from his musings, and an almost painful expression flitted across his features at our guide's last words, but with a heavy sigh he turned away and prepared to follow the rest of the party in our return journey.

The M.P. was the first to speak.

'Sir,' he said, addressing the apparitor, with the air of a man who after long hesitation has at length resolved. 'Be so good as to inform their lordships when we reach the Hall of Justice that I have changed my mind as to the course of life which I will adopt.'

'Indeed,' said our guide, with a polite affectation of surprise; 'may I ask what——'

'I desire my passport to be made out for the city,' said the M.P., shortly.

The poet looked at him with an expression of contemptuous surprise, which we all did our best to imitate, though not without some misgivings as to the appearance which our inmost thoughts presented to the spectator.

'It is vain,' continued the M.P., candidly; 'for me to attempt to do further violence to my real nature and propensities. I ought to have known throughout what I am now effectually reminded of, that my only happiness lies in a life of action, in the eager contests of public life, in the attempt, however futile, to set matters a little straight, legislatively speaking, in that city of confusion.'

There was a slight touch of arrogance in his tone, as became the spirit of an advanced radical, but the apparitor made no comment upon it. He merely bowed with a grave smile and said:

'I will take care that your change of plan is represented to their lordships.'

'Yes,' resumed the M.P.: 'the repose of satisfied enquiry, the fruition of complete knowledge, which might be the height of happiness to others, would be only irksome to me—I feel that my proper function in whatever world I may find myself, is to legislate.'

'And mine,' cried the country gentleman, emboldened by his companion's candour to a similar confession, 'mine is to farm.'

'What!' exclaimed the apparitor, in a tone of disappointment; 'do you too depart from your ideal? You, at least, I had believed to be truly interested in the problem of man's life.'

'So I am,' cried the country gentleman; 'much so, no one more so, I am sure; but then,' and his gaze wandered wistfully back to the fields we had left: 'To give up everything to learn the truth! The journey once made, you say can never be retraced. Suppose I should regret my choice?' he continued doubtfully. 'I know I shall never regret farming. I have tried that, whereas I have never tried solving the problem of life—that is, effectually. No, I wish you all good speed on your journey, but for my part I consider it folly to endanger my happiness for all eternity by adopting a life for which I am unfitted; and though I own I abandon with reluctance the prospect of solving the question of Free Will, as to which I still feel convinced that my view was the right, and the vicar's the wrong one—yet on the whole I think I had better remain here and farm.

The apparitor shrugged his shoulders.

'So be it,' he replied. 'I will recommend you for the next allotment. Is there any other gentleman who has changed his mind?'

We stole furtive glances at each other. The poet, I could see, was firm, and his desire to enter upon the life which he had selected, was as strong as ever. The artist had no fancy for either the life of the city or for rural pursuits, but I could read in his mind a certain dissatisfaction with the prospect before him, and something of regret that he had met with no opening which offered any greater attractions. For my own part I repudiated with sufficient firmness the suggestion of abandoning my

chosen career, but as I uttered my disclaimer, I wondered whether my companions could really read the strange mixture of motives with which I did so. But by this time we had reached our destination, and the Palace of Justice again rose before our view.

[*To be continued.*]

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I DREAMED a dream upon a summer night—
Methought I wander'd on a silent shore,
Where the sea seemed to sleep for evermore
Under the lustrous stars—or in the light
Of a full moon, which silver'd ev'ry height,
And cliff, and crag. And now a song stole o'er
The waters, wailing; and eftsoons a roar,
Like choral voices mingling in their might.
Wond'ring, I climbed upon the glitt'ring rocks,
And looked around. It seem'd that spirits sang—
When, lo! the white mermaidens, with fair locks
Of pearlèd hair. Again the voices rang
In one grand dying cadence o'er the sea,
Like Eve's last Eden song, with seraph's symphony.

B.

A Day in Kent.

By Lord R. Gower.

It would be difficult to find throughout England a pleasanter excursion than the one I shall try to describe. Leaving the luxurious hotel of the Royal Oak at Sevenoaks at a reasonable hour, and returning long before dark, I passed through some of the loveliest scenery that can be found even in this 'garden of England,' and visited a place which for picturesqueness and quaintness is, I believe, unrivalled. I refer to Ightham Mote, where many a long day might be profitably spent by an artist.

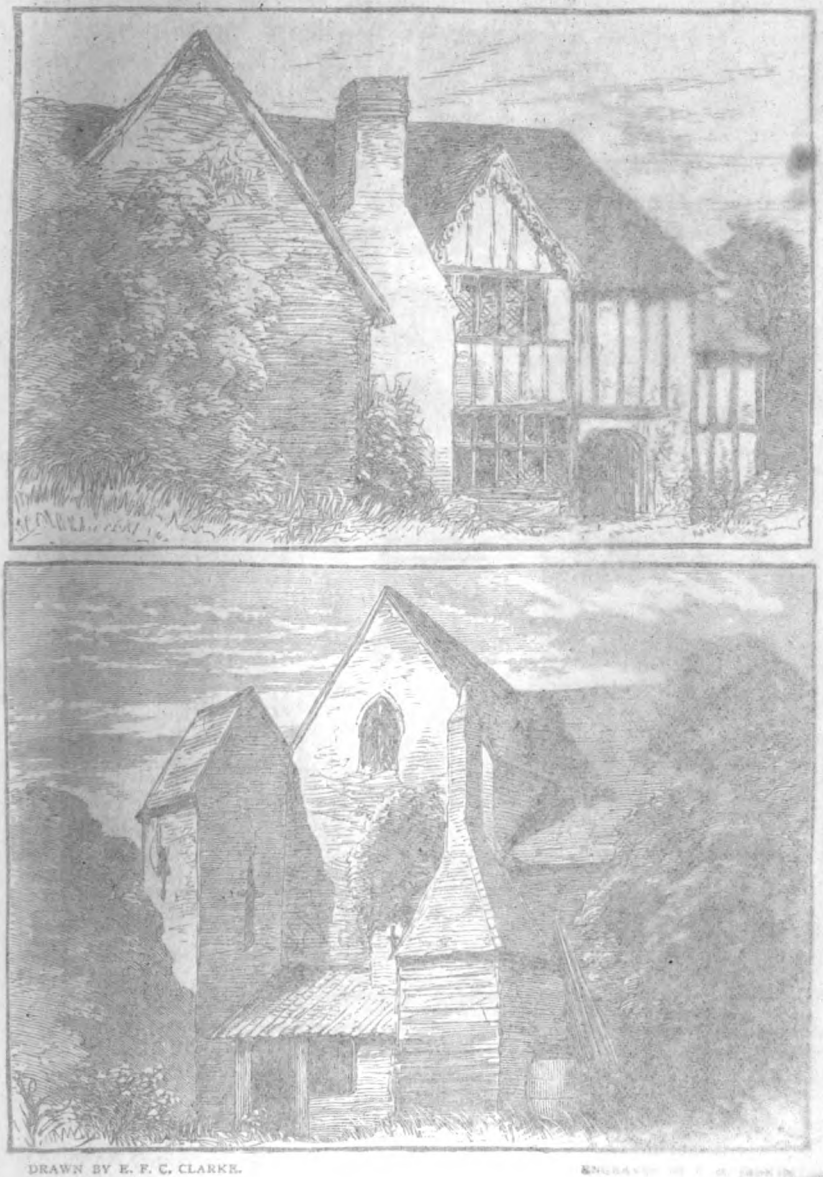
By referring to Murray, we are informed that the earliest histories date as far back as the reign of Edward III.; the derivation of the name is from 'Eyte' and 'ham'—'the hamlet of the Eyte.' Until within a very short distance the Mote is invisible, surrounded by fine old trees, of which a group of stately cedars that flank its garden side are the most conspicuous. Passing over the Mote, which is so clear that the fish, of which it seems to abound, are plainly seen darting about the water-lilies and other plants floating on the surface, you enter under a square embattled tower into the yard or quadrangle. Nothing can surpass the picturesqueness of this court. On your left is a tall, half-timber-built belfry tower; facing you a row of ornamental gables, and to your right the Gothic mullioned windows of the great hall. The interior has been sadly modernised, but the chapel has still some fine old specimens of painted glass. The most interesting one has, however, been placed in Ightham Church: it represents Henry VII. and his Queen, and is a splendid specimen.

Not only is the eye delighted by this grand old place, but the ear has also a share; the otherwise perfect stillness of the place is swarming with sound, and the drove of bees within the court is as soothing a sound as the plash of a score of little springs that fall into the Mote.

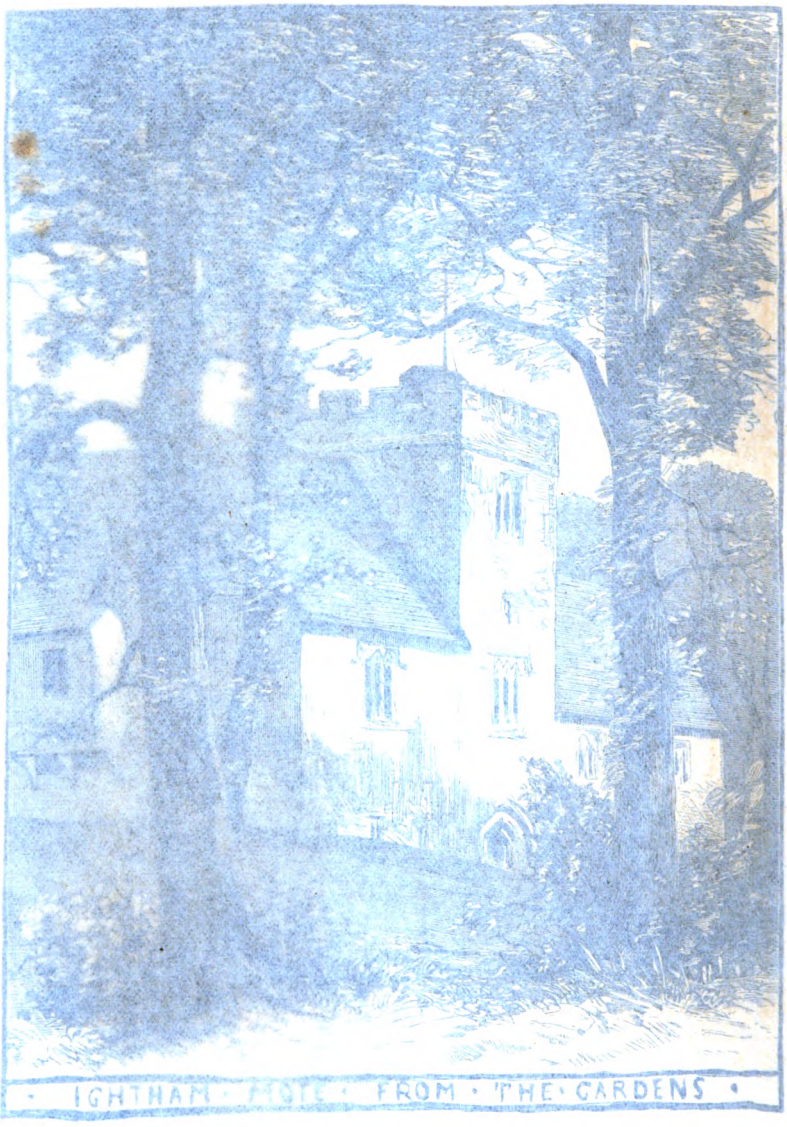
Ightham Mote was, however, only one of the many objects of interest of this excursion: Ightham Church must not be forgotten. Here, under a bust of a pious-looking, be-ruffed old lady, are the following lines:—

· IGHTHAM · MOTE · FROM · THE · GARDENS ·

DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

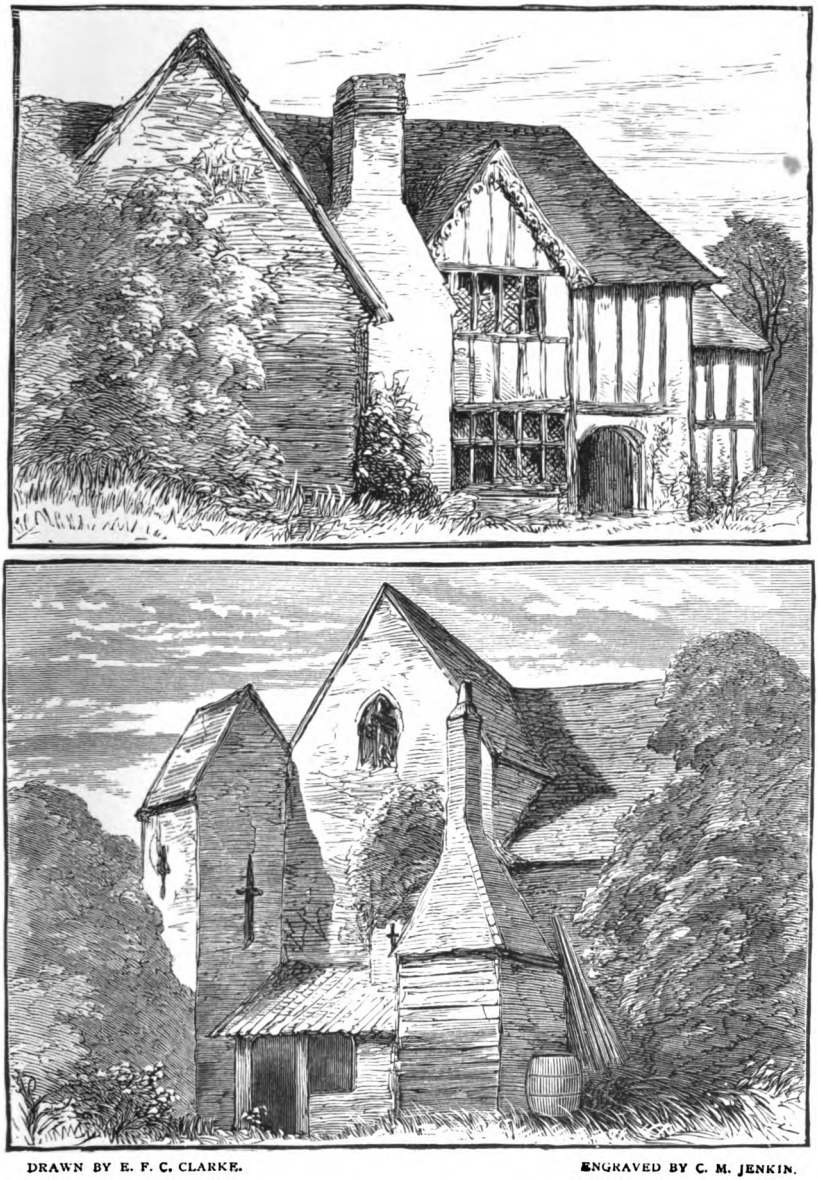


DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE.



DRAWN BY E. F. G. CLARKE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.



DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'She was a Dorcas,
Whose curious needle turned the abused stage
Of this leud world into the golden age;
Whose pen of steele and silken inke enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold;
Whose art disclosed that plot which, had it taken,
Rome had tryumph'd, and Britain's walls had shaken.
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna,
In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna.
Prudently simple, providently (?) wary,
To the World a Martha, and to Heaven a Mary;
Who put on immortality in the year of her pilgrimage 69, 1641.'

Can any of the contributors to *Notes and Queries* give any information about the part that this paragon of a widow (she was, states the inscription, the relict of Sir William Selby) had with the discovery of Guy Fawkes' plot?

Close by the Church is a half-timber, half-brick house, belonging, I believe, to a descendant of 'Dame Dorothy,' and this is another treat for those who are fond of a perfect specimen of old English domestic architecture. But we must not linger too long at Ightham, having four miles to go on the way to Maidstone to see one of the most curious old places in Kent—namely, Soar Place, or, as it is now called, 'The Old Shore Farm.' To get to this we pass along a road on each side of which the meadows are scarlet with clover, and golden with a lovely little yellow flower called 'cadlack,' For miles, what seems an endless park, with fine old timber, stretches away to the south, and beyond appears the road once used by pilgrims bound for St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury. If Vicat Cole has not painted this view, the sooner he pays a visit to Wrotham Hill the better.

Soar Place appears to have once been a house of some importance (circa 1300): even now traces of a chapel are seen in a room full of farm implements; and a corkscrew-staircase of cut stone leads into what once was probably the abbot's apartment, now converted into a pigeon-house. The place is now nothing but an appendage to an ugly farm-house; and one cannot help regretting that its present owner should be so unworthy of such a possession. But the afternoon is passing away, and, in order to have a gallop amongst the glades in Knole Park, we must turn homewards.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

AMONG the many changes hitherto brought about by this century of shiftings and transitions, not the least remarkable is the sudden evolution whereby the kingdom formerly regarded as the youngest and weakest in the family of Great Powers, has suddenly distanced its elder brethren in the race of glory and ambition, and forced its way to the foremost place in the battle fields and council chambers of the Continent. The policy of abstention, by which our country has of late years practically waived all concern in events transacted without its four seas, had left Central and Western Europe to resolve itself into a kind of triangle of forces, whose three sides answered to three great countries, and whose salient points lay at Paris, Vienna, and Berlin respectively. Now that the third side has, contrary to the terms of the well-known theorem, proved itself greater than the other two, the question arises whether the dynamic result thus obtained is likely to submit without dispute, or whether it is threatened with disturbance by a fourth force, hitherto held in reserve, outside the triangle. With England reduced to the position of a mere spectator, while France and Austria are still staggering under the crushing blows dealt to them in 1866 and 1870, it follows that danger can only come to the victors of Sadowa and Sedan from the enmity of the one remaining Great Power. In other words, if Russia, departing from the neutral and even friendly attitude she has hitherto maintained, were now to throw her sword into the scale of the opponents of her old ally, the newly raised fabric of Prussian empire might then be menaced with disaster and downfall.

The problem to be determined may therefore be stated as follows—Given the recent victories of Prussia, and her present ascendancy in Germany and in Europe, does the policy of Russia, founded upon her traditional statesmanship and her actual condition, point to peace or to war as the more probable issue.

Now, it must be admitted that, after the two principals in this question, none of the various parties concerned will contemplate it with a

deeper interest than the French nation, and as several of the leading organs of opinion in France eagerly insist upon the likelihood of the warlike solution, it may be not amiss to examine the grounds on which their confidence rests. The French reasoners seek to represent the good understanding which has existed for upwards of a century between Russia and Prussia as a form of intercourse resembling the friendship defined in La Rochefoucauld's maxims, a mere self-seeking 'interchange of good offices' between two aspirants, who had indeed found means to reconcile their separate ambitions for a given period, but who were predestined by the nature of things to see their friendly relations transformed into bitter feud and contention as soon as their respective interests should cease to coincide. This fatal moment, according to the same authorities, has now arrived; the Treaty of Frankfort, concluded last year, marked the limit of the period within which the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin could pursue a parallel policy; they no longer possess a single aim or object in common, and their international relations will from this point begin to entangle themselves into a Gordian knot, which the sword must sooner or later cut asunder.

In support of the French view, it will perhaps be not difficult to point out that, notwithstanding the familiar notion which represents Russia and Prussia as two inseparable brothers-in-arms, knit together by the most intimate alliance, the connexion between them really rests upon frail and unstable bases, which will not bear the smallest strain, and which may give way at any moment.

In the first place, if we analyse the nature of the ties which have so long connected the two countries in question, we shall find no trace, on either side, of any broad, popular, and national sympathies, such as those, for instance, which in the middle ages united France and Scotland in such familiar amity, that each wayfarer from the northern kingdom was greeted as a welcome guest and brother-in-arms in every town and castle that held for the House of Valois. The average German, on the contrary, feels for the Russian that instinctive aversion and disdain to which the contact with races more or less behindhand in culture and in 'moral civilisation' is apt to provoke the Teutonic nature; and to this sentiment the Muscovite masses respond in general by regarding their western neighbours as arrogant and intrusive aliens, who are wont to swarm across the frontier in search of fortunes and honours, and to secure for their own advantage all the public employments, the offices of state, and the productive careers in the Russian Empire, thereby supplanting and humiliating the native population.

The alliance between the two powers has been little else than official, governmental, and dynastic, and has depended in a very large measure upon the personal will and pleasure of the reigning monarch for the

time being. Thus, within the short period of the Seven Years' war, the attitude of Russia toward the Great Frederic passed through three different phases, answering each of them to the reign of three successive autocrats.

The Empress Elizabeth, in whose last years the struggle began, was Frederic's bitter and implacable enemy; she threw herself heart and soul into the Franco-Austrian alliance against him, poured army after army into his hard-pressed territory, and inflicted upon him more than one of his most terrible defeats. She died, and was succeeded by the Czar Paul, an ardent admirer of the royal hero, just at the moment when the latter, crippled by reverses, was on the eve of succumbing to the terrible odds he had so manfully resisted. At the signal-word of the new Emperor the whole Russian contingent passed over, bag and baggage, from the camp of the Allies to that of Frederic, but after a few months there followed a fresh change of reign at St. Petersburg, and the short-lived Paul was replaced by the great Catherine. She, having resolved to stand strictly neutral between the contending parties, instantly recalled her generals and soldiers, who thereupon quitted the field on a very critical moment, and at the shortest notice. Shortly afterwards France also withdrew from the quarrel, and the great war thus reduced itself to a kind of personal duel between Frederic and the Empress-Queen, till the whole contention was adjusted in 1763 by the Treaty of Paris, which recognised both Russia and Prussia, for the first time, as great powers. From that time all the relations between these states have been marked throughout with the utmost harmony and good will, the most intimate personal intercourse has been maintained between the two royal Houses, and at every great crisis which has occupied the attention of Europe, the two governments have taken common action, or have at least aided and abetted one another.

First came the partition of Poland, into which these two Powers entered cheerfully and *con amore*, whereas Maria Theresa, the third party to the transaction, hung back for a long time, and was only induced at length to share in the proceeding, with the view of strengthening her borders against a dangerous and aggressive neighbour, whose sudden extension of his dominions from the Dnieper to the Vistula had advanced his frontier several hundred miles nearer to the Austrian capital.

In the wars arising out of the French Revolution, Russia and Prussia fought side by side, first against the Jacobin Republic of 1793, and then against the Empire of the First Napoleon. In the Crimean war, Prussia, without drawing the sword, rendered an important moral support to the cause of the Czar, who would probably have seen the ranks of his active enemy reinforced by the troops of Austria had she not been held in check by the attitude of the Berlin Government.

This good service Russia was able to requite in the year 1870, by placing a practical veto on the desire shown by Austria of entering the lists on behalf of France, and so seeking revenge for Sadowa.

However, according to M. Laveleye, one of the ablest pens attached to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, the fall of Paris, the Treaty of Frankfort, and the re-establishment of the Germanic Empire, marked the extreme point within which it was possible for Russia to view with complacence the progress of her neighbour's power; and the Gastein interview of last autumn pointed to the commencement of a new order of friendships and alliances. The French writer propounds and supports his conclusions by a masterly series of arguments which may be summed up as follows:

Since the Muscovite nation first fashioned itself, the capital idea which has always presided over the whole Russian policy has been the progressive expansion of the empire on all sides towards limits which, for the present at least, are far from being attained. One of the most important articles in this unwritten code of covetous ambition relates to the ultimate disposal of the territories at present held by the decrepit kingdom of Turkey, and the various issues here involved are commonly summed up under the familiar heading of 'The Eastern Question.'

This Eastern question is viewed by the Russian statesmen with the most keen and eager interest, inasmuch as its solution in the Russian sense would convey to the Czar the command of the greatest river in Central Europe, and the possession of a magnificent line of seaboard fronting upon the Mediterranean. These grave consequences have equally excited the attention of the other four Great Powers, who have in general been impelled by the instinct of self-preservation to second Turkey in her endeavours to prolong her tottering existence, and to stave off the crisis impending over her. It is true that Joseph II. of Austria did for a moment fall into the temptation of concluding with Catherine II. a secret treaty for the parcelling out of the Ottoman territory, but the project failed, owing to the unlooked-for resistance of the Turks; and since that time the Vienna Government, clearly perceiving what danger to itself such a transaction would involve, has steadily refused to repeat its mistake.

As the simplest rules of strategy demonstrate that the vantage-ground afforded her by the angle of the Transylvanian frontier would enable Austria without striking a blow to compromise the safety of any Russian force that should venture to cross the Danube, the most clear-sighted statesmen of St. Petersburg are beginning to despair of a satisfactory solution of the Eastern question, unless the military power of Austria can be first paralysed. To attain this end, there lie at the disposal of Russia two separate means of action, which must be made to work together: she can agitate and undermine Austria from within by foment-

ing the troublesome question of the nationalities, and she may at the same time threaten her from without by arming herself with a foreign alliance.

For the carrying out of the former enterprise, Russia has, within the last few years, been furnished with a powerful lever by the rise of the so-called Panslavic idea; that is to say, of the doctrine that all the members of the Sclavonic family (fifteen millions of whom are at present subject to the Hapsburg sceptre) ought to look to Moscow as the common centre of their historic and national life. This notion propagates itself all the more readily in Austria because all the Slavic populations there established are not indeed oppressed, but held in a thoroughly subaltern position, and are therefore disposed to look with envy upon the eight million of Austrian Germans as the preferred and privileged race.

Much greater difficulties, however, beset the second part of the anti-Austrian programme, which consisted in the selection among the Great Powers of an ally who would accept the extreme consequences of a successful war of conquest carried on by the Czar against the Turkish Sultan; and here the line of conduct, subtlety, and astuteness of the tactics lately adopted by the St. Petersburg Cabinet cannot be too much remarked.

Twenty years ago the project of overpowering Austria with a view to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire would, if entertained by Russia, have excited nothing but resentment and resistance throughout Europe. Even Prussia, notwithstanding her friendly relations with the Czar, and her sympathy with his cause when engaged in a purely defensive war in the Crimea, could never, from her point of view as a leading German state, have permitted an aggressive enterprise tending to make the Danube a Russian river.

As for France, we have seen that a much slighter cause than this induced her, in her days of glory and grandeur, to draw the sword against the Emperor Nicholas, and to wrest from him, with the help of England, one of his strongest fortresses. So long, then, as two of the Great Powers were so disposed, it was idle for Russia, especially after the experience of 1853, to think of striking a blow, and she was forced to suspend her views upon Turkey until the state of Europe should be greatly altered.

But the Sadowa campaign, by weakening Austria, and by exciting into more intense movement the jarring claims of her wrangling nationalities, favoured the game of Russia, and that Power has reaped still further advantage from the effects of the Franco-Prussian war. In the first place, she has secured the removal of the irksome restrictions laid upon her by the Black Sea treaty; and she has also gained another point, which, though less direct, obvious, and immediate, is nevertheless well worth remarking. Prussia, by the abject prostration and ruin to which

she has lately reduced France, and to which Russia, as has been already stated, in some measure lent herself, by deterring Austria from coming to the rescue of the defeated Power, has left in her rear an enemy so implacable and so vindictive, that Russia, if forced to cope with Germany, in order to gain her ends in the Turkish question, will probably find an eager ally in the very nation which was foremost in baffling her ambition eighteen years ago.

Thus, instead of meeting the compact resistance which all Europe would formerly have opposed to Russia's march across the Danube, the Czar will now only have to deal with Germany, whose chance of successful resistance will be greatly diminished by the circumstance that she will have to defend herself against a flank attack coming from France. This grave and notable result of the late war was doubtless foreseen throughout by the Czar's advisers, and may possibly have been not the least decisive of the motives which induced the Russian Government to look with patience upon the wholesale successes achieved by the Emperor William.

Such in general is the process of reasoning developed by M. de Laveleye. He might also, in support of his manner in forecasting the future, have alleged the popular instincts and feelings prevailing between the two countries, which, as we have seen, are not of a nature to act as a safeguard for permanent peace; and it should also be borne in mind that the Court influence, so powerful in Russia, will certainly, at the next change of reign, be exercised in a warlike direction. Two stumbling-blocks for the present interpose between the Russian war-party and the blow they would fain level against Germany. The first of these is the incomplete state of the railway system throughout the Empire; and the second lies in the personal attachment felt by the present Czar for the royal family of Berlin. But as neither of these obstacles can be other than of a temporary nature, we may, on the whole, be persuaded that after the lapse of a certain period, the Prussian State will have to undergo a terrible ordeal, the issue of which no human foresight can determine. If, therefore, the years of grace still remaining be not well and wisely employed by her in preparing for the day of peril, she may yet, in spite of her glory and her successes, come to verify, by her example, La Fontaine's conclusion:

> 'Tout vainqueur insolent à sa perte travaille;
> Soyons-en sûrs et prenons garde à nous,
> Apres le gain d'une bataille.'

Spanish Struggles for Light and Right.

By Karl Blind.

The secret history of the remarkable rising which resulted in the overthrow of Bourbon rule in Spain, has yet to be written. The party leaders, statesmen, and military and naval commanders, who wrought that extraordinary achievement, might, by publishing memoirs on the occult parleys which preceded it, produce a work full of fascination more strange than any work of fiction. Very seldom, however, will those who have established a great political fact consent to let the public look behind the scenes. They generally fear by doing so to detract from its dignity. Often they have good reason also, from a personal point of view, to hide some dark chapter; or they are unwilling to provoke, by statements which may appear one-sided, the jealousies of fellow-workers with whom they have alternately been in friendly contact and at hostile issue. Lastly, the men most actively engaged in the heat and hurry of political warfare, sorely lack the leisure necessary for writing memoirs. Hence the records of history so often become a mere 'tissue of fables that have been agreed upon.'

Had anyone in public foretold a few years ago the expulsion of the ancient royal race of Spain, he would have been looked upon as an eccentric dreamer, whose intellectual condition would form a fit subject for inquiry. Yet prophecies of apparently the most eccentric kind may safely be indulged in if he who utters them is in a position to work for their fulfilment. I am able to furnish a striking proof. In spring, 1868, a Spanish leader, whose name is at present one of the most illustrious, literally addressed, when in London, where Prim at that time lived, the following words to some exiles of various countries: 'In a few months,' he said, 'a number of our generals will most probably be arrested—among them even Marshal Serrano, whose former personal relations with the Queen are notorious. A new military movement, in

the Constitutional sense, is on foot. We have nothing to do with it; we bide our time. Prim is not our man. But you will see that in a few months after that movement shall have been crushed, *there will be another rising, of greater importance, in the democratic sense. Our great towns are prepared for that!*'

The Spanish leader then went into details, unfolding a plan of the agencies to be employed, and mentioning the probable time when the outbreak would take place—all of which afterwards came to pass most remarkably in the manner he had foretold it. Though he spoke among men of action, accustomed to form plans and to carry them out with precision, I well remember the doubts which at the time hung over the minds of the small circle of exiles alluded to. But it all turned out correct. I may add that, about two months before the successful Revolution which drove out Queen Isabella, the astounding prediction of that Spaniard was published in the Continental press—of course unheeded by the reading public, who regarded it as a wild guess, or a windy bragadoccio.

As a corollary, it will be of interest to mention that in July, 1868, immediately after the suppression of the Montpensier movement, or what was believed to be his movement, it became known on good authority to a few men in London that a secret convention had been negociated between the Courts of Paris and Madrid, according to which, in the emergency of a war on the Rhine, Queen Isabella was to send an army corps to Rome, so as to enable Louis Napoleon to withdraw his troops from there, and to strengthen his aggressive force in the direction of Germany, against which he was then meditating an attack. The negociations took some time. An exchange of Royal and Imperial visits at Biarritz and San Sebastian had, however, been arranged, for the purpose of placing the final seal upon the convention. But, by a most dramatic coincidence, the report of the rising at Cadiz arrived at the Spanish watering-place the very moment when Queen Isabella had ordered her carriage for the intended drive beyond the Pyrenees. In the nick of time the French ruler was thus warned not to embark in a fatal enterprise. Nevertheless, the course of events at home and abroad proved too strong for him, and he felt sped on in a career at whose end lay his own ruin and the signal defeat of France.

Officered by military leaders belonging either to the moderate Liberal, or to the formerly dynastic section of the Progressist party—some of them ex-favourites of the Court, who wished to avenge a grudge—it was self-evident that the movement, if strong precautions were not taken, would at once relapse into a dynastic groove. This is what the Republicans, through whose co-operation the revolution of September was powerfully aided, wished to avert, for party reasons of their own.

The difficulty, however, was to establish a common ground between the military chiefs, without whom the army of Isabella could not be vanquished, and the Democratic party, whose support was absolutely necessary in order to enlist the towns on the side of the intended rising. I know on good testimony that, even so late as the beginning of the year 1868, several attempts at bringing about a concert of action remained utterly without result. Neither Serrano, nor Prim, nor others of that class, were then ready for a general union. The harsh pride of sectional leaders, and the fierce narrowness of military cliques, would continue the usual endless round of abortive attempts, rather than join hands with a party section that was differently officered. The Spaniards, it ought to be remembered, had until then been accustomed to work by strict party, and even clique, machinery, and their proceedings had always had a strong dash of jealous rivalry with the 'next door neighbour.' This frequently gave them their impetus, but in course of time, with the increasing number of sections, it proved the main source of their weakness against the Bourbon Crown.

Those who had in vain endeavoured to break the strange spell under which the majority of the military lay, at last resolved to work a cure by temporarily increasing the evil. Being informed of a new conspiracy, in what was supposed to be the Montpensier interest, they purposely created a void around it. They knew that it would thus necessarily fail; and they calculated on its failure. They hoped that the very magnitude of the evil would prove its own remedy: and so it did. To these tactics referred the declaration of the Spanish leader alluded to, who said, in the early part of 1868:—'A new military movement, in the Constitutional sense, is on foot. We have nothing to do with it; we bide our time. Prim is not our man. But you will see that in a few months *after that movement shall have been crushed*, there will be another rising, of greater importance, in the Democratic sense.'

After the 'Montpensier' movement had failed, Prim, to my knowledge, changed his attitude; that is to say, he now allowed assurances to be given confidentially, in his name, in a Democratic sense. This was done through a military friend of his, at present occupying a high position, and who always had cultivated Republican connections. Prim himself is supposed to have in years gone by—a long, long time ago, it is true—formed part of a *venta*, or revolutionary lodge; and this fact was brought to recollection when it appeared likely to serve a purpose. It was said, then, that the General had returned to his early Democratic ideas. I believe it is little known in public that his friend, in a moment of excitement, made a Verrina-like asseveration, and uttered a conditional threat against any would-be Fiesco; so that even men whose least fault was over-confidence, entertained a notion—very mistaken, as they after-

wards found out—about Prim intending to act the part of a Washington. That notion, strangely enough, lingered among some members of the Democratic party long after the Count of Reus had given the clearest proofs of his strong Monarchical leanings. His career came to a sudden and tragic end when the appearance of a new King on Spanish soil had dispersed the last possibility of a doubt.

The result of frequent and laborious conferences in the early part of 1868 was, that the different Liberal, Progressist, and Democratic sections finally agreed to advance in parallel lines against the Bourbon throne, under the common programme of an appeal to the nation. That programme was composed of three parts :—'OVERTHROW OF THE BOURBON DYNASTY; proclamation of the SOVEREIGNITY OF THE PEOPLE; UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE and CONSTITUENT CORTES.' To the Constituent Cortes it was to be left to establish the future form of government. It was understood as a part of the agreement that the leaders, on account of the great influence they would wield by the army and navy, should refrain from expressing their individual views with regard to the future form of government. The Juntas, which in many towns were composed of uncompromising Democrats, strictly kept the Party Compact. They never, in their proclamations, went beyond the general formulas that had been adopted as a bond of union. The first who retreated from the party compact, before the Constituent Cortes had been assembled, was General Prim, whose letter to the Paris 'Gaulois' served as an early rallying signal to those who aimed at replacing the expelled Bourbon dynasty by another monarchical system.

Any one looking impartially at the condition of Spain must have foreseen, after the first few weeks of the successful September rising, that the Republican party had utterly miscalculated their chances when expecting to be represented by a majority in the Constituent Cortes, by means of universal suffrage. There can be no doubt that the Democrats muster strong in many of the towns, as in Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Malaga, Cadiz, Granada, Saragossa, Valladolid, Cordova, Murcia, Xeres, Reus, Ferrol, and others, and that the population of the South and the East is much leavened with Democratic principles, whilst in the North-West and Centre the ideas of representative government under the monarchical form have greater hold. But numerically speaking, and taking, on the doctrine of universal suffrage, every unlettered peasant and muleteer into account, it was not to be expected that the Republicans would win the day on the electoral field. Now, the programme of the September Revolution introduced universal suffrage; and the Generals who elaborated an organic law to that effect, took care to fix the age of the elector at twenty-five, shutting out those between twenty-one and twenty-five, who had exercised the franchise

under the Constitution of 1812. A progressive element of the rising, better instructed, generation was thus excluded from the right of voting.

It is an error frequently to be met with among advanced popular parties in Europe, that 'universal suffrage will logically produce a Republican commonwealth.' Logically it may; but practically it frequently does not. Had the September Revolution installed a provisional government comprised of Republicans, in the Spanish capital, it is likely enough that the country people would have followed the impulse given them from the towns. In that case Prince Amadeus would not have been offered a crown. To the agricultural mind in Spain, the Court has always been a far distant entity; and as long as communal self-government was respected or extended, the peasantry little troubled themselves about what was going on at Madrid and in the other cities. The error of the Republicans, however, was, that they mistook the semi-democratic notions which the peasantry hold in matters of communal self-government, for a strong and conscious adhesion to the Republican principle in state affairs. Those who reasoned calmly on given data perceived at once that the Spanish Republicans, having once yielded to the establishment of a provisional government of military leaders, and helped to proclaim the introduction of universal and equal suffrage by which the towns were placed in a minority, would inevitably be beaten in the general elections. If the Democratic party had, at least, insisted on a comparatively larger representation of the towns, which are the centres of the intellectual and industrial movement of the country, the advanced popular cause would have reaped considerable gain.

After this rapid sketch of the background on which the present political structure in Spain has been raised, it may be useful to cast a glance at a distinctive feature in Spanish politics, which it is necessary to keep in mind in order to understand some of the best traits, as well as some of the vagaries, of that much agitated country. I mean the marked Federalist tendency which characterises the Spanish populations —their preference for communalism and provincial autonomy, in contradistinction from the centralising tendencies which until lately found their expression in neighbouring France, in an almost total absorption of the national life by the single city of Paris.

This spirit of Federalism is the upgrowth of various deep-lying causes in Spain. Even as in Switzerland, physical geography necessitates, or has hitherto necessitated, a great deal of that local self-rule with which the provincial and municipal history of the country is so strongly impregnated. Spain, like Switzerland, is mapped out in a mountain structure, which strongly separates one part of the kingdom from another, and opposes mighty barriers to centralisation. There is the Cantabrian

range, which forms a long line from the west to the east, with numerous transverse ridges stretching down to the Bay of Biscay, and with its summits here and there reaching above the snow-line. There is the great mountain range whose sierras divide Leon and Old Castile from New Castile and Estremadura, and whose labyrinthine valleys are embedded among gigantic masses of rocky formations. There is the Andalusian range, and, in the far South, the Nevada range, with some of its peaks rising to the height of eleven thousand feet. Besides these parallel ranges there are, in the north-east, other mountain systems, laid out in opposite directions; so that, from this cause alone, different 'Spains' may be said to exist: the natives themselves use that expression. The means of communication being somewhat scanty, of necessity a tendency to local and provincial antonomy grew up, and Federation had the upper hand over the idea of strict Union.

In race also, the Spaniards bear the strong impress of different origin. Whilst in the impenetrable fastnesses of the North the descendants of the Kelt-Iberians (themselves the mixed offspring of a conquering and a conquered people) have largely preserved their race characteristics and their speech, which has no affinity whatever with the Romanic idiom of Spain, the vast remainder of the nation has been successively influenced, governed, physically changed, by Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Germans (Vandals, Sueves, Alans, Goths), Arabs, and Moors. There are parts in which the Gothic infusion is distinctly marked in the energetic features of the population; others in which the Arab and Moorish blood courses darkly through fiery veins. Great variety is also observable in the dialect of the popular classes of the various provinces. It is a variety which here and there approaches the verge of a separation in language. All this tends towards Federalism rather than Centralisation. The lingering tradition of municipal law, as bronght in by the Romans, and the subsequent introduction of a strong spirit of self-government by the Germanic tribes who conquered Spain, may be further described as parent stems from which the *ayuntamientos* and the *fueros* have sprung.

The Basque *fueros*—that is, particular constitutions, privileges, and liberties—have, remarkable to say, an ancient Germanic law, the 'Law of the Western Goths,' for their basis. They date from the time when the Goths were pushed back by the Moors into the Cantabrian mountains and the western Pyrenees. Among a mainly Kelt-Iberian people, a Teutonic institution of semi-republican principle was thus preserved, and to this day exercises a remarkable hold on them. Add to this that the kingdom of Spain has been made up of various formerly independent realms, each of which, after the junction under the same crown, retained much of its ancient laws and habits: and it will be easily understood that

not only the Democratic party, which is most deeply imbued with ideas of communal and provincial self-government, has a great tendency towards Federalism, but that this trait should attach also in some measure to a section of the ancient Monarchical party.

This gives a clue to some of the political moves of the Carlist party. Carlism, for the last forty years, has represented Legitimacy combined with Ultramontanism, in opposition to the Liberal principles; but it has also been nourished by the *fueros* spirit—by the spirit of provincialism, only in the more antiquated sense. The stronghold of Carlism has generally been, and still is, in those provinces which have retained their most distinctive traits—in Biscaya, Navarra, Aragon, and Catalonia. It is not merely from the fact of these provinces being in convenient proximity to France that the party of the Pretender generally selected them for its first experiments. True, the 'Apostolical Juntas,' destined to upset the new progressive institutions, were by preference established at the convenient frontiers of Portugal and France, which served as a basis of operation and a line of retreat. For the Carlist party proper, it was equally useful to raise the standard of rebellion near the frontier, in districts where the configuration of the land facilitates guerilla warfare. But irrespective of this consideration, there was an advantage for the Carlists in selecting this north-eastern zone as a ground of operation, in so far as they were able there to attract to the banner of the 'very Catholic and Legitimate King' a number of men who in other provinces would either have remained neutral or opposed the Pretender.

The truth is, that some of those insurgents in north-eastern Spain who flocked into the camp of Don Carlos, had rather Provincialism and Federalism, than Absolutism and Popery, as their ruling idea. The royal and priestly rule, as exercised in pre-revolutionary Spain, though weighing heavily on the nation, had not been able, and in some instances had not been willing, to do away with some local institutions that were dear to the people through old custom. When, therefore, the epoch of a a more levelling Constitutional Government arrived, its liberalism, whilst generally succeeding in winning over the towns, was not sufficient to wean the more slow-going country folk from their traditional ways and habits. Hence, either through superstition and political backwardness, or else from a more justifiable feeling that local customs of self-government were worth preserving, the inhabitants of those provinces in which the *fueros* notion was clung to most tenaciously, often struck up an attitude favourable to some Carlist outbreak. In Don Carlos they saw a monarch who might do away with certain privileges of the national representation, and reconfer upon the clergy benefits which the Liberals had taken from them, but who would at the same time restore provincial privileges in their pristine strength. And as these provincial-minded men did not

feel "Spanish" enough to care much for anything appertaining to the central government at Madrid, they were ready, under certain provisoes, even to serve under a Pretender who otherwise represented political and clerical reaction.

This fact must be kept in mind, in order to understand that Carlism could at all make a show—and sometimes even a strong show—of political life in a country which, ever since 1812, has fought so many battles in the cause of advanced liberal Constitutionalism.

It would, however, be an error to suppose that the Liberal parties in Spain have neglected to give a fair share of antonomy to the communes and the provinces. The law of 1823, concerning the *Ayuntamientos*, which was introduced just previously to the reactionary French invasion of that year, decreed, or rather restored, local self-government in a very large degree, as will be seen from the interesting account given by Garrido in his valuable work on 'Contemporary Spain.'

The '*Ayuntamiento*,' or municipal representation—according to the law of 1823—votes the budget and ordains the expenses for all matters within its district. Its sessions are public, and are announced beforehand. There is an obligatory session every week in the communes of one thousand inhabitants, or less; two sessions in those whose population numbers two thousand or upward. The *alcalde*, or mayor, is chosen for one year. The councillors (*regidores*) are annually renewed to the extent of one-half of their number. The Councillors and the Provisional Deputies are re-eligible only after a lapse of four years. Of the Ayuntamiento, and of the Provisional Deputation which holds some control over it, no priest, and no man holding an office which is dependent on the central government, can be a member. The law of 1823 establishes also the principle of the inviolability of the private dwellings of the citizens. Those dwellings cannot be entered by Government officials, except in the presence and with the consent of the alcalde. The Ayuntamiento draws up the voting registers; it forms preparatory commissions in the matter of State elections; it enlists men for the army, navy, and the militia. The alcalde may call out the militia if he judges it necessary, whilst the chiefs of that body are not allowed to do so without his permission.

The 'Provincial Deputation' is an authority superior to the Ayuntamiento. To it the provincial budgets are submitted. It decides with regard to public works within the province. To the 'Deputation' and the 'Ayuntamiento' together belongs the duty of denouncing to the National Parliament any acts which are contrary to the Constitution. The minister may suspend an alcalde and ayuntamiento, on condition of submitting the matter to the Cortes, who give their final decision without appeal. In case of a suspension, the supplementary alcalde and councillors, who

are returned for that emergency at each municipal election, take the places which have temporarily been vacant. The 'Political Chief,' or provincial governor, represents the State at large to the Deputation, of which he is the chairman; but he has no other powers than those which the Deputation confers upon him, and he is bound to execute the decisions of that body. Finally, the alcaldes and their adjuncts exercise the functions of justices of the peace. No case can be brought before the ordinary tribunal unless the complainant has previously presented himself before the alcalde, who administers justice gratuitously.

These principles of self-government have an almost Anglo-Saxon character. They remind us of what is generally considered—though I should say somewhat erroneously considered—to be the exclusive inheritance of the Gothic, Teutonic race, rather than of the characteristics attributed, with more or less justice, to the Latin race, of which the Spaniards, however, can scarcely be said to form a part.

Together with the Constitution of 1812, the Ayuntamiento Law, which had come in its wake, was unfortunately overthrown by the French invasion, or subjected, at least, to a great modification. But though later Governments of successful military adventurers also tampered frequently enough with the municipal institutions, the substance of communal self-government was generally preserved through good and evil times. In it, the Spanish nation has often found an antidote to much political misery.

I have, in the above remarks, repeatedly mentioned '1812.' It is a date of greatest mark in the modern history of Spain. The spirit evinced by the Liberal party during that momentous year—when, amidst the roar of a war of independence waged against the foreign invader, a new charter of liberty was wrought by the Cortes—has given the tone to many subsequent movements down to 1868. In the 'Constitution of 1812' we have the key and cue of political aspirations that extended beyond the frontiers of Spain—into Italy and France. It is well to bring this fact to the recollection of those who, until quite recently, were accustomed to regard Spain rather as a fortuitous appendage, than as a living part, of Europe, and who were fond of repeating that apparent witticism, but nevertheless superficial remark, that 'Africa begins west of the Pyrenees.' Men are always glad to get hold of a smart dictum or *bon mot:* it saves so much trouble in studying! Nay, they are apt to wax angry when anyone tries to rob them of such a tinsel bit of rhetorical jewellery, in order to replace it by the solid truth.

No doubt, Spain has for some time revolved in an orbit of her own, out of the ordinary run of European politics. At least, her movements were independent of those of the Continent at large. She generally rose when other nations were quiet and calm. She remained inert when

there was a general struggle for freedom. But with all that, the Spanish efforts at emancipation have been the outcome of the same spirit that permeates Europe; and it is not the fault of Spain if her internal life has been so little studied by those who undertook to judge her. There is, unfortunately, more than one 'Chinese wall' separating nation from nation, even in that small part of the globe which boasts of being the light of the world.

'The Constitution of 1812,' says Garrido, in his work before mentioned, 'has been justly called the Monarchical Constitution of the Latin race, which adopted it as the revolutionary banner in Portugal, in Sicily, in Naples, in Sardinia—proclaiming it, in 1821, in those various states, where it was only put down, as in Spain, by the European reaction of Absolutism. That Constitution remained the watchword of the Liberals until the French Revolution of 1848, which gave to Democracy the Republican banner.' As coming from the pen of a Spanish Democrat, this testimony in favour of the Constitution of 1812 has its special significance. I will not stop to inquire here into the correctness of that much used and much abused expression: 'The Latin race.' Ethnologists, and those who are versed in the science of language, know that though the Italians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, all speak idioms which may be described as daughters of the Latin, yet these nations are very dissimilar in descent, and have, in the course of history, been differently moulded by the incoming of other tribes. The Spaniards are more Kelt-Iberian, more Gothic, even more Moorish, than Latin; and had Garrido used the expression: 'the Latin- (or Romanic-) speaking nations,' he would have been more accurate in that respect. However this only by the way!

As to the character of the Constitution of 1812, Garrido is fully justified in dwelling on its importance. That Constitution, so large in its spirit, and more liberal than any of the then existing charters of the Old World—England not excepted—was discussed and proclaimed with majestic calmness by the legislators at Cadiz amidst the sound of hostile cannon thundering at the gates, and whilst a people in arms drove the army of Napoleon, until then victorious throughout Europe, back towards the frontier. The provisions of the Constitution of 1812 remind us of the early charters of the Spanish realms, which bore a representative character arising partly from a democratic source, partly from what may be called an aristocratic parliamentarism, in the better acceptation of the word. The following are its chief provisions:—

'The Nation is sovereign. It cannot be the patrimony of any individual or family. It frames itself the laws necessary for its own well-being. It delegates to the King its executive power. The King is irresponsible, but he can neither contract marriage nor leave the

territory of Spain without the authorisation of the Cortes. The Cortes reserve to themselves the right and power of deciding questions of succession, of deposing the King in case of incapacity, and of determining the kind of education to be given to the heir presumptive. The King's civil list is to be fixed annually. He appoints the ministers; he declares war; he frames treaties of peace, though he cannot ratify them without the previous approbation of the Cortes. He cannot levy imposts without the Cortes. His decrees are incapable of execution until countersigned by a responsible minister. A law three times voted by the Cortes has legal force without his sanction. He can dissolve the Cortes; but they meet in their own right once a year, and must continue in session at least three months. During their prorogation or dissolution, a standing Parliamentary Committee watches over the observance of the laws. That Committee is authorised also to convoke the Cortes if it judges the country to be in danger. The Cortes, together with the King, form the legislative power; but there is only a single Chamber. Every Spaniard of the age of twenty-one is a primary elector. The members of the Cortes must be at least twenty-five years of age. By the organic electoral law, every Spaniard who after 1830 shall be unable to read and write, is deprived of the right of voting. The King takes an oath to observe the Constitution. If he breaks it, the people are no longer held to obey him.'

The right of resistance, in case of an arbitrary act of the ruler, was thus formally acknowledged, in accordance with the well-known ancient formula of the constitution of Aragon. I will not dwell here upon the treachery with which Ferdinand VII.—after having re-obtained, through the exertions of the nation, a crown that had fallen from his head—requited the donors by declaring all the acts of the Cortes unlawful; abolishing the Constitution; restoring the Jesuit establishments; banishing, imprisoning, transporting, and executing those who defended the fundamental law: in a word, running riot in despotic ingratitude. Nevertheless, the Charter of 1812 remained the watchword of the popular party. Under it, Riego rose in 1820, taking as his opportunity the disinclination felt by the troops to be shipped for America, there to reduce former Spanish colonies once more under the Bourbon rule. That movement of Riego's, it will be remembered, succeeded for a time. One of its characteristic features was, that it aimed alike at the re-introduction of parliamentary government, and at the overthrow of priestly influence. In consequence of Riego's temporary success, the Inquisition Tribunal fell. The property of the Fraternity was added to the Desamortisation Fund of the State. Together with entailed estates, monasteries and the orders connected with them were abolished, with the exception of fourteen monastic establishments. A tax was laid upon the

tithes of the Roman clergy. It is reckoned that there were at that time some one hundred and forty-eight thousand clericals of all kinds, whose property amounted to eighteen milliards and seven hundred and fifty million reals! No wonder the Roman Church exerted all its power to get rid once more of the obnoxious constitutional change.

It would lead too far to attempt, in the narrow frame of a magazine article, describing the various Spanish revolutions and counter-revolutions which followed each other during nearly half a century. One of the most tragic reactions, brought about by foreign intervention, was that of 1823-24, when in consequence of the resolutions of the Congress of Monarchs at Verona, a French army of invasion, under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, destroyed the work achieved by the Spanish Liberals. At the instigation of a party of priests and 'serviles,' such horrible acts of barbarity were at that time committed that even the French invaders stood aghast. In the single month of August, 1824, six hundred executions for political offences took place. In September of the same year, there were eight hundred more victims. In October, an additional twelve hundred were sacrificed. That 'White Terror' cut deep into the flesh of the Constitutional party.

However, I will turn away from the more strictly political party history of Spain, and rather treat of a chapter on which many erroneous impressions are prevalent. When the rising of 1868 began, which swept away the Bourbon throne, the common notion was, that Spain had not advanced, in regard to the power and influence of the Roman Catholic Church, beyond the condition in which she had stood in the beginning of the present century. Statistics concerning the priesthood were published which had long ago become superannuated, and gave a totally incorrect idea of the actual state of affairs. Few people were aware of the vast changes that had occurred even within the last twelve years, which had preceded the rising of 1868; changes deeply affecting the intellectual condition of the Spanish nation, and which go far to explain the transformation that so suddenly burst upon Europe as a startling surprise.

The Liberals in Spain had repeatedly endeavoured, since 1812, to restrict the power of the clergy; but subsequent royalist reactions always undid whatever results had been achieved. Some forty years ago there were, it is calculated, still upwards of three thousand monasteries and nunneries in the kingdom. In the province of Galicia, two-thirds of the landed property were in the hands of the priesthood: in Spain at large, fully one-third belonged to the church. The annual revenues of the state were 21,000,000 piastres—those of the church 52,000,000. Something went also to the Holy Chair direct. According to the *Diccionario* of Canga Arguelles, the Spanish Minister of Finance

about the year 1820, the Papal See drew from Spain, between the eleventh and the end of the eighteenth century, the sum of 14,400,000 reals; between 1814-20, the sum of 41,525,226 reals; and from 1820-55, 140,000,000 reals. A change came, however, o'er the spirit of the Spanish people's dream: first, in 1834-35, when a great many conventual establishments were broken up during a popular rising, in which the excited masses gave vent to a passionate hatred against what they regarded as haunts of suppression and idleness; and then, in a more regular though more moderate way, during the revolution of 1854-55. In consequence of that latter rising, the Jesuit convents, and all those 'religious houses' in which there were less than twelve ordained inmates, were abolished or secularised. There remained, in consequence, only about one thousand convents, which in later years, owing to certain legal enactments made by the Cortes, gradually decreased to the number of eight hundred. A similar decrease took place, from the same causes, in the ranks of the clergy.

At the end of the last century, there were 83,118 monks, and 66,687 lay priests—not to reckon the nuns, of whom, on account of their sex, no census was taken at that time, even as in Russia the female population was formerly not counted. Besides 149,805 male members of the clergy just mentioned, there were, at the epoch spoken of, 2666 officers of the Inquisition—in which number the so-called 'familiares,' or secret spies, were not even included. Now, in 1858, we find, according to the *Censo de la Poblacion de España* and the *Nomenclator de los Pueblos de España*, already a considerable decrease. The numbers then were 6702 monks; 43,661 secular priests; and 12,593 nuns—the monks and nuns being destined, by legal enactment, to gradual extinction. In 1861, the conventuals, and inmates of monasteries and nunneries, had further decreased to about 6000; the secular priests to 38,885. Corresponding to this diminution in numbers, there was a secularisation of clerical mortmain property, which, it is unfortunately but too true, went hand in hand with a reprehensible confiscation of much communal property, as well as the property of some charitable institutions.

It will thus be seen that the influence of the Roman Church had been vastly on the decrease even under Isabella's reign, in spite of the Ultramontanist Camarilla. At the same time, owing to the leanings of the Court, the work of emancipation from priestly thraldom was repeatedly stopped: and the new system of popular education, which the party of progress had introduced, was ever and anon perverted and misapplied.

In 1850, there had been whole districts in which the only book of reading for children at school was a Papal bull referring to the Crusades! This was the monastic ideal of primary instruction. But the same party which had carried the secularization of the landed property of

the Roman Church, also carried better regulations in matters of public instruction.

I have before me the table of schools existing in Spain some years previous to the Revolution of 1868, as well as of the annual regular expense for public education; and without going into wearisome details, I will only say that, even then, the outlay for schools in Spain, with her 16,000,000 inhabitants, was nearly as much as in France, with her 37,000,000. The full results of better primary instruction can only come out in some years hence. Still, even according to the census of 1860, there were 2,413,944 males, and 716,071 females in Spain who could read and write; 315,565 males and 389,095 females who could read, but not write. This shows some progress; for if we except countries like Germany, where there is compulsory attendance at school, and consequently a universal diffusion of rudimentary knowledge, we find that in France, for instance, nearly one-third of the men, and nearly one-half of the women, married in 1860, could not sign their names in the register. Even in England, some thirty years ago, 40 per cent. of the married could not sign their names—a proportion which in latter years decreased to about 30 per cent. It will be seen that in Spain the number of uninstructed women is disproportionately large; and this may in part account for the great hold which, in spite of all, the priesthood had continued for years to keep on Spain. 'To rule the men through the women,' is a well-known maxim of the Jesuit fraternity.

'The anti-Romanist movement of 1854, bringing with it a better system of primary instruction, has done much to imbue the younger generation of Spaniards with more progressive ideas. A similar intellectual change, in a proportionally higher degree, was wrought among the student youth of the Spanish universities. There are ten such universities in the peninsula—namely, in the towns of Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Valencia, Salamanaca, Santiago, Seville, Madrid, Valladolid, and Saragossa. That is to say, Spain is dotted over with centres, small though they be, of the intellectual movement: an important fact, in so far as the younger professors and the students in Spain have in latter times frequently mixed in political warfare. Germany owed much to her learned classes during the struggle against Napoleon I., as well as after the recovery of her independence. Tendencies somewhat similar to those which characterised the German *Burschenschaft* have latterly shown themselves among the Spanish students. An ardent desire has also become apparent among the younger *savans* in Spain, of making themselves acquainted with the results of scientific investigation in the more highly cultivated countries. Works which formerly seemed little to the taste of the 'lazy dwellers in the Garden of the Hesperides,' have been

freely translated into the Spanish tongue. The occupation with natural science and philosophical studies is much on the increase. The light is flowing in, dispelling the darkness in which a gifted but long-oppressed people has hitherto groped. Almost unobserved by Europe, which mistook the withered outward aspect of the country for its true character, a new Spain had been intellectually forming for years, until the day came when the old integument that disgraced her limbs was flung aside, and a regenerated nation appeared, ready to begin a new era of life.

The Roman priesthood look with an evil eye upon the growing spirit of enlightenment. The principle of religious equality which has for the first time made its appearance in Spain in 1868, is distasteful to them in the extreme. Even the Constitution of 1812, with all its liberal provisions, did not contain a word of toleration for other creeds than the Roman Catholic state religion. It was only in 1854 that the law was abolished which enabled Government to practice prosecution against those who professed a non-orthodox creed. The movement of 1868 placed the religious question on a broader ground. The watchword of the advanced party now became 'Equality of Right for all Creeds.' This is a sore grievance to the priestly party who have ever since done all in their power to foment a Carlist outbreak, as a means of going back to the blessed old condition of Spain.

All revolutions, if prolonged, are apt to assume a kaleidoscopic character, the successive images being of a startling kind; and prediction as to what will happen next thus becomes difficult. Under ordinary circumstances, parties generally move in clearly marked grooves; but in days of sudden change and turmoil it is frequently individual energy that determines action, while alliances the most unexpected are formed, arising from the feverish eagerness of men to seize or resume power, which in an unguarded moment appears to come within their grasp. This applies with double force to Spain, where for many years past there have been such sudden 'ups and down' of revolutionary and reactionary enterprises. Hence the Carlists, and their allies the Ultramontanists, aided by a section of stiff-necked adherents of the old provincial constitutions, as well as by some gangs of men who are ever ready for the guerilla game, have endeavoured to turn the enmity which exists between the Democrats and the ruling party of King Amadeus, to the profit of legitimacy and priestly right divine. But though the Spanish Revolution, which was begun in 1868, may yet undergo many shocks and counter-shocks, it seems tolerably certain that Carlism, whilst able to harass the powers that be, will not be able to impress its features on the political condition of that country. The real issue in Spain still lies between the new dynastic system and the Republican movement.

IMMENSEE; A GERMAN IDYLL.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE afternoon in late autumn an elderly, well-dressed man, was walking slowly along one of the streets of a certain town in Germany. Judging by the dusty appearance of his tied shoes—relics of the fashions of by-gone days—and by the long gold headed cane that he carried under his arm, he was on his way home, after a walk in the country. His large dark eyes gazed down the long street, now bathed in the misty radiance of sunset, with a dreamy fixedness of expression wherein seemed concentrated all the hopes and memories of his lost youth; so intense was that gaze, and so singularly at variance with the careworn face and the snowy hair. He was apparently almost a stranger in the place, for few of the passers-by appeared to recognize him, though many were involuntarily constrained, by some strange attraction, to look again into the depths of those wonderful eyes.

He stopped finally in front of a tall gabled house, and after glancing once more up and down the street, rang the bell. As the sound pealed through the house a green curtain, which hung before a window looking into the hall, was drawn aside, and the face of an old woman peered through it. When the door was opened the old gentleman shook his stick at her, exclaiming in a slightly southern accent, 'What, no light yet?' and the curtain was immediately dropped. He entered, and crossing a wide vestibule in which were several great oaken cabinets, ornamented with old china vases, he went through a door at the further end into a smaller hall, out of which led a narrow flight of stairs to the upper regions at the back of the house. The old gentleman mounted these stairs, unlocked a door at the top, and entered a room of moderately large dimensions, with something remarkably quiet and home-like about it. One of its walls was covered with book-shelves and cupboards, and on the opposite wall hung some water-colour drawings, and a few sketches of heads and figures. A large arm chair, with crimson velvet cushions, was drawn up to a table heaped with books and papers in all stages of

confusion. The old gentleman, placing his hat and stick in a corner, sat down in the great chair, and folding his hands, seemed to be resting after his walk.

As he sat on there it gradually grew darker; a stray moonbeam fell through the uncurtained window, and creeping along the wall and over the pictures which hung there, drew the old man's eyes unwillingly after it, till they finally rested on a small portrait, set in a narrow black frame.

'Elizabeth!' he murmured, in soft and lingering accents.

He had no sooner uttered the word than everything around him seemed to change—the present dissolved into obscurity, and once more he lived in the days of the past.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILDREN.

The first person who appeared to him was a pretty, graceful little girl, by name Elizabeth. Once more he was only ten years old, she but half that age. She came running to meet him, calling to him as she ran; and she had a little red silk handkerchief knotted loosely round her neck, which made her brown eyes look all the more brilliant from force of contrast.

'Reinhardt! Reinhardt!' she cried; 'we have not got any lessons to do to-day—and none to-morrow, and none the day after!'

Away went Reinhardt's slate behind the door, and off ran the children through the house into the garden, and away through the garden gate into the wide green meadows.

Here, out in the meadow, Reinhardt had built, with Elizabeth's help, a beautiful turf-house, in which they intended to spend the long evenings together, in the glorious summer-time. There was no seat, but what did that matter? seats are soon made. So Reinhardt, seizing hammer and nails, set to work and banged away vigorously, while Elizabeth wandered off under the wall, filling her apron with the wild mallow's ring-shaped seeds. When Reinhardt, having at last overcome all obstacles, and finished his work, came out again into the sunlight, there was Elizabeth far away at the other end of the meadow.

'Elizabeth!' he called, 'Elizabeth!' and she came running, her long curls flying behind her in the wind.

'Make haste!' he said, 'our house is ready now. Come inside and

sit down on the new seat, and while you are getting cool I will tell you a story.

So they went in and sat down; and Elizabeth took the ring-like seeds out of her apron, and strung them together, while Reinhardt told his story.

'There were once three spinsters——' he began.

'Oh, I know all that by heart,' interrupted Elizabeth; 'you must not always tell me the same stories.'

So Reinhardt had to leave the three spinsters, and begin instead the story of the poor man who was thrown into the den of lions.

'It was night by this time, you know,' he said; 'it was quite dark, and the lions were fast asleep. All at once they opened their mouths very wide, and stuck out their red tonges, and yawned. So then the poor man thought it must be morning, and was dreadfully frightened, and shivered all over. Suddenly a very bright light shone all round him, and when he looked up he saw—an angel! The angel beckoned to him with his hand, and then turned and went straight into the rock.'

Elizabeth had been listening very attentively to this story.

'An angel,' she said; 'had it wings, then?'

'Oh, that's only in the story,' answered Reinhardt; 'there are no such things as angels, really.'

'What nonsense, Reinhardt!' exclaimed the child, looking up suddenly into his face. But seeing that he was rather angry, she asked, doubtfully:

'Why do they say that there are angels, then? Everybody says so—mother, and aunt, and everyone at school, too.'

'I don't know,' answered the boy.

'But, then, are there such things as lions?' persisted Elizabeth.

'Lions; yes, of course, in India. The priests of the idols harness them to cars, and drive right across the deserts with them. When I am grown up, I shall go there myself and see them. It's a thousand times nicer there than here; and they never have any winter. You must come with me, though—you will, won't you?'

'Yes,' she said; 'but mother must go with us, and your mother as well.'

'No,' answered Reinhardt, 'they can't go; they will be much too old by that time.'

'But I shall not be allowed to go by myself.'

'Oh yes, you will, because you'll be my wife then, and no one will be able to say anything to you.'

'But mother will cry.'

'We shall come back,' said Reinhardt, impatiently. 'Just say, straight out, whether you will come or not. If not, I shall have to go alone, and then I shall never, never come back.'

Poor little Elizabeth was very near tears.

'Please don't look so cross,' she said, imploringly; 'indeed, I will go to India with you.'

Reinhardt, in a burst of delight, seized her by both hands, and pulled her out into the meadow.

'To India! to India!' he sang, and whirled her round and round, till her scarlet handkerchief flew off her neck. Suddenly he let her hands go, and said, gravely:

'It's no good, Elizabeth; you are not brave enough.'

'Elizabeth!—Reinhardt!'

Someone was calling them, from the garden gate, and away ran the children, hand in hand, over the broad meadow, towards the house.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE WOOD.

So the children lived on happily together, day after day, year after year. Sometimes, indeed, she was too quiet for him, or sometimes she thought him too rough; but nothing really interfered to interrupt their friendship. When they were not at school, they were almost always together—in winter in her mother's great wainscoted room, and in summer out in the woods and fields. One day, in Reinhardt's presence, the schoolmaster had occasion to scold Elizabeth for some small fault; whereupon the boy, rising in his place, banged his slate furiously down on the desk, in the vain hope of drawing the master's anger on himself, instead of on her, and was bitterly disappointed because no notice was taken of the disturbance. He amused himself, nevertheless, during the geography lesson which followed, in composing a long poem, in which he compared himself to a young eagle, the schoolmaster to a grey old crow, and Elizabeth to a white pigeon. By the time school was over, he had worked himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm and exaltation, in vowing vengeance on the crow when his young eagle-wings should have grown, that the tears actually stood in his eyes! Directly he got home, he made himself a little book, with a parchment cover, and clean white pages inside, and wrote this, his first poem, with infinite care and trouble in the beginning.

It was very soon after this that he was sent to another school, and of course made many new friends and acquaintances among boys of his own age; but his friendship with Elizabeth continued still as strong as

ever. He took to copying out all the fairy stories that he had told her so often; and this copying inspired him with a desire to commit some of his own grand thoughts to paper. But, somehow or other, this did not answer. He contented himself, therefore, for the present, with writing out the stories; and when all were finished he gave them to Elizabeth, who kept them carefully in a drawer. Reinhardt's greatest delight on earth was to hear Elizabeth's mother read them aloud, out of his book, in the long winter evenings.

Seven years passed away, and the time arrived for Reinhardt to leave his native town, and go elsewhere to complete his education. Elizabeth could not bring herself to believe that she would have now to live on day after day without her old playfellow. It was a little consolation to her when he promised to go on writing out the fairy stories just as usual, and enclose them in his letters to his mother; but he made her promise, in return, always to write and tell him how she liked them.

The time for Reinhardt's departure drew near; but before the day actually came, he had contrived to scribble a good many poems in the little parchment-bound volume. This was the one secret which he did not share with Elizabeth; and yet she was responsible not only for the existence of the little book, but also for most of the songs which now nearly half filled it.

It was now the month of June, and Reinhardt was to leave home on the next day. Before he went, a pic-nic party to a neighbouring wood was got up in his honour, and a great number of people were invited to it. They had an hour's drive as far as the beginning of the wood, and then, leaving the carriages, they walked on further, carrying the baskets of provisions. The path led at first through a fir wood, cool, and dim, and shadowy—the ground beneath their feet strewn with the needle-like leaves of the tall pine trees. After a half-hour's walk they emerged from the deep shadows into the bright green of a coppice, where the golden sunlight was streaming through the leaves, and overhead the squirrels were swinging and leaping from bough to bough. At last they came to a place where three or four ancient beech-trees had grown together in a circle, making a transparent leafy canopy, under which the noon-tide halt was called. Elizabeth's mother proceeded to open the baskets, and a certain elderly gentleman of the party was elected master of the ceremonies.

'Come here, you hungry young things,' he cried, 'and listen to what I have got to say. Each of you has brought two rolls for luncheon, and as the butter has been left behind, whoever wants something else besides dry bread must go and look for it himself. There are plenty of strawberries in the wood for those who know how to look for them, and if you are not sharp enough to find them you must go without. You will soon learn that that is one of the rules of life. Do you understand?'

And all the boys and girls shouted in answer.

'Wait a minute,' continued the old gentleman, 'I have not done yet. We old people have had enough running about in our lives, so we shall stay behind under these great trees, and arrange the table, peel the potatoes, light the fire, and at twelve o'clock, boil the eggs; so we shall have a right to half of the strawberries you bring back, to fill the dessert-dishes. Now be off, and let us have no underhand dealings!'

This time all the young people looked up wickedly, and were turning away, when the old gentleman once more called them back.

'There is, perhaps, no occasion to tell you,' he said, 'that whoever finds no strawberries will, of course, not have to give any away; but bear in mind that in that case the boy or girl who returns empty-handed, will get nothing from the old people. And now I have lectured you enough for once. If you can only find as many strawberries as there is good advice in my lecture, you will be able to exist very well for one day.'

The young people appeared to be of the same opinion, and began forming into twos and threes for the expedition.

'Come, Elizabeth,' said Reinhardt, 'I know where to find a whole bed of strawberries. *You* shan't have to eat dry bread.'

Elizabeth tied the ribbons of her straw hat together, and hung it on her arm.

'Come,' said she, 'the basket is ready.'

So they wandered off into the wood, deeper and deeper—the solemn shadows closing in over their heads, and the great silence of Nature brooding around them, broken only by the cry of some stray hawk far up in the sky. On and on, through such a growth of bushes and briars that Reinhardt was obliged to go first, and break away twigs and bend back branches, to make a path for Elizabeth. Once, far behind, he heard her calling him: 'Reinhardt! Reinhardt! wait for me!' and turning to look for her, she was nowhere to be seen. At last he caught sight of her, struggling in the bushes, her pretty little head just visible over the tops of the tall ferns. He ran back, and extricating her from the briars, guided her through the wilderness of bush and bramble out into an open space, where blue butterflies were fluttering among the wild woodland flowers. He smoothed her loose hair back from her forehead, and wanted to put on her straw hat for her, but she would not let him till he begged very hard, and then she yielded.

'But where are your strawberries?' said Elizabeth at last, as she stood still recovering her breath after her long scramble.

'There used to be a great many here once,' he answered; 'but the oads must have eaten them all, or the martens—or perhaps, even the fairies.'

'Yes, the fairies must have eaten them,' said Elizabeth, 'I can still see

the leaves. But don't let us talk about fairies here—I am not at all tired, let us go and look somewhere else.'

Just in front of them was a little brook, and beyond that the wood again. Reinhardt carried Elizabeth in his arms over the stream, and then on they went till once more they came out from under the shadow of the trees into a green, open space.

'There must be strawberries here,' said Elizabeth, 'there is such a sweet smell.'

They walked along in the sunlight, looking carefully about, but they found no strawberries.

'There are none here after all,' said Reinhardt, 'it is only the herbs which smell so sweet.'

There were hardly anything but wild raspberry bushes all round, and the strong fragrance of the wild herbs, which except for occasional patches of grass, covered the ground, filled the whole air.

'It is very lonely here,' said Elizabeth, at length. 'Where can the others be?'

'Wait a minute,' answered Reinhardt, who up to this moment had never once thought how they were to get back. 'Wait a minute, and let us find out where the wind comes from.' As he spoke he raised his hand up over his head to find out the direction of the wind—but no wind came.

'Keep quiet!' exclaimed Elizabeth; 'I fancied I heard voices—now call as loud as ever you can.'

'Halloa! come here!' shouted Reinhardt, through the hollow of his hand.

'Here! here!' cried a voice in the far wood.

'They answered!' exclaimed Elizabeth, clapping her hands.

'No, it was nothing,' answered Reinhardt; 'only the echo.'

Elizabeth seized his hand.

'I am frightened,' she said.

'There is nothing to be afraid of,' replied the boy, soothing her; 'it's delicious here. Sit down in the shade among those herbs, and let us rest a little while. We shall find the others soon.'

So Elizabeth sat down under a tall, shadowy beech tree, and listened attentively on all sides; and Reinhardt, fixing on the stump of a tree for his throne, sat watching her in silence.

The sun was exactly over their heads: in the hot simmering noontide, flies were hanging poised on whirring wings, blue and gleaming like steel, and the air was filled with the humming and murmuring of countless swarms of insects. Every now and then, through the stillness of noon, they heard the sharp tap of the woodpecker far away in the depths of the wood, and the sudden cries of other woodland birds.

'Listen!' said Elizabeth; 'I heard a bell.'

'Where?'

'Behind us. Don't you hear it? That means it's twelve o'clock.'

'Then of course the town must be behind us, and if we go straight on in that direction, we must come upon the others,' said Reinhardt, joyfully.

So they rose and began to retrace their steps; they had given up all idea of looking for strawberries, for Elizabeth was quite tired out. At last they heard voices and laughter, and through the trees they caught sight of a white cloth spread on the turf for a table, and on it were strawberries in abundance. The old gentleman, a table-napkin dangling from his button-hole, was carving, and apparently continuing his moral discourse to the girls and boys at the same time.

There are the stragglers!' they exclaimed, as Reinhardt and Elizabeth made their appearance through the trees.

'Come along,' cried the old gentleman. 'Why, what is this? empty handkerchiefs? Hats inside out! Come, let us see what you have found?'

'Hunger and thirst,' said Reinhardt,

'If those are all you have got,' was the rejoinder, 'you are welcome to keep them. You know the agreement; no dawdlers will get anything to eat here!' and so saying, he drew the heaped-up dishes away from them.

However, he was induced to relent, and they all sat down to luncheon, and a thrush on a neighbouring juniper-tree burst out into song. And so the day went by.

If Reinhardt had found no strawberries in the wood, he had found something else which had grown there too. When he got home he wrote once more in his little old book—and this is what he wrote:—

I.

No thrush the noon will waken
Here on the woodland steep,
The drooping leaves forsaken
By winds that pause and sleep:
Flower 'mid the flowers she sitteth,
'Mid thymy fragrance sweet,
O'erhead the bluefly flitteth
On burnished wings and fleet.

II.

No bird to other calleth—
Her eyes are tales untold;
The happy sunlight falleth,
And melts her hair to gold:

Afar the cuckoo's laughter
Thrills me from groves unseen—
But all my heart goes after
The star-eyed woodland queen!

So she was no longer only his child—she was the embodiment of everything beautiful and wonderful in the life that was but just dawning for him.

CHAPTER III.

'IN THE PATH THE FAIR CHILD STOOD.'

It was Christmas eve. It was still but afternoon when Reinhardt and a few of his fellow-students gathered round an old oak table, in a cellar not a little frequented by them. The lamps suspended from the walls were lit, for darkness was already beginning to set in in these underground regions; there were not many guests at present, and the waiters leaned idle and empty-handed against the wall. In one corner sat a man with a violin, and a guitar girl with a delicate, gipsy face. They both held their silent instruments on their knees, and seemed to be looking on the scene before them with dull, vacant eyes.

There was a general popping of champagne corks, and an insolent looking youth, rising in his place, held a glass of wine towards the girl, and cried 'Drink, my pretty gipsy maiden.'

'No—I do not want it,' she answered, without changing her position.

'Then give us a song,' said the young fellow roughly, and threw some money into her lap.

The girl drew her fingers slowly through her dark hair, while the violinist whispered something in her ear; and then tossing her head proudly, she laid her face down against her guitar, and said:

'I will not sing for that.'

At this Reinhardt sprang from his seat and, glass in hand, went up to her.

'What do you want?' she said, defiantly.

'Your own eyes can tell you,' he answered.

'What have you got to do with my eyes—they are nothing to you.'

Reinhardt gazed down at her, his own eyes shining.

'They are false,' he said.

'She rested her cheek in her open hand, and looked at him searchingly.

Reinhardt raised his glass to his lips. 'To your beautiful false eyes,' he cried.

'She laughed, and tossed her head, and then taking the glass from his hand, and fixing her dark eyes on his face, she slowly drank the remainder of the wine. A triad lay close at hand, and taking it up she sang the following song in a deep, passionate voice:

'Heute, nur heute
Bin ich so schön;
Morgen, ach morgen
Muss alles vergehn!
Nur diese Stunde
Bist du noch mein;
Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein.'

Whilst the violinist was playing the rapid movement which formed the conclusion of the song, a new comer joined the group. He went up to where Reinhardt was standing, and said:—

'I thought of calling for you, Werner, but you were before me. Did you know that old Father Christmas had left his card with you?'

'Father Christmas!' exclaimed Reinhardt, 'he never calls on me.'

'But, my dear fellow,' answered his friend, 'your whole room reeks of fir-trees and plum cake.'

Reinhardt set down his glass, and took his cap.

'Where are you going?' said the girl.

'I am coming back,' he replied, shortly.

Her brow contracted.

'Stay,' she said, softly, with such a thrill of confidence and tenderness in her voice, that Reinhardt almost shuddered.

'I cannot,' he said again.

The girl pushed him from her with her foot, laughing as she did so.

'Then go,' she exclaimed; 'you are not good for much—none of you are.' And turning away, Reinhardt began slowly ascending the cellar steps.

It was dusk by this time, even out in the street, and as Reinhardt walked along in the fresh wintry air his fevered brow gradually grew cool. Here and there along the streets bright lights shone through the uncurtained windows, and glancing in as he went by he saw Christmas trees all alight, and heard children's merry voices laughing and chattering over their toys. Troops of beggar children wandered from house to house, or went up the steps and tried to get a peep of splendours in which they might not share. Sometimes a door would be opened suddenly, and a harsh voice would drive the whole troop of such little

visitors out once more into the cold dark street. In the entrance halls of some houses Christmas carols were being sung, generally by girls' clear young voices. Reinhardt heard them not; he passed quickly on through street after street till he came to his own lodgings. It was almost dark when he got to the house, and stumbled up stairs, without a light, into his own room. Directly he opened the door he was greeted by a delicious fragrance, which made him think involuntarily of his mother's room at this time of the year. With a trembling hand he lit the candle, and there, on the table, lay a large packet. He opened it, and out fell some of the familiar Christmas cakes, on one of which he saw his own initials in white sugar—and he knew at once that no one but Elizabeth could have done that, There was another little packet still to be opened, and in it he found more substantial proofs of his mother's and Elizabeth's thoughtfulness for him; and finally letters from both of them.

He opened Elizabeth's first; and this is what she wrote:—

'The sugar-letters will tell you who helped to make the cakes; and the same person embroidered the cuffs. We are keeping Christmas here in a very quiet way. Mother puts her spinning-wheel into the corner every night regularly at half-past nine, and it is very dull this winter without you. The linnet that you gave me died last Sunday: I cried a great deal about it, and I am sure that I always took great care of the dear little thing. He always used to sing in the afternoon when the sun shone on his cage —don't you remember how mother used to put a cloth over the cage sometimes, to silence him, when he had quite exhausted himself with singing? The room is now quieter than ever, except when your friend Eric comes to see us. I remember you said once that he was very like his own great-coat. I always think of it when he comes into the room, and can hardly help laughing—but mind you don't tell mother, for she would be so angry. Guess what I gave your mother for a Christmas present—you can't? Well, I gave her myself! Eric drew a chalk sketch of me, for which I had to sit to him three times—a whole hour each time. I did not want to do it, for I could not bear the idea of a stranger learning my face off by heart like that; but mother talked me over, and told me how it would please dear, kind Frau Elener. But, Reinhardt, you have not kept your word—you have not sent me those fairy stories you promised. I have been several times to your mother and complained of you, but she always said that you have got something to do now besides troubling yourself about such childish nonsense. But I won't believe her, because, perhaps, it isn't true.'

After that Reinhardt read his mother's letter, and having now finished with both, folded them up and put them away; and as he did so there came upon him a bitter yearning after that quiet far-distant home of his.

For a long time he walked up and down his room, murmuring first softly to himself, and then a little louder, the following lines:—

Wandering alone within the darksome wood,
Weary and lost he still would onward roam;
But sudden in the path the fair child stood,
And tenderly and gently led him home.

Then, going to his desk, he took some money and went out into the night.

The town had grown much quieter since he was out before; the Christmas tapers were all burnt out, and the wandering troops of children had disappeared. The wind swept along the empty streets, and old and young alike were gathered round their fireside, for the second act of the Christmas drama had begun. As Reinhardt approached the cellar he heard the sounds of the violin and the girl's voice still rising from its depths. The door opened, and a dark form glided up the broad, dimly-lighted steps. Reinhardt walked quickly past in the shadow of the houses, and entered a jeweller's shop, where he purchased a little red coral cross. Then once more he turned his steps homewards. Not far from the house in which he lived, he observed a little girl clothed in miserable rags, vainly endeavouring to open a large house door.

'Shall I help you?' he said.

The child did not answer, but allowed him to turn the handle for her.

'No,' said Reinhardt, suddenly, after he had done it; 'it is no good going in, for they will only turn you out again. Come with me instead, and I will give you some Christmas cake.' So he closed the door again, and, taking the silent little maiden by the hand, he led her away to his lodgings. He had left the light burning when he went out, and together they climbed the stairs.

'Here is some cake for you,' he said, putting half of his treasure into her apron, saving only that part which had the sugar-letters on it—'Now run home and give your mother some.'

The child looked up timidly, unused to such kindness, and hardly knowing what to make of it. Reinhardt opened the door and lighted her down stairs, and away she ran with her cake, like a bird. He then stirred the fire, and, putting his dusty inkstand on the table, sat down and wrote long letters to his mother and Elizabeth—wrote the whole night till the Christmas morning broke. The remains of the Christmas cake lay untouched near him, but he had put on Elizabeth's present and seen how well they looked. He was still sitting writing when the first rays of the winter sun shone through the frozen panes, and, looking up, he saw in the mirror opposite the reflection of his own face—grave, earnest, and pale.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME.

By the time Easter came round Reinhardt was at home once more. The morning after his arrival he went to see Elizabeth.

'How you have grown!' were his first words, as she came to meet him, slim and lovely, and smiling up in his face with the old sweet smile.

She did not answer, but her cheek flushed faintly, and she made a little effort to withdraw the hand which he had taken and kept in his own. His eyes met hers with a new expression in them, half dubious, half reproachful. He had always held her hand before, and she had never tried to draw it away—why should she now?

From that moment each was aware of something cold and strange that had come in between them, and taken the place of the old familiar ways which had made their childhood's friendship so pleasant and so sweet. When they were left alone together there came long and unaccustomed pauses in the conversation, which were very painful to Reinhardt, and which he tried anxiously to prevent. At last he bethought himself of giving Elizabeth botany-lessons, by way of amusement in the vacation. Elizabeth, accustomed to follow his wishes in everything, and being, moreover, of a very teachable disposition, took it up with spirit. The necessary accompaniments of these lessons were long rambles in the fields and woods several times a week, from which they returned laden by dinner-time. Later in the afternoon Reinhardt had, of course, to come in, and help Elizabeth in the division of the spoils.

Round on such an errand he came on one afternoon, and found her standing at the window of the little sitting-room, inserting some fresh groundsel between the bars of a new gilded bird-cage, which he had never seen there before, and which hung in the place where his old cage used to hang. There was a canary in it, fluttering its little wings, and pecking at Elizabeth's finger.

'Why, Elizabeth,' said Reinhardt, gaily, walking up to her, 'has my poor dead linnet been changed into a canary?'

'Dead linnets do not change into canaries,' observed Elizabeth's mother, briefly, from the corner where she sat spinning in her arm-chair. 'Your friend, Eric, sent it over from his farm for Elizabeth this afternoon.'

'From his farm?'

'Yes,' answered the old lady, 'have you not heard that Eric has come in to his father's second farm at Immensee?'

'You never told me anything about it before,' said Reinhardt.

'Because you have never once asked after your friend since you came back,' was the ready reply. 'Eric is a thoroughly sensible, pleasant young fellow.'

So saying Elizabeth's mother rose, and left the room; and Elizabeth herself, turning her back on Reinhardt, went on feeding her bird with groundsel.

'Please wait a little,' she said; 'I shall be ready in a few minutes.'

Reinhardt, contrary to his usual custom, took no notice of her; and she, turning round, observed a certain troubled expression in his eyes which she had never seen there before. The bird was forgotten in a moment.

'What is the matter with you, Reinhardt?' she said, anxiously, leaving the cage and going up to him.

'With me?' he answered, absently, looking down with his great dreamy eyes into the untroubled calm of hers.

'Yes—you look unhappy; something has troubled you.'

'Elizabeth,' he exclaimed at last, 'I hate that bird!'

'I do not understand you this afternoon, Reinhardt. You are not like yourself,' she said, simply, looking up at him in innocent astonishment.

He did not answer, but took both her little hands, which lay so quietly in his own.

The subject was not mentioned between them again, for at that moment Elizabeth's mother came into the room, followed by a maid with the afternoon coffee. Afterwards the old lady sat down to her spinning-wheel, and Elizabeth and Reinhardt went into the next room to arrange their specimens—to number stamens, to look carefully through all their leaves and flowers, and to select two of each kind, and press them between the pages of some heavy book.

It was an intensely still and golden afternoon. There was no sound but the low hum of the spinning-wheel, softened by distance, and the murmur of Reinhardt's voice as he named the class to which each plant belonged, or corrected Elizabeth's pronunciation of the Latin name.

'I discovered the other day that I was still in want of a lily-of-the-valley,' observed she, when the whole collection was sorted and arranged.

'Here is what was once a lily if you care to have it,' said Reinhardt, taking his little white book out of his pocket, and handing her a half-dried flower out of it.

Elizabeth, seeing that the book was a manuscript, asked him whether he had been writing any fairy-stories lately.

'They are not fairy-stories,' he answered, giving it her.

They were mere verses, most of them not filling more than one side of a page. Elizabeth turned leaf after leaf, reading apparently only the titles, which ran mostly in this style:—'When she was scolded by the

schoolmaster'—'When they were lost in the wood'—'Easter fairy-stories'—'Her first letter.'

Reinhardt looked at her with his watchful eyes, as she went on rapidly, turning page after page, and saw how at last the least possible flush of colour rose in her cheeks, and finally spread all over her pure young face. He tried to meet her eyes, but she would not look up; and when she came to the end of the book she laid it down on the table before him, softly and silently.

'Do not give it back to me like that,' he said.

She took a little brown sprig out of the specimen case, and laid it beside the book.

'I have put your favourite plant inside,' she said, and gave the book back into his hands.

Time went on, and Reinhardt's last morning at home came. Elizabeth got leave from her mother to go with him to the office from which the coach was to start, and which was only two or three streets distant from their house.

Reinhardt walked silently along, the slender, girlish form clinging to his arm. The nearer the time came for him to leave her, the more strongly he felt that he had a secret to share with her, on which the whole beauty and loveliness of his future life must depend; and yet one which he found so difficult to put into words, or even to realise fully to himself. Such thoughts troubled him, and his steps grew slower and slower.

'You will be late,' said Elizabeth—'it has struck ten by St. Mary's already.'

But Reinhardt would not hear. At last he began hesitatingly—

'Elizabeth, it will be two whole years before you see me again—will you promise to be as fond of me when I come back as you are now?'

She nodded her bright little head and looked up frankly and kindly into his face with her clear eyes.

After a few minutes:

'Reinhardt,' she said, 'do you know that I had to defend your character last night?'

'You stood up for me?' he said quietly, 'to whom?'

'My mother. Last night after you were gone we talked about you for a long time—and—and—oh Reinhardt, she thinks you are not as good as you used to be.'

Reinhardt was silent for a moment. Then, taking her hand, he looked earnestly down into her dear, child-eyes, and said,—'I am quite as good now as I used to be; oh Elizabeth, only believe that, and all will be well; will you believe it?'

'Yes,' she said.

He dropped her hand, and they walked on quietly down the last street. The nearer their parting came, the quicker and more elastic grew his steps—so quick that at last she could hardly keep up with him.

'What has come to you, Reinhardt?' asked Elizabeth.

'I have got such a beautiful secret to keep,' he answered, looking at her with radiant eyes. 'When I come back again, in two years, I will tell you what it is.'

They reached the coach-office just in time.

'Good-bye,' said he, taking her hand once more at parting. 'Good-bye, Elizabeth—and remember!'

'Good-bye,' she said, smiling up at him in answer.

Reinhardt mounted to his place on the top of the coach, and away it rumbled down the street. As it swung round the corner, he turned once more to look back, and caught a last glimpse of a slender, graceful figure walking slowly away—Elizabeth, the child who had become so very dear to him, and from whom he was to be parted for two long weary years.

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER.

It was very nearly two years after that Easter, that Reinhardt was sitting at his table, surrounded by books and papers, waiting for a friend who came every evening to read with him.

There was a step on the stairs, and his landlady entered with a letter, which she deposited on the table and then left the room.

Reinhardt had not written to Elizabeth once since he left home the last time: neither had she written to him. The letter was from his mother, and breaking the seal, he read as follows:—

'At your age, my child, each year is different to the last, and gains something new, to atone for what is lost in the old: for the young will not allow themselves to grow poorer with each year. Something has happened here which, if I am not mistaken, will surprise you, and cause you not a little pain.

'Elizabeth has at last promised to marry Eric, after having refused him twice within the last few months. She has not been able to bring herself to do it before, but it is done now. She is so young, too. The wedding will take place very soon, and her mother is to live with them.'

CHAPTER VI.

IMMENSEE.

One balmy spring afternoon, several years after Reinhardt received that particular letter from his mother, a young man was walking slowly along a path which led through a cool and shady wood down into a deep valley. His face, tanned by exposure to wind and sun, was an uncommon one —uncommon in its power and earnestness, and in the intense expression of the great grey eyes. He was looking anxiously down the long path that lay before him, stretching on apparently without an end, as if he longed for something to break its wearisome monotony. At last, seeing a carter coming towards him, slowly climbing the steep ascent, he hailed him.

'Halloa! is this the right way to Immensee?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the man; 'keep straight on.'

'Have I much further to go?'

'You are nearly there, sir; you will come to the lake in no time, and the Great House is just beyond.'

The carter went on his way, and a quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought the young man to a place where on the left-hand side there was a sudden clearing away of trees, and the broad sunlight poured unbroken on the path. He was now walking along on the edge of a pitch so steep and sudden that it was almost a precipice, and in whose depths even the leafy crowns of venerable oak trees, probably hundreds of years old, were hardly visible. Far away over the tree tops stretched a broad expanse of open country, basking in the warm spring sunlight. Down below lay the little lake, blue and still, surrounded on all sides by the fresh green of the woodland, except in one place where there was an opening in the trees, and a view for miles and miles into the far distance, till dim blue hills shut out the infinite space beyond. Exactly opposite the traveller, as he stood up there on the verge of the precipice, there was a scattering like snow among the green trees; and on the high bank of the lake, from out of the midst of this wonderful snowy shower of blossom rose the white, red-tiled house.

As the young man stood looking at the lovely picture before him, a stork rose from one of the chimneys of the house, and circled slowly over the water.

'Immensee!'

The exclamation seemed to burst involuntarily from the stranger's lips. He stood motionless up there on the heights, looking away over

the trees towards that further shore, where the reflection of the house lay dancing and shimmering in the water, as if he had at last come to the end of his wanderings, and need go no further; then, rousing himself, he continued his way.

The descent grew steeper and steeper—so steep at last that the trees once more cast long shadows over the path; and the view of the lake was hidden. Suddenly, however, the lovely prospect opened again, and the blue lake, seen for so long only through breaks in the thick foliage, became visible once more from end to end. Soon afterwards the path began to ascend very gently, and then on either side the trees disappeared. Instead of the wood there were luxuriant vineyards, stretching away to right and left, bordered with fruit trees all in blossom, and melodious with the murmurings of thousands of bees.

A tall, fine-looking man, in a light brown overcoat, was coming along the park. Catching sight of the advancing stranger he waved his cap over his head, and shouted in a loud, clear voice :—

'Welcome, welcome, brother! Welcome to Immensee!'

'God bless you, Eric,' returned the other; 'a thousand thanks for your kind welcome.'

They were together by this time, shaking hands.

'Are you really the old Reinhardt?' said Eric, looking into the grave face of his former schoolfellow.

'Really,' answered the young man; 'you too are the same, Eric, only happier and brighter-looking than ever.'

A smile, which made his simple features look almost radiant, flitted across Eric's face.

'Yes,' he said, holding out his hand again. 'I have won a great prize since last we met—you have heard all about it, of course?' Then rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed exultingly, 'What a surprise it will be to her? Your arrival is the very last thing she expects!'

'A surprise?' said Reinhardt; 'to whom?'

'To Elizabeth.'

'Elizabeth!—then you did not tell her I was coming?'

'Not a single word, Reinhardt. Neither she nor her mother knows anything about it. I wrote to you without telling them—you remember how fond I used to be of keeping my little plans quite a secret.'

This announcement made Reinhardt thoughtful, and as they walked on together towards the farm he felt as if he could hardly breathe.

On the left-hand side of the path the vineyards ceased entirely, and in their place lay a broad extent of garden, stretching down almost to the brink of the water, and planted with vegetables and other useful things, among which the stork was now gravely marching.

'Halloa!' shouted Eric, clapping his hands to frighten it away, 'that long-legged Egyptian is after my young peas again.'

The bird rose slowly into the air, and in a few minutes alighted on the roof of a new-looking building, whose walls were covered with peach and apricot trees.

'That is the spirit-manufactory,' said Eric. 'I established it about two years ago, and my late father built the domestic office for me. The dwelling-house was built by my grandfather many years ago.'

As Eric uttered these words, they came suddenly out into an open space, bordered on two sides by scattered, rustic-looking buildings, and on the third by the dwelling-house with its two wings, one of which was continued in the shape of a high garden wall. Beyond that again, a screening hedge of dark yew was just visible, and here and there blossoming branches of Syringa drooped over the top of the wall. Men with faces brown and ruddy from hard labour in the hot sun passed every now and then across the grass, talking to each other as they went, or answering occasional questions which Eric put to them about the day's work.

The two friends went on and entered the house. The entrance-hall was cool and spacious, and crossing it they turned into a passage at the end, somewhat dark and small. Opening a door, Eric led the way into a large and lofty garden-room, with a window exactly opposite the door, whose light was tempered by festoons of creepers, filling that part of the room with dim, soft lights and shadows. But on the side-wall two large glass doors stood wide open, admitting the full splendour of the spring sun, and allowing a sight of a garden, blazing with gorgeous flowers, with a broad straight path down the middle dividing the perfect walls of foliage, and commanding a view of the lake and the surrounding woods. As the friends stepped through the glass-doors, a sudden stream of fragrance came borne on the breeze towards them.

On the raised terrace just in front of them sat a white-robed girlish figure. She rose as the two approached, and came forward to meet them. Suddenly she stopped, rooted to the ground, motionless, her eyes fixed on the stranger. Smiling, he held out his hand to her.

'Reinhardt!' she cried, softly; 'Reinhardt! is it you indeed? Ah, how long, how very long, it is since we saw each other last!'

'Not so very long,' he answered, and then could say no more.

The sound of her voice—the sight of her again, fair and lovely, just as she had looked when he had parted from her years ago—became suddenly too much for him; and when she spoke he felt stronger thrills and pangs at his heart, and his own voice died away.

Eric stood at the door, looking at those two together with a beaming face.

'Well, Elizabeth,' he said at last, 'you were not prepared for this, were you? Reinhardt was the very last person you expected?'

'You are so good to me, Eric,' she said gently, looking at her husband with affectionate eyes.

He took her little hand caressingly in his.

'And now we have him,' he went on, 'we will not let him get away so soon. He has been knocking about the world for so long, that it is quite time he was caught and tamed. Just look how different he has become—not the Reinhardt of old days any longer, but a far more magnificent person!'

'Time,' she said, looking up shyly into his face, 'which has kept us apart for so long, has altered him.'

At that moment her mother came to the door, carrying a basket of keys on her arm.

'Herr Werner!' she exclaimed, on seeing him; 'as welcome as unexpected!'

The conversation became now nothing but a mere string of questions and answers. Some refreshments were brought for Reinhardt, after his long walk; the ladies took out their work, and Eric sat by, smoking his meerschaum, and joining in the conversation going on around him.

The following day Reinhardt went round the whole place with him—over the fields, vineyards, and hop-gardens, and into the spirit manufactory. Everything was in beautiful order, and the people working in the fields and at the boilers looked healthy and contented. At noon the whole family assembled in the garden-room, and spent the rest of the day more or less together, according to the time that the master of the house could spare from his business. Reinhardt always sat up stairs, writing in his own room, for the first hour or two after breakfast, and the last before supper. He had been employed for the last few years in collecting all the songs and poems still existing in Germany, and was now busy bringing his treasures into some sort of order, and adding any fresh ones that he had managed to get hold of in the country round.

Elizabeth was always very gentle and kind to him. The humble gratitude with which she received Eric's constant little attentions, made Reinhardt think sometimes of the merry child he used to know, and how little promise there had been, in those days, of the grave, sweet woman who had taken her place.

Very soon after he came to Immensee, Reinhardt took to walking every evening along a path which led him close under the garden wall and along the bank of the lake. On a projecting kind of wall at the end of the walk, there was a garden-seat under the tall birch trees. Elizabeth's mother had christened it 'The Western Seat,' because, as it

faced towards the west, it received the last rays of the setting sun, and the last gleam of light. Reinhardt was walking home along this path one evening, when he was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower, and was obliged to seek shelter under some lime trees that grew down near the water. These proved but an ineffectual protection from the pelting rain, and wet through already, he gave up all idea of shelter, and started off again towards the house. As he went along in the rain and gathering darkness, and drew near the Western Seat, he thought he saw, between the trunks of the birch trees, a gleaming white form. It stood there motionless, looking towards him, as if awaiting someone; and as he hurried on, thinking to find on a nearer view that it was Elizabeth and wishing to walk up through the garden with her, the white figure slowly turned away, and disappeared into some dark side-walk.

Reinhardt could not understand it, and then was half angry with Elizabeth, and then again doubted whether it was really she. He could not summon up courage to ask her, and would not even go into the garden-room on his return, lest he should see her coming in through the open doors.

CHAPTER VII.

'MEINE MUTTER HAT'S GEWOLT.'

SOME days after this little adventure they were all sitting together, as usual, in the garden-room. Evening was closing in, and through the open door they could see the sun slowly sinking behind the woods on the opposite side of the lake. Reinhardt had been asked to read aloud some *volkslieder*, given to him that afternoon by some people who lived near; he went up to his room to fetch them, and soon came down again with a roll of papers in his hand.

They all drew near the table, Elizabeth next to Reinhardt.

'We must read at random,' he said, 'I have not had time to go through them myself, yet.'

'Some of them are set to music,' observed Elizabeth, as she unrolled the papers; 'you must sing them to us, Reinhardt.'

So he began, and read first a Tyrolean song with a melody in its verses so gay and bewitching, that he could hardly help according his voice to it as he read. The spirit of the rhythm seemed to have infected his hearers also, for as they listened their faces brightened.

'Who wrote those lovely songs?' said Elizabeth, when he had finished.

'Oh, it is easy enough to tell who wrote them by the sound,' said Eric; 'tailors and barbers, and such gay and flighty creatures.'

But Reinhardt answered her question differently.

'No one composed them,' he said; they grew—they fell from the sky—they flew all over the country, like gossamer threads, hither and thither, and were sung in a thousand places at once. We find our being and doing in these songs, as much as if we had helped to write them ourselves.'

He took another sheet, and began again,—

'Upon the mountain's brow I stood—'

'Oh, I know that!' broke in Elizabeth; give me the first note, Reinhardt, and I will sing it with you.'

'So they sung this wonderful melody right through. So wonderful and enchanting is it, that it is almost impossible to believe that it is the work of some man's imagination, and we would rather think, as Reinhardt thought, that it grew—or fell from the sky. The voices went well together—Elizabeth's well-modulated contralto and Reinhardt's tenor—and the effect was singularly harmonious.

While they sang the old lady went on working industriously, and Eric sat by listening.

From the banks of the lake came the tinkling of bells, breaking the evening stillness; and then suddenly a boy's voice caught up the air,—

'Upon the mountain's brow I stood,
And looked into the valley deep—'

Reinhardt smiled as he listened:—

'Do you hear?' he said, 'that is how these songs pass from mouth to mouth.'

'They often sing it in this part of the country,' answered Elizabeth?

They listened till the last sounds of the tinkling bells died away behind the farm buildings, and then:—

'Those are very ancient sounds,' said Reinhardt; 'they lie sleeping underground in the depths of woods, and who first woke them, Heaven only knows.'

It grew gradually darker; but the sunset glow still lingered, and lay over the woods like foam on an evening sea. Reinhardt unrolled another paper; and Elizabeth, putting her hand on the other side to keep it down, looked over his shoulder while he read the following verses:—

I.

My mother bid my old love go,
She brought a new love unto me,
She said that him I lovéd so,
Mine own for aye, through weal and woe,
I never more should see.

II.

Mother, with tears I cry to thee!—
Forget!—oh dove, my heart is true—
O never more thine own to be,
What once was pure for aye to flee—
Ah me, what can I do!

III.

My youth dies down, my heart is sore,
My joy is changed to sorrow's crown;
I only long now hope is o'er
To wander on for evermore
Among the heather brown.

While Reinhardt was reading these very simple lines, he observed an almost imperceptible trembling of the paper, and when he ceased Elizabeth rose, and went softly and silently out into the garden. Her mother's eyes followed her; Eric wished to go after her, but the old lady prevented him, saying that Elizabeth had something to do that evening in the garden.

The night stole softly on over garden and lake; night-moths darted on whirring wings past the open doors; the sweet fragrance of flowers and scented shrubs came in gradually stronger and stronger, and down by the water the frogs had begun their nightly chant. The moon rose over the tops of the trees. Close under the window a nightingale suddenly burst into song, answered by another far below in the garden. Reinhardt sat looking at the place where Elizabeth had disappeared among the leafy walks; and then, rolling up his paper, he said good night to the others, and went out too, only away towards the lake.

Far out on the water the shadow of the great trees were lying, dark and silent; but out beyond, in the midst of the lake, the newly-risen moon gleamed on the borders of darkness in a silver stream of radiance. Every now and then a faint sound, as of a low wind among the leaves, broke trembling on the silence; yet it was no wind, but only the shuddering breeze of the summer night.

A stone's throw from the land, a great white water-lily lay floating and

shining in the moonlight, and, Reinhardt seeing it, and being seized with a sudden desire to hold it in his hand, threw off his clothes and dropped down into the water. The sharp stones at the bottom of the lake cut his feet, and at first he found it impossible to get out of his depth. Suddenly, however, the ground seemed to fall away from under him; the water closed over his head, and it was some time before he could struggle up to the surface again. Once there, he swam round and round in a circle, and looking about for the place where he had so suddenly dropped, he saw the water-lily again not far from him lying alone between its great smooth leaves. He swam out slowly towards it, every now and then raising one arm up over his head till the water streamed off it in bright glistening drops. Yet, still as he swam, the distance between him and the flower seemed in no wise lessened, and the bank still looked as close to him as before, in the dim uncertain light. He had not, however, the slightest idea of being baffled in his undertaking, and swam on with strong vigorous strokes. At last he got so close to the flower, that he could make out each separate leaf gleaming silver in the light of the moon; but as he redoubled his efforts, he suddenly found himself entangled in long, slimy weeds, winding round his limbs like the meshes of a net. The strange, unknown waters lay around him, dark and wide; as he listened, he heard a sudden fish leaping in the silence, and besides that, no other sound. He was seized with a kind of terror; but there in the cold black waters, and making a powerful effort, he broke his chains, and swam hastily to land. Turning then to look back, he saw the lily lying, as before, lonely on the silent waters.

He dressed, and walked slowly towards the house; entering by the glass-doors, he found Eric and his mother-in-law still up, making preparations for a short journey that they were going to make together on the morrow.

'Why, where have you been so late?' exclaimed the old lady, as he went in.

'I?' replied Reinhardt, 'I have only been to pay a visit to the water-lily; nothing has come of it though.'

'No one tries that twice,' observed Eric; 'but what on earth have you to do with the water-lily?'

'I used to know it very well once,' said Reinhardt—'a long time ago.'

CHAPTER VIII.

ELIZABETH.

On the afternoon of the following day, Reinhardt and Elizabeth were together on the opposite shore, wandering through wood and tangle, or lingering on the high banks which projected in places far out into the lake.

Before Eric left home he commissioned Elizabeth to take Reinhardt about, and show him the prettiest views in the country round, and in particular those which were to be had from the opposite side of the lake. And now Elizabeth was fulfilling that commission, and was leading Reinhardt about from point to point.

She grew tired at last, and sat down under the shade of some leafy branches, and Reinhardt stood opposite, leaning against the trunk of a tree. Far away in the wood the cuckoo was calling—and he stood and listened, watching Elizabeth's face. All of a sudden, he knew not how, old memories surged up into his mind, and he remembered how once before they had been together as now, she sitting under low-growing branches, and the cuckoo calling in the distance.

He looked at her with a sad, strange smile.

'Elizabeth, shall we look for strawberries?' he said.

'The strawberry season has not come yet,' she answered.

'But it will come soon.'

She shook her head, and rising, moved away.

He, walking by her side, could scarcely keep his eyes from her face, from lingering a step or two behind, and watching her as she moved along, as if borne up by her floating garments—a graceful, gliding motion, so unlike the walk of other women.

Going on together like this they came at last to an open bit of moorland, from which there was a view far away over the country. Reinhardt stooped down and gathered a little plant that grew close to the ground. When he lifted his head again his face was full of the bitterest pain and anguish.

'Do you know this flower?' he asked.

She looked up at him with large, wondering eyes.

'It is an erica—I have often gathered them here.'

'I have an old book at home,' he went on; 'once, a long time ago, I used to write songs and poems in it; but that time is over now. Another erica is there, shut up between its pages—a poor faded erica. Do you know who gave it to me?'

She bent her head silently; but her long lashes drooped, till her eyes rested on the little plant lying in his open hand.

For one long minute they stood together thus, without speaking; and when she raised her eyes to his he saw that they were filled with tears.

'Elizabeth,' he said, 'somewhere behind those blue hills lies our youth—our lost youth—where is it now?'

Silence fell between them; and they turned and passed on towards the banks of the lake. The air was sultry, and great black clouds began to rise and spread in the western sky.

'We shall have a thunderstorm,' said Elizabeth; and hastening their steps they went down to the water's edge, where their little boat was moored.

Reinhardt took the oars, and Elizabeth sat in the stern, resting her hand on the side of the boat. She would not meet his eyes with her own, but was looking far away beyond him into space. Presently his eyes came down to her hand, and rested there—and that pale hand told him what her face had refused to tell. Women's hands, when they are fair and white, will often betray the most silently endured suffering—as if the anguish of the heart refused to be concealed any longer. When Elizabeth felt his eyes on her hand she let it fall over the side of the boat, and glide along in the water.

On entering the court-yard they saw a knife-grinding machine, to which a dog was harnessed, standing before the house door. A man, with long black hair, was busily turning the wheel, humming the while some gipsy air between his teeth. A ragged girl, with beautiful, mournful eyes, stood on the threshold, and extended her hand to Elizabeth for money when she came up. Reinhardt put his hand into his pocket, but Elizabeth was too quick for him, and hastily emptied the contents of her purse into the girl's open palm. Then she turned away, and Reinhardt heard her go swiftly up the stairs, weeping as she went. He would have called her back, but he remembered himself in time, and refrained.

The girl was still standing on the threshold, immovable, with the money in her hand.

'What more do you want?' said Reinhardt.

'Nothing,' she replied, shrinking back; and then she turned and went slowly towards the gate, looking back at him as she did so—wild-eyed, and sad. He called her by some name, but she did not hear him; with drooping head, and arms folded on her breast, she went away across the court.

'Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein!'

An old song was ringing in his ears—his heart stood still—then turning away he went up to his own room.

He sat down to work, but he had neither heart nor thoughts for it, so after trying for an hour to fix his attention on his books, he gave it up and went down stairs again into the sitting-room. No one was there, the soft twilight filled the room. A scarlet ribbon worn by Elizabeth that afternoon lay on the work-table. He took it in his hand, but it seemed to hurt him, for he put it suddenly down again, and wandering restlessly out of the house, went down to the lake and unfastened the boat. He rowed himself across to the other side, and went once more along the path where he and Elizabeth had walked that very afternoon.

When he came back to the house again it was quite dark; and in the yard he met the coachman taking the carriage horses to the meadow, for the travellers had returned. Hearing Eric walking about in the garden-room, Reinhardt avoided that entrance, and after waiting a moment stole softly in by another door up to his own room. He drew his arm-chair to the window, and told himself that he was going to listen to the nightingale—but the beating of his own heart was the only sound he heard.

Down below everthing gradually grew quiet, and the night crept on—but he did not know it. He sat there for hours, only changing his position once to lie down in the window-seat. The night dews thrilled softly through the leaves, but the nightingale was silent. Gradually the profound blue of the eastern sky broke into trembling rifts of amber—a light wind rose and breathed over the earth—a lark darted heavenwards, and burst into exultant song.

Reinhardt rose suddenly, and going to the table wrote something on a sheet of note-paper. When he had finished, he took his hat and stick, and leaving the paper on the table, cautiously opened the door and stole down stairs. Dim twilight still reigned in the house; and the great house cat, rising from the mat where she was lying, rubbed herself against the hand which he mechanically held out to her. But out in the garden the sparrows were chattering and crying that the long, dark night was over at last.

Then overhead he heard a door open, and someone came down the stairs; looking up he saw Elizabeth standing before him, she laid her hand on his arm; her lips moved, but no words fell from them. At last—

'You will never come back again,' she said; 'do not try to deceive me—I know that you will never come back.'

'Never!' he answered.

She did not attempt to speak again; and her hand dropped from his arm

He had left her, and was passing o'er the threshold—and then, once more, he turned to look at her. She was standing quite still and quiet, in the place where he had parted from her, looking after him with eyes out of which all life had fled. He made one step towards her, and with sudden resistless passion stretched out his arms—then he turned away, and passed out through the open door.

Outside, the beautiful world lay bathed in the fresh light of morning, and dewdrops, imprisoned in giant cobwebs, sparkled and shone in the first rays of the summer sun. He went quickly on and did not turn again, and further and further behind him receded the silent place that he was leaving, and before him stretched the great, wide world.

CONCLUSION.

THE moonlight streamed no longer into the room, but the old man sat on still, in his arm-chair, gazing into the darkness, gradually, to his eye the black shadows grew and spread till they became one wide, dusky lake. One broad ripple rose behind another, till far in the distance, where the shadows were the darkest, one white water-lily lay floating between its great broad leaves.

The door opened and a bright light poured into the room.

'I am glad you are come,' said the old man; 'put the lamp down on the table, Brigitte.'

Then he drew his chair up to the light, and taking up one of the many books that were lying near, was soon deep in those studies on which he had expended the fullness of his youth and strength.

Elegiacs.

Light on the western hills!—the crimson glory of sunset
Flinging a mantle of fire over the earth and air.—
Red as the blood of the brave that flows in the terrible onset
Leading to victory's crown, or to defeat and despair!

Light on your golden tresses, flashing and gleaming and burning;
Light in your azure eyes, shining in sorrow's despite;
Light on the woods and the waves, and light on the river mist, turning
It's chill into warmth,—all round, ever and everywhere light!

Ah! but within our hearts (yours and mine), my darling, my own love!—
Parting to meet on earth never, it may be, again—
Not one gleam of the glory that shines around us is known, love!
All is dark as the grave, shadowed and wasted with pain.

One last kiss! . . . Now take this rose I have plucked for your bosom
Fraught with a fragrance as sweet, love! as your love is for me;
Not a pale, fragile bud, but a full-blown, crimson-dyed blossom
Glowing and bright as my heart's wild adoration may be!

So if I come not when years shall have fled till your cheek shall be faded,
Not till your eyes shall be dim with tears that have fallen in vain,
Not till the gold locks be gray, and the little feet weary and jaded,
Treading a desolate path darkened with tempest and rain;

When you shall take forth the rose, and look at it scentless and withered,
Murmuring words like these: 'Rose, let the world say its say,
We know him not false, but dead; and *I* know when our Father has gathered
His harvest in, we shall meet in the light of a changeless day.

F. Ferguson.

VESUVIUS.

By the Rev. H. H. Wood, F.G.S.

We may venture to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that of all the phenomena of nature which we admire and wonder at, there is none which we so easily and thankfully dispense with from our island, and for which we have so little desire of a personal acquaintance as a volcano and its accompaniments. The slight tremors which now and then pass through our country, if they bring with them no disasters, are yet sufficient to cause uneasiness, if not alarm, and we realise at such times, more vividly, the meaning of such appalling telegrams as came to us some three years ago from Peru, and Ecuador. It may be possible to attain by practice to playing at earthquakes, as Mr. Wallace assures us was pretty nearly his own case in Celebes, but we had much rather not try the experiment. Vesuvius is quite enough of a neighbour, sufficiently near for our comfort, and yet within easy reach of a determined student, and the late exhibition of its powers has revived our interest in its history. We have just been told by our 'own correspondent,' that 30,000 people have been flying from their homes in its neighbourhood: that at Naples the terrible sounds of the explosions could be faintly imagined from the continuous roar of angry lions close at hand; and that lava fifteen to twenty feet thick is now lying, where but a few hours before the land was as the Garden of Eden for richness and beauty; and as we read we are conscious of a deeper gratitude that we are spared such horrors at home.

At the same time there is a good deal of curiosity about this fiery monster, and we should like to know something of its nature and history. In that case we cannot do better than turn to a work, which is perhaps, the most valuable account of any particular volcano, as it certainly is of the mountain in question—the Vesuvius of Professor Phillips, the worthy successor of Buckland in the chair of Geology at Oxford.

In 1868, Professor Phillips, who had previously devoted much time to the study of volcanic action in general, had an opportunity of visiting Vesuvius, then, fortunately for him in full operation. He had three objects in view in this visit: to collect an authentic history of the

mountain; to classify the phenomena which had been obscured in connexion with it, and 'to present such thoughts and interpretations, as appeared justly founded on those observations, and in harmony with the working powers of nature.

If the old myth of the battle between Jupiter and the giants were based, as Sir William Hamilton suggests, on the stone-throwing powers of Monte Somma, all fears from such source had sunk to rest centuries before the commencement of the Christian era. Falernian and Massic vineyards, the olive gardens of Venafrum, luxuriant cornfields and green pastures on every side, suggested no thought of the Fire Giant of other days; and the first mutterings, no slight ones either, fell on the ears of men utterly unprepared for the coming storm. Many a house in Pompeii shews signs of injury more or less carefully repaired. The Temple of Isis which had been so shattered as to require rebuilding, was restored through the private munificence of N. Popidius, an act of piety which obtained him a seat in the Pompeian Senate. At last, in A.D. 79, the ruin came, and Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ were so completely obliterated that their very positions were for ages entirely forgotten. It is not by any means certain that there was a flow of lava on that occasion. Pompeii was buried under a thick covering of pumice stones and ashes, a fate which nearly overtook Ottagano in 1779 when in less than half-an-hour ashes were accumulated in some places to the depth of four feet. Some of the streets of Naples itself during the last eruption were covered nearly a foot deep with a fine grey powder, soft as meal to the touch. It must have been to a substance of this kind that we are indebted for those marvellous 'plaster-casts' found at Pompeii, and still preserved there, from which Signor Fiorelli recovered the texture and fashion of the dress of one of the victims, portion of the beautiful form of another as perfect as if it had been taken from some exquisite work of Greek art, and even part of the moustache of the soldier, who finding escape impossible, laid himself calmly down to die. In Herculaneum, the destroying agent was fine dust, soon reduced to the consistency of mud by the heavy rains which so often accompany eruptions. Had the material been in the shape of mud when it first issued from the mountain, its course must have been arrested long before it reached any such distance as Herculaneum. One distinguished person at least, lost his life on that occasion, Pliny the naturalist. The younger Pliny, though clearly no student of physical science, has left us two interesting letters, giving an account of his uncle's death. Both of these will be found in 'Vesuvius.'

The eruption seems to have completely altered the shape of the mountain. The only remains of it now existing being Monte Somma on the north, and the ridge on the south and west called Pedimentina.

It is within this circuit that the modern Vesuvius has been formed. In Plate ii. Proffessor Phillips gives us restorations of the mountain as it probably appeared at various dates; whilst Plate iii. contains sections at different epochs, to show its structure. These and similar sections, as of Etna for instance, and, still more so, the Peek of Teneriffe, remind us of a speculation with which Mr. Page treats his 'general readers.' He assures them that mountains and mountain chains were produced chiefly by the accumulation of coupled materials. Every shower of ashes and stream of lava adding to the bulk of the isolated cone, and every new one adding another link to the mountain chain. So far, perhaps, this is only a slightly exaggerated account of what has happened in truly volcanic hills, and especially in such countries as Java. Vesuvius, however, is a somewhat awkward instance, as it is now some 3000 feet *lower*, owing to its fiery outbursts, than it was 2000 years ago; and volcanic hills have an evil habit occasionally of blowing themselves into fragments, the Javanese Papandayang for instance. But Mr. Page is not content with this. He goes on to say that secondary hills, though originally consisting of the same ejections as those found in modern volcanoes, have been 'converted' into greenstones, &c., whilst in the older mountains the conversion has been still more complete. How, on this theory, there could be such things, as not secondary merely, but tertiary granites, or palæozoic lavas, such as the Derbyshire toadstone, seems somewhat difficult to imagine. Thence, on Mr. Page's theory, came the 78,000 feet of superincumbent rocks under which Mr. Sorby, who never speaks hastily, or without careful experiments, the variety and ingenuity of which make one perfectly aghast, assures us the centre of the main mass of Aberdeen granite was consolidated? There again is Mr. Sorby wrong when he tells us that the cavities found in the crystals of granite show that it was *not* a simple igneous rock, or erupted lava, but that it was formed under a combined influence of superheated water and igneous fusion under great pressure! Chemical action and length of time can no doubt do wonders; but that is no reason why they should be credited with an unlimited power of working miracles. But a full grown paradox is at least startling, and may be amusing. One cannot help smiling, for instance, at the way in which modern believers in glaciers have stolen the cataclysmal language of the older fire-worshippers, whom they despise and gravely tell us how they 'scooped out valleys, formed like beds, deposited vast chains of hills, altered, in fact, the entire face of the earth over vast areas,' putting to utter shame their puny and significant descendants in these days of men.

Professor Phillips has given us a list of all the known eruptions of Vesuvius, the list being longer than it otherwise might have been, for a curious reason, the preservation of the veil of St. Agatha in Sicily, and

the relics of St. Januarius at Naples. The record of the triumphant interference of these Saints, and the consequent extinguishing of the eruptions, being very carefully kept. The really philosophical observations of Vesuvius commence in 1764, the year in which Sir W. Hamilton began his labours, the results of which we have in his splendid and valuable work, the 'Campi Phlegrai.'

For many years after the famous eruption of '79, Vesuvius was comparatively at rest. Indeed, it was not till 1631, that any very considerable disturbance took place. In that year, however, enormous streams of lava were poured out, reaching nearly, if not quite, the extreme distance that lava flows have ever reached at Vesuvius—some five or six miles. Destructive as these Vesuvian streams are where they pass, how insignificant after all are they compared with those of Mauno Loa, or Skaptar Jokul. One series of eruptions alone of this Icelandic monster poured out lava enough to cover an extent of not less than 1200 square miles.

Lava, as it issues from the mountain, has much of the consistency of the slag of our iron and copper furnaces, and consequently is far from rapid in its course, although in the eruption of 1766, Sir W. Hamilton tells us, that for the first mile it ran 'with a rapidity equal to that of the river Severn, at the passage near Bristol.' In 1779, Sir William ventured upon what reads like a most foolhardy proceeding, crossing the lava whilst still flowing, a similar feat being accomplished by Dr. E. Clarke, in 1793. It soon, however, gets consolidated. The day after a new eruption, Professor Phillips tells us, it is only 'requisite to keep in motion, if one has any regard for English shoes; but there is no other inconvenience.'

The flames, which are probably supposed to accompany eruptions, are, no doubt, for the most part, only the glare from the incandescent masses of molten lava in the crater; but both our own Davey and Professor Pilla, of Pisa, have observed actual flame accompanying explosions. 'The flame,' Pilla says, 'rose to the height of four or five yards, and then disappeared among the volumes of smoke, so that a person, whose eye was on a level with the edge of the gulf, could not have seen it. Still, the 'fountain of fire' that sometimes rises high into the air, is a magnificent spectacle. The light from it in 1799, when it ascended to three times the height of the mountain, was so brilliant, that an Englishman was able to read the title page of a book by it at Sorrento, twelve miles off.

The height to which stones are thrown by Vesuvius, does not seem of late years, to have exceeded 2000 feet, but in the eruption of '79, the explosive power must have been on a terrific scale, for stones, eight pounds weight have been found as far away as Pompeii. Had they been thrown

up vertically in the air, instead of the comparatively low angle at which they were actually discharged, they must have reached a height of 14,560 feet.

Some curious objects were noticed in the eruption of 1779. These were long filaments of vitrified matter, like spun-glass. A similar phenomenon was observed in an eruption in the Isle of Bourbon in 1766. In this case the flexible glossy threads, two or three feet long, dotted with small glassy globules, covered a tract of ground six leagues from the volcano. These objects we also found in the Harsaiian volcano of Kilanca, where they are believed to be the hair of the terrible goddess Pele, whose bath is the burning crater, and whose wrath was defied in 1825 by that brave Christian woman, Kapislani.

One very curious conclusion arrived at by Professor Palmieri with respect to Vesuvius, is that its periods of eruption are dependent in some degree upon the moon. He affirms that the issues of lava 'have a daily period of two maxima and two minima, and the eruption-cone throws out twice a day its dusty columns with more than average force; these accessions of violence corresponding with the times of maximum. The hours of maximum and minimum were observed to be later from day to day—circumstances in which a likeness to tidal phenomena can be traced. Moreover it appeared that the eruptions were sensibly strengthened at the syzigies and weakened at the quadratures of the moon.' ('Vesuvius,' p. 112.)

Professor Phillips gives us a description of an eruption which he witnessed himself:—

'One more look at the evening lights of Vesuvius. The 27th of March (1868)—the grandest of all the exhibitions. What a spectacle! One long burning stream down the whole north-western slope of the great cone, quite reaching into and spreading across the Atrio del Cavallo. On the top, fitful bursts of fiery bombs and wide-spread ashes; below, just where it appeared last night, but now far brighter and glowing with a full steady eye of light, the second great burst of light and motion. Now it spreads a bright cloud above; then down to the valley knots and lines, seven times double, of sharp white or reddish fire, swelling into considerable masses, and broken into many gleaming points. Towards the base, a wide cataract of fire is pouring towards us, and is stretching its red fingers over the older lava. Now and then a star-like point in advance seems to beckon onwards—

"Der freien tochter der natur."

Finally, in the deepest part of the visible horizon, a horizontal row of fourteen small bright star or gem-like fires marks the conquest of the current over the flat space of the Atrio, and seems to unite again the

long-separated masses of Somma and Vesuvius—parent and child—the far-descended progeny of the struggling Titan.' (pp. 125—6.)

The drawing at p. 127 of Vesuvius by night, makes one jealous of the Professor's good fortune in seeing a spectacle so grand and beautiful as is there represented.

It is however to those parts of his work in which Professor Phillips gives us the result of his investigations in volcanoes and volcanic action in general that the reader will turn with most readiness and satisfaction, and there he will find the principal theories that have been brought forward on the subject carefully reviewed and commented on.

The Rev. John Mitchell, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, in the last century, proposed an ingenious explanation of earthquake movements which has been warmly taken up by two distinguished men of our own time, Professor W. B. Rogers, of Virginia, and his brother, H. D. Rogers, Professor of Geology at Glasgow. He held that the fluid interior of the earth being by some cause or other set in motion, produces on the rocky crust above wave-like undulations, 'a piece of carpet held up at one end the other resting on the ground and shaken, will show the effect very well.' These waves, instead of passing away as they do on water, become stereotyped through the more solid material affected, and produce, when on a large scale, those anticlinal and synclinal axes which are exhibited in so striking a manner in so many of the mountain systems of the globe. It must, however, be a matter of no little question how far the comparatively intractable crust of the globe could be thrown into such sharp and defined undulations by the cause suggested. And as far as it is put forward as an explanation of the occurrence of earthquakes, Professor Phillips points out very forcibly (pp. 255-6.), the reasons why we should rather hold that the waves in a subterranean liquid, taking its existence for granted, are the effects rather than the cause of earthquake movements.

Next must be mentioned the chemical theory of volcanoes, an hypothesis originally propounded by Davy, and advocated with great ability by the late amiable and learned Professor of Botany at Oxford, Dr. Daubeny. According to this theory, there is no need to suppose any heated centre of the globe at all; but the metals of the alkalies and earths existing in large quantities in the interior of the earth through the action of water and air, produce violent combustion, giving rise to volcanic phenomena and the production of lava. Professor Phillips' review of this theory had better be given in his own words:—

'Two great objections arise against the views of Dr. Daubeny. If water be decomposed and its oxygen fixed in combination with lava, what has become of the released hydrogen? No doubt a small quantity appears combined with sulphur; some is fixed in sal-ammoniac; and some

is thought to be free. But there ought to be not small quantities, but very many millions of cubic feet of unmistakable free hydrogen in an immense blaze above the mountain.

Again, if water be decomposed to make the lava and maintain the heat, how do we supply such vast volumes of uprushing steam and infer the presence of more in underground cavities, to balance the weight of the columns of lava? No doubt it may be said that water enters the volcano in very large quantity and that it is only partly decomposed; but such an admission only shows that a very limited chemical action is really required, the main governing force being dependent on the heated interior of the globe.' (p. 320.) Davy, however, virtually abandoned his hypothesis and acknowledged that the theory of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquefied by heat, offers a much more simple solution of the phenomonen of volcanic fires.

In any theory of volcanism there are several phenomena which have to be considered. Before enumerating them, there is one interesting point which the Professor has alluded to—the geological date of volcanoes:—

'As it is not found by searching the mesozoic and earlier strata of the Apennines, that any truly volcanic rocks appear among them; so it is rarely that any plutonic rocks among them indicate local igneous excitement *during the formation* of any of them. All the volcanoes of south Italy are of later, *i.e.*, of cœnozoic date. In North Italy the same result is found; the volcanic action of the Euganean and the Vicentine hills—extensive and varied—was all of later date than any of the mesozoic rocks of the Alps. This late date of volcanic action is very frequently observed in other parts of Europe; it is found again in other parts of the world, and may fairly be called general in the popular sense of comprehending a large portion of the known cases or examples.

'That it is not indeed a universal occurrence, the three toadstones of Derbyshire, interpolated in the mountain limestone, and traversed by mineral veins, the basaltic cap rocks of the Clee Hills, and the flow of greenstone between the coal strata near Charnwood Forest, plainly prove, for these rocks are of volcanic nature, though perhaps not all connected with sub-aërial or even sub-aqueous eruptions.'

Professor Phillips reminds us that one thing must not be forgotten on the subject of volcanoes, namely their geographical position: first, that it is not in high mountain chains, however great the disturbances in them, that volcanic action is specially seated; and secondly, that it is in the sea or near the coast, now, and that it was near the sea or great inland waters, in early times, that volcanoes burst forth.

In connection with this an interesting observation has been made with

regard to Vesuvius, that previous to an eruption there is always a considerable diminution of water in the wells of the neighbourhood, some of them drying up altogether. The water withdrawn from its usual channels, perhaps by the reopening of old fissures, more probably by the opening of new ones, gains access to some deep-seated nucleus of heat; thereby steam is generated, and a shock more or less extensive is produced.

But the quantity thus observed must after all be very trifling in comparison with the amount of water that must have access to the hidden fire. The Professor tells us that the cloud that rises over Vesuvius at an eruption, leaving out such extreme cases as that of 1779, may be fairly estimated at one mile in diameter to one mile high.

'In such a cloud, supposing it to have been condensed to saturation at 40° Fahrenheit, we may estimate the water at 20,000 cubic yards—about the quantity contained in a pond of two acres, two yards deep. Such a cloud continually raised from below, and continually dissipated by re-evaporation above, would, in the course of a few hours or days, empty a few such fish-ponds; how many it is not easy to calculate, on any satisfactory hypothesis of the conditions. It is enough to see that a large quantity of water rises in vapour during an eruption, and that such uncommon pluvial descents may follow, as we know to have happened. From such a cloud rain might fall to cover a square mile one quarter of an inch deep.' (p. 145.)

Again the perpetual cloud that sometimes overhangs Vesuvius for more than half a year before an eruption, is pretty good proof of an enormous quantity of water being boiled off in the hot pipes of the mountain. Boiling water fell this year at Massa.

May we not then believe, as the Professor suggests, that the movements of the sea, observed at eruptions, may be caused by the opening of fissures, through which water is suddenly withdrawn. The ascertained movement in either direction is for a few paces only. This view is very much strengthened if we accept a statement contained in a letter of Sir W. Hamilton:

'Braccini, in his account of the eruption of A.D. 1631, says that he found many sorts of sea shells on Vesuvius after that eruption; and P. Ignatio, in his account of the same eruption, says that he and his companions picked up many shells at that time upon the mountain. This circumstance would induce us to believe that the water thrown out of Vesuvius during that formidable eruption came from the sea.' (p. 48.)

In this way, too, the presence, at times, of chloride of sodium, and other chlorides, among the ordinary products of sublimation is easily accounted for. In the case of the South American volcanoes, the supply is supposed to come from subterranean lakes, as Humboldt tells us that large quantities of fish are often thrown out during eruptions.

With respect to the great earthquake of 1857, Mr. Mallet, our great authority on sismology, was able, by means of some very ingenious observations, to determine that the focus of energy was at a considerable distance from Vesuvius, to the south-east, not in a volcanic region, but under the Apennine limestone, seventy-five miles away. He found, also, that the extreme depth of earthquake origin in the region of Naples was little more than eight miles.

Lava, however, as it issues from the mountain, has a temperature of 2000°. But the temperature at a depth of eight miles, if derived from the general heat of the globe, augmenting with the depth, would only be 883·6 Fahrenheit, quite inadequate to keep lava in a state of fusion. A temperature of 2000° would only be reached at from twenty to twenty-two miles of depth. The source of the lava current is therefore far below the focus of earthquake activity, pressure by steam being the means by which it is raised to the surface. There is no difficulty in accounting for the amount of the necessary force. 'In all known cases, the steam pressure required may be had at a less depth than that required for rock fusion by earth-heat.'

But there are certain calculations of a very eminent physicist, the late Mr. Hopkins, which must now be considered. In trying to explain the phenomenon known as the precession of the equinoxes, with its accompanying inequality known as the mutation, he arrived at the conclusion that the least depth to which the crust of the earth is solid is 600 or 800 miles. Mr. Hopkins, however, himself allowed that this need not interfere with the existence of separate liquid basins (as under separate volcanoes), provided they be so confined within solids as to compel them to yield as a mass in sympathy with the solid crust. 'Such a state of things,' Professor Phillips remarks, 'is in no degree unlikely, and it leaves the geologist quite free to adopt any suitable depth for lava, without fear of the mathematician.'

Mr. Hopkins' calculations, however, as the Professor points out, were made on the assumption that the melted interior of the earth was a free, flowing liquid. But such a slow, reluctant fluid as lava is very far from being a liquid of this kind. 'The problem settled by Mr. Hopkins, looked at in this light, does really not settle anything as to the thickness of the crust of the earth, and to this conclusion it is understood M. Delaunay has been lately conducted, both by strict reasoning and experiment.'

Professor Phillips's views on the subject in question will have been pretty well gathered from the preceding observations. 'An interior fluid,' he says, 'composed of silicated earths, alkalies, and metals, accessible to water, and capable of being opened to the air or ocean, is the fundamental condition of volcanic excitement. That this fluid is due to

the internal heat of the globe may be regarded as a settled point.' And he repeats his former convictions, which certainly appear to be the most easy of acceptance of all such theories 'as work in harmony with the general history of cosmos,' that the earth was at one time in a condition of fluidity, and that the surface has been cooled 2000°, whilst, at five miles in depth, 1500° have been lost, 1000° at ten miles, at twenty miles 0°.

If it be true that the globe is continually, though only slowly, losing heat, and Professor J. D. Forbes holds it as certain that the heat which passes from the earth each year at present, would melt a sheet of ice a quarter of an inch in thickness, the existence of a high degree of heat in former periods becomes a matter of necessity. We have only to ask for some of those indefinitely extended periods which Mr. Darwin and other uniformitarians assume so confidently for their speculations, to arrive at any degree of heat that could possibly be required. The present very slow rate of cooling too, it must be remembered, would be no standard of its rate at a highly increased temperature. A bar of iron, which required two days for cooling, would part with a much larger amount of heat on the first day than on the second; and though the atmosphere might be then much more highly charged with vapour or other substances, and thus cooling be retarded, it can hardly be held to be probable that it would quite counterbalance the other agencies at work. And here another interesting observation comes to the aid of those who like ourselves, accept Professor Phillips's teaching. The contraction of the earth from refrigeration would necessarily affect the length of the day upon the earth. If, therefore, it can be shown that the length of the day has been, and is still, undergoing a change, we may argue conversely that there has been an alteration in the dimension of the earth's diameter. Now, the researches of Professor Adams, M. Delaunay, and others, have ascertained that the day is increasing at the rate, probably, of from three to six seconds in a million years. The increase is, indeed, a very small one, but it is an increase, and its establishment has already had the effect of reducing some of those extravagant demands on time which Mr. Darwin made in the earlier editions of his famous work, 'The Origin of Species.'

The refrigeration of the globe must have produced enormous changes in its crust, especially when it was much thinner than it is at present; and though it cannot be denied that very extensive movements have taken place in the more recent geological periods, the incontrovertible fact still remains, that it is the oldest rocks that have undergone, as according to this theory they would undergo, the greatest amount of change and disturbance.

The doctrine of refrigeration would seem to offer the best explanation

of the gradual rising of land that is taking place in various parts of the world, notably so in Scandinavia. 'In an early stage of my geological studies,' says the Professor, 'I was much impressed by a fact which is extremely frequent, viz., the anteriority of granite to greenstone, and of felspathic or highly silicated rocks in general to hornblendic or basic silicates. Felspathic silicates are, in general, less fusible than the hornblendic rocks, and there can be little doubt that they crystallised out of the mass of cooling liquid, and separated from the more fusible portions.

'Moreover these felspathic silicates are lighter specifically than the hornblendic rocks in the proportion of 2·6 to 3·2, and on this hangs an important inference. Being relatively lighter they would, when solid, rise in the liquid, and exert a positive pressure upwards on the superincumbent earth crust, and tend to elevate the region. At this time it is affirmed by Lyell that the northern part of Scandinavia is rising at the rate of thirty inches in a century. The formation of less than fourteen feet of granite in one hundred years by crystallisation under this region would be enough to account for the elevation which is observed.' (pp. 335-6.)

One of the principal objections urged against the view taken by Professor Phillips on the origin of lava and volcanic phenomena in general, is the presence of nitrogen, which occurs at Vesuvius in the form of sal-ammoniac, as well as in the free gaseous form, and the presence of which is easily accounted for by the chemical theory as arising from atmospheric air deprived of its oxygen by the same process of combustion which decomposes the water. But this objection is met by the argument urged in p. 317, *et seq.*:

'Steam, passed over a mixture of common salt, with silica or alumina, at a high temperature, is decomposed, its hydrogen going to the chlorine, its oxygen to the alkaline basis. Here then we have chlorine, hydrogen, and nitrogen, in presence at high temperature under great pressure. May not $NH.^4$ Ch. = sal-ammoniac, result? Again, why may not nitrogen and hydrogen, alone or combined with other elements, and sulphurous acid and carbonic acid, be evolved from the organic products which abound in so many of the strata traversed by volcanoes? All hot springs were found by Daubeny to yield nitrogen, and this is explicable by the absorption of oxygen during the "eremacausis" of animal and vegetable matters, which are bathed by water and air in its passage through rocks, whether in a volcanic region or not, which share in the warmth of the earth.' (p. 318.)

The general conclusions to which the Professor is led, are thus stated:—

'To me it appears clear that in the general fact of a cooling globe, two great systems of movement in the earth's crust are to be surely inferred; one downward, by reason of the determining of a general con-

traction to particular axes and centres; the other, upward, arising from the crystallisation of rocks whose specific gravity is less than that of the whole mass. Whether those rocks entangle themselves below so as to constitute practically a solid basis, or float in a magina of slow fluidity is of no material consequence to the general theory of the earth, or to the particular theory of volcanos. The conformity and the diversity of these latter can be well enough explained either way: conformity of general phenomena for causes of like origin: diversity of particular effects from the varying depths and communication of the channels, and the different qualities of the solid rocks which are rent by earthquakes, absorbed by heat, and ejected by steam.

'Here then we pause: but without a conviction that geology is acquiring evenwith reference to the variable might of subterranean fires a sure ground of conviction that it is a part of the system of slow and measured change which has been traced in operation through the members of the solar system and the starry spheres beyond, to the greater and more distant masses of shining vapour, which, though they stand to us as the *'flammantia mœnia mundi'* may even now be silently gathering into new suns, and planets, and satellites, or forming elliptic rings of asteroids; such as were to be seen on this morning of the 14th of November, 1868, by the author at Oxford.' (pp. 336-7.)

MEMORY

AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT OUT OF DANTE'S 'INFERNO.'

THEN was I led into another sphere,
Wherein each soul's remorseless memory
Fiercely tormented it by every thought,
Both good and ill, which had assailed it here.
Good thoughts they had, as useless things thrown by,
And evil ones which had much mischief wrought;
Sent venom'd darts into each fresh made sore;
And if to pluck them out they vainly sought,
It only made the immortal anguish more!
So were they ever suffering the Past,
With not a glimmering of Hope before;
But knowing that their torments would outlast
Their Present in its dread Eternal pain—
A Present as Eternal as the Past,
Which ever in the Present lives again!
Even the memories of the few good things
Which hovered round them, fann'd their brows in vain,
And but increased the anguish of the stings
Of evil thought, which pierced them constantly.
One soul I troubled with my questionings,
Mid groans and writhings made me this reply:
'In us thou seëst the great sinfulness
Of mortals heaping wrongs on Memory,
Thinking their heavy weight can be made less
By balancing some evil with much good.'
Then knew I wherefore did the ancients bless
The waters of that Lethe, whose dark flood
The memory of all things past erased
From out the present. And I understood
How spirits into bliss eternal raised,
No recollection of the Earth can bring
To claim a thought from Heaven. However praised
Their vanished lives have been for everything
The world calls good; for there will ever be
Some shade—though light, as of a swallow's wing—
Which, flitting over, darkens Memory.

C. H. WARING.

Literary Hacks.

If we attempt to judge of public sympathies, conceptions, and habits of mind by arguments deduced from the secondary meanings which in time become attached to certain words, and are thence reflected upon the ideas which those words commonly express, we shall, in all probability, form very contradictory estimates of the general character and tendencies of our fellow-men. The present Archbishop of Dublin, in his well-known studies in English philology, has, with admirable ingenuity and precision, pointed out for us many of the conclusions to be arrived at by these devious roads; and these results are set forth in a chapter whose title, 'On the Morality of Words,' reminds one of the oft-quoted treatise on snakes in Ireland. For that degeneration of words which seems on the whole to be the rule, appears in most cases to be accompanied or to originate with the degeneration of the poor mortals who use them; and it is, no doubt justly, regarded as a bad sign for us that we can no longer compliment an amiable young friend by calling him 'an officious knave;' unless indeed our praise is like that of the courtier in Mr. Gilbert's charming 'Palace of Truth.'

But in the word and the entity standing at the head of this paper, we certainly seem to have discovered an illustrative argument which tells against this pessimist theory. In the present acceptation of the term 'hack,' in all of its several combinations we find, or we seem to find, a permanent protest on the part of the public against talents and capabilities whose sole *objet d'être* it is to be let out for short periods of service, and at a comparatively low rate of remuneration. A hackney was, of course, originally nothing more nor less than a horse intended to be hired, and the expression was applied to the animal without prejudice to his appearance or his powers. In fact, amongst these latter he had to reckon a valuable accomplishment which afterwards became almost identified with him; one of his chief recommendations being that he was what is technically termed 'a good pacer.' This qualification, however, seems now to have fallen into disrepute, if we may judge by limited personal experience; we ought therefore, perhaps, to pass it over, except that it is still to be heard of in the frequently advertised 'clever park hack.' Shakspeare's use of the corresponding verb proves that

in his dark ages at least, no necessary slight was implied in the idea, or he would hardly speak approvingly of one 'long hackneyed in the ways of men.'

So much for the primary signification of the expression; the change which in our time, and long before us, has come over it, scarcely needs pointing out. We can at once foretell the spirit in which the great Home Office difficulty is to be treated when the London 'growler' is gratuitously designated a 'hack cab.' When we say that a song, or a quotation, or a topic has arrived at the hackneyed stage, we immediately proceed to forget its intrinsic merit. And when we pronounce a volume of essays, of romance, or of verse, to be the work of a literary hack, we consider—perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly—that the force of contemptuous criticism can very little further go.

The fact indeed is an accepted one. Amongst all the oxen who want to become war-horses, the amateurs and semi-amateurs who long now-a-days for a literary career, the young lords who wish to turn playwrights and novelists, the young ladies who desire to gush to the world instead of to their school friends, and the young gentlemen who hope to turn the Government Office into the private study—amongst all these *jejune* aspirants who cherish private, or perchance public, ambition for eminence in some little world of letters, none deliberately chooses at the outset the life of a literary hack. Such a hint to his fancy, were it given by an injudicious adviser, would be indignantly rejected, or perhaps laughed off as an unnecessary and uncomfortable suggestion of ill-luck. One of our young friends will empty the theatre and its trusting manager's pocket, another will fill the waste paper basket of hard-hearted editors and the pigeon-holes of publishers, while a third will neither empty nor fill anything except perhaps his ink-pot; and all may possibly, nay probably, fail as what they would call 'regular' authors. But after all it is better, they think, to meet failure such as this than the success attained by a mere hack. Why the very name is one to be ashamed of rather than to covet!

This depreciation, however, in the accepted value of the position, dates so far back that we almost begin to doubt whether a *literary* hack was ever held in very much higher estimation than he is now. We cannot forget poor Goldsmith's sympathetic epitaph on Edward Pardon—a contemporary and friend of his own who took to literature in middle age and, so far as we know, succeeded in living by its aid for years:—

> Here lies poor Ned Pardon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a booksellers' hack;
> He led such a damnable life in this world
> I don't think he'll want to come back.

Now, these lines were written of a man who translated Voltaire's 'Henriade' and was a copious contributor to the minor literature of the day.

There is, then, and has long been a *soupçon*, and more than a *soupçon*, of contempt in this ordinary use of the word hack. The hint of unworthiness is not, as we have seen, justified in the primary signification of the name; so it may perhaps be not uninteresting to enquire whence comes the transition of meaning, and how far the term in its present acceptation is fair towards those whom it affects and describes. The bad name mentioned in the old proverb is evidently intended to be given: let us see whether it will be well to carry out the sentence which naturally follows upon that gift, and to hang the miserable dog upon the gallows provided by society for those whom it uses but despises.

To take the latter part of the enquiry first, we may remark that the current idea concerning the numerous tribe of literary hacks is naturally enough founded upon the motives conveyed to us by such mention as there is to be found in literature of the race in days gone by. There flit before the mind's eye visions of those hard old taskmasters, Osborn, Cave, Miller, and, hardest of all, Jacob Tonson the elder, as he appears in his portrait; holding in his hand a volume of Milton's five-pound epic, of which he had obtained the copyright. There present themselves to our recollection dim memories of the intellectual giants whom we have always been accustomed to associate with poverty. We see Dr. Johnson writing 'Rasselas' in a fortnight, in order to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, Goldsmith chaining down his bright humour to grind out children's histories for payment of his debts, and Dryden manufacturing ten thousand verses to order for sixpence each. We recall these great names only to note how they rose triumphantly above their thralls; but there recur to the memory also a host of smaller fry, who at these times used to execute booksellers' orders, and who sank literally into what have been graphically called 'doomed labourers.' It was of these authors that Adam Smith spoke in his 'Wealth of Nations' with haughty philosophic indifference: 'Before the invention of printing the only employment by which a man of letters could make anything by his talents was that of a public or private teacher, or by communicating to other people the various and useful knowledge which he had acquired himself; and this is surely a more honourable, a more useful, and in general even a more profitable employment than that of *writing for a bookseller*, to which the art of printing has given occasion.' By the elder Disraeli, in his interesting notes upon the subject, an even lower position is assigned to these 'authors by profession;' of whom he wrote that 'by vile artifices of

faction and popularity their moral sense is injured and the literary character sits in that study which he ought to dignify, merely, as one of them sings:

'To keep his mutton twirling by the fire.'

Now, although we do not for a moment grant that there exists now any slavery in the world of letters to be compared to that which was common some hundred and thirty years ago, it may be well to observe how even this miserably degrading state of things was unable to check amongst its victims the ebullition of real genius. It would be impossible to frame any definition of the booksellers' hack, which should exclude the names [of some of England's greatest authors—men, who from the want of private means, from natural improvidence, from generous dissipations, or from private misfortunes, were driven to this way of keeping body and soul together, just as now-a-days they would write brilliant 'potboilers' for the magazines and reviews. In those very ten thousand lines of Dryden's to which we have alluded, there was thrown in as a makeweight one of the most glorious odes in the language. Though the bulk of Smollett's voluminous productions consisted of dull voyages and translations which poverty compelled him to scribble by the yard, his hack-work did not prevent his bequeathing to posterity some of the richest and most admirable pictures of human life that we possess.

Of course it will be answered to this, and answered fairly enough, that such instances as these are but the few noble exceptions to the general rule of degradation, and that most of the efforts of these old booksellers' hacks are as dead as they are themselves. But since this is undeniably the case, can it be matter for wonder that the ideas connected with modern literary hacks should have become involuntarily tinged with the contemptuous pity bestowed upon their distant ancestors, or that they should be condemned, like so many of us are, for the faults of relations? And yet it is evident that with the fall of the cramping system of patronage, with the enormous increase in the numbers of readers and book-buyers, with the spread of independent public criticism of all written matter by the press, and with the present facilities for introducing comparatively unknown authors to the world —in fact, with the gigantic strides made by education and by free trade —the whole book-selling and book-writing conditions of existence have been revolutionised.

If there are still literal booksellers' hacks, these are comparatively few in number, and form a proportionately unimportant element in the profession of *belles lettres;* unless indeed we could consent loosely to include in their ranks those other much-maligned writers of whom we are speaking. There must of course necessarily be some amount of

technical, almost of clerical, work to be done in connection with publications of a certain class—work which we believe is paid for as well as most employment of its kind; but those who perform it cannot be considered to take the place of the gentlemen whose precarious lives Goldsmith designated by so strong an adjective. The literary hack of to-day lives by labours widely different to these: if his audience is not very critical it is at least very numerous; if it has not much intelligence it is, nevertheless, very constant in its demands upon intelligence. Whatever profession or occupation he may once have intended to take up—a clerkship, a cure, a medical practice, or, most probably of all, the Bar—his energies are now principally or entirely devoted to one absorbing occupation, an occupation perhaps more exacting, more exhausting, and more trying than any which it has entered into the minds of the publishers to conceive. Need we say that we allude to the pursuit, as a pursuit, of periodical literature? The hack may have tried, and tried successfully, various other paths in life, literary paths many of them. His youthful romance, 'Constance, or the Last Straw,' that first brought him before the public, may still be remembered by others as well as by himself with pleasure; not *all* the copies of his 'Gotham and other Poems' may remain on their publisher's shelves, and his little volume on 'The Stage and its Votaries' may have realised some small profit even to its author. But still, for some reason or another, from want of ambition, of steady perseverance, or of immediate bread and instant cheese, he has drifted into the newspapers and the magazines as naturally and as rapidly as an unmoored boat drifts into the open sea.

At first he meant very possibly to make his literary efforts a pleasant accessory to his other employments and his income—to live, in fact, to write—he now finds, by some chance or other, that he must write to live. And he writes accordingly—writes anything that comes to hand, anything that occurs to him or to the editors who rely on his powers. A short story for this magazine, verses to a picture in that, an essay for a weekly review, or paragraphs for a daily paper—all he considers to be fish that comes to his net, or rather that he supplies to the nets of others. He is ready at a moment's notice to give you a serious, a lively, a flippant, or a thoughtful report of anything which may be going on in the great world around us; if he is eminent in his vocation, he can for a limited space make almost any topic pleasant and almost any subject interesting. Let an ordinary man of business supply our artist with the most solid technical facts possible—nay, even with statistics—and they shall be so worked up, so ingeniously and deftly woven into one homogeneous and readable whole, that their originator shall scarcely recognise in the fabric the materials which his experience provided. At correspondence, particularly if it be special, the literary hack is great when he gets a

chance of distinguishing himself. He writes with the encouraging knowledge that his effusions will be read at once by thousands, that he is indicting contemporary history which will be pursued with an eagerness such as no other history can command. He has to rely almost entirely upon his own innate resources, upon his observation, his logical powers, and his discrimination. His life is for the time a life of excitement—excitement which it must be his aim to impart to his readers at home. The demands upon his energies, his enterprise, and his intelligence are now greater than ever, heavy though they have always been since he first gave himself up to periodical literature.

It will doubtless be objected to all this, that the picture we are painting is entirely *couleur de rose*, that the combination here outlined is a rare one, and that the man who worked most of these fields of literature must, of necessity, have risen beyond the mere literary hack. We contend, however, that this is not so. Such authors as these, though by no means plentiful, nevertheless do exist, and that in almost sufficient numbers to supply the steady demand for them which there naturally is in the market of letters. Moreover, we hold that, notwithstanding their great abilities, their assured position, and the good remuneration which they fairly command; notwithstanding the deference paid to them by society, and the high reputation which they enjoy, they are still essentially and in reality literary hacks. The works which they give to the public, valuable though they are, have been penned to order, and are as thoroughly hackney, in the proper meaning of the word, as is a carriage, however perfect it may be, which is habitually let out for hire.

They write, not like the poet who pours out his soul because he feels that he has within him a conception which he *must* give to the world; not like the romancer, who lives with and loves the characters of his tales; not like the philosopher, who performs a noble duty because he knows that he has special capabilities for it, and that it will be of value to his fellow-men; and not, like any of these, with money for an indirect object. They set about their tasks not even because they love them; and whatever may be the result of their labours, these are undertaken first and foremost for the sake of the reward which they will command. Such fame as they might obtain is frequently placed entirely out of the question, for many of their best efforts are, in accordance with custom, obliged to be anonymous.

The abilities necessary to our ideal literary hack are very varied and very considerable, as will at once be obvious to anyone who has tried to express himself on paper as fluently and nearly as rapidly as he could in conversation, or who has ever attempted to concoct a bright and amusing letter out of nothing. Of course much of this ease and

brilliancy comes from habit and from long practice—much, but not all. There must be expressed a rapidity of thought as well as of expression, a fertility of ideas, and a certain happy turn of mind, which is not given to all nor even to many of us, and there must also be the quick perception of the public taste, and the delicate appreciation of its ever-varying shades, which no length of experience alone could possibly attain. The accomplished hack must find a mood for everything, and must treat everything in its proper tone. He must, too, in these comparatively well-educated times, have no mean power over the language which he writes. Even though our own composition may be defective, a good many of us know now whether we are reading English or slipshod. These high and rare capacities are, as we have said, those of a literary hack who has climbed to the topmost rung of the ladder to which he has set foot, and are not, we need hardly say, to be found in such perfection in all of his brethren. But found to some extent they must be, in even the most ordinary of hacks, or he will find his professsion closed to his efforts, and his occupation fail him at the outset. He *must* be ready, he *must* be fluent, and he *must* possess shrewdness and tact; his very existence will depend upon these things, as he will soon discover from his communications with editors should his right hand chance to forget her cunning.

The hack-cab must in some way be convenient, or no one will continue to hire it. Incredible to many though the statement may seem, if we may judge by the oft-expressed opinions which we hear, there *are* certain talents, and these of no mean order, which are absolutely indispensable for even decent success in the career of a literary hack.

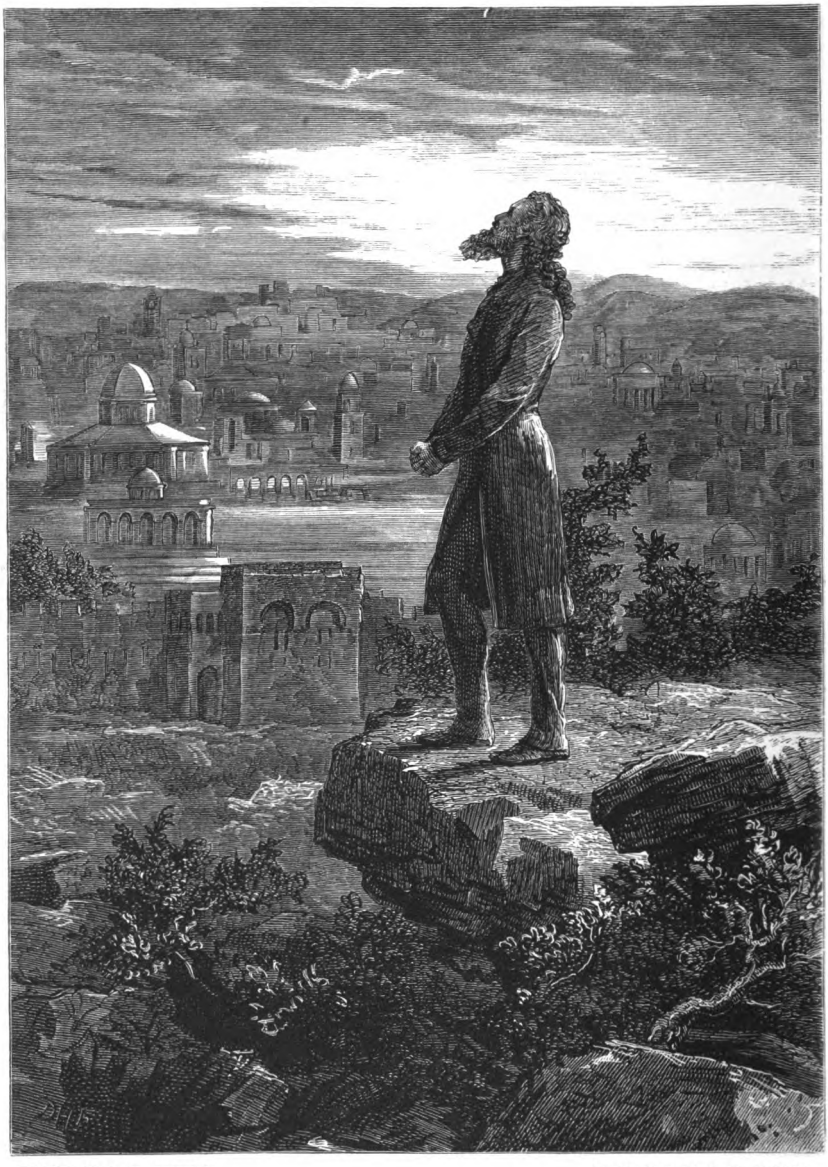
How unjust, then, is the popular slur cast upon authors such as we have described—and we have sketched the only real literary hacks of the present time—by their associations in name and idea with the old-fashioned booksellers' drudge! The practical difference between them is not merely one of employers, not the distinction between hack-work performed for a grinding bookseller and the same done to the order of the editor of a modern periodical. The common slave of a Tonson, was hardly even a prototype of the man whom we persist in assuming to be his descendent; this indeed he scarcely could be with few of the opportunities, less of the pay, and none of the advantages accorded to his more fortunate successor. Such originality and purity of thought as he might once have possessed were ordinarily crushed out of him by the heavy treatises, the dull translations, the party pamphlets, the histories and the geographies demanded of him by the taste of his age and of his masters. It certainly was not the fault of the booksellers' hack that he seldom rose above the low level assigned to him in the history of letters; but it as certainly is not the fault of the hack of

to-day that the name which he bears is dishonoured and ridiculed by his contemporaries.

This prejudice is moreover as irrational as it is unjust; but as this is the case with most prejudices, we need not perhaps dwell here upon this view of the matter. Although, however, we cannot allow it to have any reason, some of the causes which originated this slighting contempt for literary hacks are not, we think, very far to seek. There is in the weak human mind, more particularly in the English mind, an instinctive want of respect for all those who have selected for the occupation of their lives the amusement of ours, a feeling which is to be seen in our treatment of actors, of noted humorists, and even of the joke-makers and pleasant companions of the dinner-table. We are grateful enough in a certain way for their ministrations to our pleasure, and accept them amicably enough, but we do not somehow quite believe in the givers; indeed, laughter itself is explained by some philosophers as the expression of conscious superiority.

There is again a wide-spread distrust of men, and especially of authors, who seem to possess no distinct *spécialites*, who are prepared and accustomed to treat of so many and so various subjects, whose pens are those of such very ready writers. We do not like to recognise Jacks-of-all-trades, when the trades of which most of us are masters are so exceedingly limited in number and in skill. And, lastly, the writers whose words so large a proportion of readers accept as their sole mental food are accused of being superficial; a charge as natural as that of the intoxicated man who challenges the sobriety of everyone he chances to meet. This accusation of superficialness is of course in many cases a just one; since the author who attempted to be anything *but* superficial in most periodicals would never have the chance of making such a blunder again. He would evidently have entirely missed his *métier;* since he is catering for a general—a very general—company, nine-tenths of whom would be hopelessly out of their depth long before even the writer got out of his. The literary hack may frequently write down to his patrons instead of raising them so much as he might, he may fall into many of the faults caused by haste and by over-anxiety to please, and his motives in writing at all may not be so elevated as those which actuate some of his brethren; but his merits far outnumber his defects, and we cannot believe that it is these last which have given him his undignified place in public estimation.

ERNEST A. BENDALL.



DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

AUGUST, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION VI.

ISRAEL rushed into the street; the rain was coming down in torrents; but no rain would have affected the young Jew's hot blood then. The rain poured down; Israel walked on with a rapid pace, almost wishing the elements would crush or exhaust him. Drenched and shivering, he reached the hotel; there, in a doorway next to it, were two boys, crouching together:

'Please, sir, he has found us,' they both called out; 'oh! sir, he'll come and fetch us.'

'Whom do you mean?' said Israel, still mentally benumbed by the shock he had suffered.

'Our father. He'll knock us about, and take our clothes away; you'll see, sir. Oh! don't give us up.'

'Come in, this instant.' They entered the hotel, where by little and little everyone was beginning to look upon the great Eastern Jew as a moral curiosity.

'Dry clothes?' was all Israel said. The smile vanished from the waiter's lips at the tone of the words, and he hastened to obey the order.

It was well Israel had something to call away his attention from himself, or his nervous system might have become deranged. What was this Western World—this great civilisation, this astounding finery in

the parks, the opera, and the homes he had visited—when a father of high rank gave his daughters to the highest bidder, and another parent, of low rank, robbed and beat his children? Where should he find the great expectations he had had, realised? In the charitable institutions, of which he had heard so much? 'But wherever there is need of much social charity, much social injustice must have existed before,' thought Israel.

He ordered some food for the boys, and sent them to bed, for he felt he must be left alone.

The youngest of the lads, a remarkably intelligent-looking little fellow, went up to him:

'Wouldn't it be wrong, now, if you let father catch us?'

'Why should you be so much afraid of it?'

'Because father never was good to us. Why don't the police take boys away from bad fathers? they only teach 'em to beg and steal, as ours does. What's the good to have a father if he don't make a good boy of you? Now, if you turn us off, sir, we shall be on the streets again, and go to the dogs.'

Israel unconsciously stroked the boy's curly hair. The very touch of kindness seemed to affect the vagrant child to tears; he broke out into sobs:

'Oh, sir, have pity on us poor wretches; just think how we've been brought up; and it is so nice to be with good people, who don't get drunk, and swear, and steal, and rob. Don't send us away; you know, sir, mother is dead!'

'No one shall take you away; go to bed, my boys, and pray to God for me.'

'That we will, only we'll have to find out what to say. But won't He understand us anyhow, sir?'

'Anyhow, my boys, even if you only think of Him.'

The boys went, drying their tears.

The rain had ceased, the summer evening was bright and cool. Israel drew up the venetian-blind and stepped out to breathe the fresh, moist air. Before him lay the lovely panorama of the shadowy park, lit up by rows of gas lamps; below him was the active life of the great metropolis. A great well of tenderness had been opened in his breast for all mankind—he could have stretched out his arms to those other beings that inhabit the earth with him, and cried out with the voice of the seer and the prophet:—'Oh, let us be brothers and sisters, we that inhabit one home in a larger sense! Is our beautiful planet merely a place for strife and struggles? Can no higher unity and harmony exist here? Is the grand preaching of Him whose feet rested on Palestine never to be understood? Shall we ever be successful only when we tread on somebody else's interests? Must the rich be luxurious, and the poor needy?

What is virtue if its existence must be built on the loss and vice of others? Is it not possible to let all share in the beauty of existence; let all have some gratification of holy desires; let all be children of one great universal Father and God? Must there be waste among us; one brother lost, one sister lost, the other gained—oh, why is the lost one worse than the gained one,—are they not all God's children? I cannot see it; I can find no difference. Can man ever understand that *he* must help to save those that are of one flesh and blood with him?' Israel looked down into the street; there, near the opposite lamp-post, was a man looking up at the house. Who could he be? Israel had forgotten the father of the boys, and did not think of him then.

Again he looked out into the scene before him—'How had he come here? What had his life been? What desires and ideas had animated him since childhood? Had he been different to other men? Brought up without parental care, endowed with an imaginative temperament, had he not rather isolated himself from man and society to plunge into the vortex of life's passions, when his own inner nature was formed and could no longer be changed? To him all around seemed strange in this life of western Europe. There seemed harmony wanting, equal development. It seemed a striving mass of humanity—who should be richest, highest, best; in fact, who should be most successful and leave most behind! It became evident to him that he must here be misunderstood, for he could not comprehend the desire to be in comfort while others were miserable.

For awhile Israel's thoughts had drifted away from that all-engrossing new subject—his love for Lady Gertrude—but suddenly her image appeared before him, as she had looked up at him from below. The mighty longing of a human soul for its mate came over his spirits; enticing, charming, bewildering, ah, maddening, appeared that youthful figure, there, right before his eyes. He stretched out his hands, he wanted to play with those wavy masses of hair, he wanted to caress those rosy fingers, draw to him that sweet form, ah, imprint a kiss upon those smiling, charming lips!—ah, horror! the lovely image turned from him, declaring it detested him for—his money.

Big tear-drops welled up into Israel's eyes; slowly they rolled down his cheeks—he felt it and knew it, *that* aversion could not be overcome. Lady Gertrude, had she gone as far as the altar, would from it have turned a mad woman; something had evidently so deeply impressed her that money and marriage suited not each other, when the first became merely a purchaser of the latter, that nothing, not even her own great nascent love for Israel, could overcome this impression.

Slowly and surely there crept over Israel a sense of loss, the life-long

loss of sympathy and love; hope vanished, desire disappeared, and gaunt, crushing despair looked him in the face. 'She is gone, there is no hope,'—sounded those inner words; 'What hast thou to do here longer?' Go from this civilised world that has other aims than thine, and return from whence thou camest, taking with thee the remembrance of one sweet image.' There and then Israel determined to pass but once more through London streets, and bid adieu to the Christian western world, of which, whatever was great, good, and harmonious, he had but seen one side, the money side; this jarred against his inner being, it had made him fly from his Jewish relatives at Naples, had nearly lost him his life with the gipsies in Spain, embittered even the cup of kindness in the convent; shown him the distorted images of vicious men and unchaste women in Paris, disfigured the grand faith of the old Jew in Frankfort, and here, in England, robbed him of the only woman he could have intensely loved! Love and over-value of money showed him a neglected population in this powerful land, and a selfish desire for gain, gain, gain; ah, even a brutalising tendency over the higher and finer feelings of humanity. 'Then, if I must bear the curse of this wealth, I'll bear it where it will not follow me abroad and crush me at home, I'll bear it in humility and loneliness on Mount Olivet, remembering Him who overturned the money-tables, preaching the while a pure humanity and a living faith in God!' So soliloquised Israel at last; his power was spent, the pretty panorama of the park and street became duller, dusky clouds again shifted along overhead, and Israel withdrew from the balcony, finding by one last look into the street that the same man was still staring up at the house.

Exhausted and spent, Israel threw himself on his couch, without undressing; he cared not for the minor concerns of his own person. He heard the even breathing of the vagrant boys from the next room; he almost envied them their helplessness and poverty. Sleep did at last close his eyes, to re-produce in the brain—unguided by the corrective power of the senses—the same images: dreams of Lady Gertrude, surrounded by big money-bags, that finally crushed her.

Morning will come, and morning does come, however our own individual nature may wish darkness to remain on the world, that we might hide our sorrow and trouble under its cloak. A bright, joyous morning came, and woke Israel from his fitful sleep. Oh! the big sense of loneliness that overcame him, as the sun flooded the room with light, and lit up every nook and corner of it. Could he but have been annihilated that moment! Was that his religion? What makes suicides? What feelings must actually predominate that we should terminate existence? Powerlessness. As long as power exists, hope exists—and hope is the vital spring of life.

Israel took a bath, dressed, and went out. Strange! a man seemed hanging about the house, like the one who had stood opposite, at the lamp-post, last evening. He excited Israel's attention; but his mood was not then to speak to anyone, so he let him pass. Into the Park wandered the young Jew, to ruminate there. How many sorrow-laden hearts do not wander into that Park, there to ease their troubles!

Israel called the boys, who dressed, and came to him. By that time the post arrived; two letters for Mons. Israel Torriano, one in a neat French lady's hand, the other in a sprawling coarse hand. Israel opened the former:

'Monsieur,—Mon mari m'a dit, que vous êtes à présent à Londres, votre cousin m'a donne votre adresse, moi je suis seule. En me conseillant d'aller vous voir, mon mari, m'a quittée pour se débarrasser de moi et pour faire un grand tour en Amérique. Savez-vous ce que j'ai fait? D'enfants je n'ai pas, ainsi me rappelant votre bonté, votre esprit chrétien, votre générosité, j'ai pensé en faire autant; me voici sœur de charité dans une société nouvelle ou on invite même les mauvais sujets à entrer. Ma vie frivole est derrière moi, je soignerai celles qui sont tombées pas par leur faute peut-être, mais par celle des femmes vertueuses, que se tiennent au dessus de leurs sœurs, parqu'elles mêmes ne furent pas tentées; ou qui sont tombées par la faute des hommes qui nous regardent comme crées pour eux afin d'en faire ce qu'ils veulent.

'J'ai gardé votre photographie; quand mon pauvre cœur fainéant manquera de courage, je la regarderai pour me lever à votre hauteur d'esprit. Ah! Monsieur, je n'avais ni éducation, ni réligion, ni marriage dans le plus haut sens; que voulez vous je suis devenue, ce qu'on devient ici. Le bon Dieu me pardonne, d'ici, de ma petite cellule je ne sortirai plus pour le monde.

'Sœur Cecile, Société Primaire.'

Poor Countess! she had found rest and refuge where those often seek it who have missed the straight road because no one ever led them towards it. Israel heard again that chanson of Béranger's. Just now there was sweetness in that recollection; Israel was becoming more and more lenient; he began to feel his own weakness, and pardoned the Countess her faulty morality. The erring sheep was hiding its face from the censorious crowd. Sœur Cécile would be talked about, pitied for her folly in becoming sœur de charité, and forgotten—*certainly* by her husband, *perhaps* by her admirers and lovers.

The letter with the sprawling address was opened—from Pedro! Israel sprang up to read it:

'Maestro mio,—I am in Paris, and I know where she is; she escaped from the gipsies, and went into the convent where you were nursed. I had told them in the convent about her; I had made efforts to communicate with her without your knowing it. I had advised her if they wanted to force her away to come to us. She had been removed for safety to another tribe nearer the mountains, and from them she ran away before they could get her, on leaving Spain for Ungaria. Miserable and ill, she came one day to the convent; there she is; there she waits for me—for her brother—now grown, now nearly a young man; perhaps one day her lover, her husband. You, señor, despised our gipsy-queen, our Zillah—I shall adore her; the world is dark without her, the sky is black, the sun red and glaring, the moon white and cold, the stars dull. Greater than all is my Zillah. You loved not poor Pedro, for you took to others—foreign beggars. You loved not sweet Zillah, for I know you cut your hand to break through the glass for one look at the foreign woman. But we, poor gentiles, poor gipsies—we shall be more faithful. We shall sit on the knoll, and think of you and the great Nazarene teacher; we shall repeat your words, and never forget that you, señor, taught us to be forgiving. Zillah would have been yours, señor; she will be mine now, I know; they dare not fetch her from Malaga. There I shall be able to earn my bread honestly, and Zillah will share it; *now* my sister, perhaps one day my bride.

'Forgive me that I ran away; I took but the money you gave me. Had I not gone I should have strangled those brats; no teaching could have held me back, for I adored you, maestro, and the tears come into my eyes when I think of you. Zillah and I will often weep together, for the sweet words of our teacher changed our souls. Oh! had they come earlier they would have made me quite good; as it was, I escaped when temptation came to me through my jealous feelings.

Dear señor, go, teach more; oh, teach all the world how the Nazarene loved it and died for it, and how the world does not know it, but goes on all the same—no kindness, no pity. Dear maestro, don't despise poor jealous Pedro, he loved you in his fashion; and, for Zillah's sake, he will love you ever and ever!

'I am now going, quick, quick to her. I found the letter from the convent with my friend, who has helped me to write this.

'Addio, addio, addio,

'PEDRO ZADILLO.

'I shall take a present to the convent from you.'

Pedro's nature vacillated still, the jealous blood would not be quelled; but Pedro would anyhow not again fall back into dishonesty. So much Israel knew. It was almost pitiful to see the lad's striving for goodness,

and to read his wish that the world should follow the Nazarene's teaching, yet in the same lines trace the desire for revenge on the boys, who, Pedro thought, shared his master's affection. It was wrong to expect that the wild tendrils of years of neglect would be brought into the right direction instantaneously. Man, with his complex organisation, must be *trained* to the harmonious comprehension of his duties to his fellows.

The boys seemed restless and shy, as if they feared something; they ate little at their breakfast, and were disinclined to leave Israel's side. Cards, letters of invitation, congratulations at his arrival, had been pouring in since the previous day; all were put aside as useless. Israel rose from his meal unrefreshed; the morning's brightness filled every corner of the room, and almost marked the terrible sadness of his soul. He walked up and down, he stood before the window, he heard the bustle in the street; he could stand it no longer, he *must* know once more if Lady Gertrude would see him or not. A grand, fierce, uncontrollable desire took hold of him not to lose that anchor in his life so easily, not to give up the woman he loved for gold, not to renounce man's right to his mate like a coward! He looked at his dress, warned the boys to wait for him there, and was off. He ran, as it were, to the Earl's house; he arrived breathless. A carriage was at the steps, a plain, sombre carriage. He knocked. 'Can I see Lady Gertrude this morning? Say it is Mons. Torriano, and that he *must* see her.' His great eyes swam in fire, his nostrils were extended like a noble beast's that is to lose his young; the porter almost recoiled from him.

'Please sir, poor Lady Gertrude is very ill, dangerously ill; she knows no one, not even her father, the Earl. The doctor is here, for her ladyship is delirious; didn't you see the blinds down up stairs? But here comes her maid.'

A decent looking woman approached them, saying: 'Oh, sir, if you are Mons. Torriano, Lady Gertrude raves about you: she calls you to her and drives you off every two minutes. It is piteous to see her; oh, it is dreadful to hear her scream out against money, and human slaves, and buying women, and all that, and wish for the grave. She was so good, so kind, so happy but a little while ago, and we servants adored her. What have you done to her? The Earl is quite mad, he would let her marry anyone now, but the doctor says it is too late. He fears the worst.'

Israel stared at the maid; he glared round him; he could not understand this heart-breaking among human beings, he *could* not realise the awful consequences of our crooked thoughtless civilisation. At that moment a loud shriek rent the air.

'Oh, let me go, I must fly to her; she is screaming again.'

Those the shrieks of his Gertrude; *that* the lovely fresh girl he had

met at the Frankfort station, nursing the wounded street child? No, no!—it was all a dream, a terrible nightmare. He was not there in her father's hall, he was away. Another shriek, a third. Israel could not bear it; he fell down on the man's seat and sobbed, sobbed, sobbed, the great broken sobs of a human heart, that wants to tear its heartstrings from the earth, from false humanity, from the idle world, that wants to be given back to its maker—for peace. Weary at last, he laid his head on his arm to gain quiet. The porter wiped his eyes. 'Poor, poor young things, what an awful thing for the Earl to hinder 'em. Poor things, why isn't they poor in pocket, then nobody would mind,' mumbled the porter.

The shrieks had ceased, perfect quiet reigned in the house, not a sound was heard, but now and then the shutting of a door. Israel was about to leave, when footsteps were descending the stairs; he looked up, it was the Earl and another gentleman. The two confronted each other, the Earl came towards the young man, livid with rage. 'Begone, Jew, you have driven my child mad with your fantastical ideas. Who asked your money? Not I! Go this moment; be off; or, so help me Heaven, I shall not keep my hands off you, old as I am.' The old man shook in every limb, the doctor stepped forward, but was pushed back, and, with threatening fist, the Earl went closer up to Israel. 'Begone, I tell you; turn him out, porter.'

Israel held up his hands to his head; was he going mad too? *That* her father, that the doctor; where was he? Oh, let him fly, fly from so much wrong and misery; he could not help her then. He moved his lips in an inarticulate way, and sprang to the door; in an instant he was out of the house.

'Oh, the coward!' sneered the Earl; he did not understand the greatness that made Israel go.

The young Jew stormed rather back than he walked; wherever should he find rest again? As he neared the hotel he saw a crowd; he approached, he looked about him. His boys were there, clinging to the lamp-post, while the same man whom he had seen the night before, was trying to drag them away, and a policeman stood by, looking on with the rest.

'What is this?' asked Israel, sternly.

'Oh, sir! please, sir! dear sir! it's father, come to fetch us.' And both boys tried to rush to Israel.

'How dare you touch the children?'

'They are mine by right—I am their father, and they shall come home.'

'Oh! no, sir!' cried the children, 'don't let us go; he'll take the clothes, and sell 'em, and we shall be naked. And he'll send us out to beg, sell matches, and take what we can get. Oh, sir! don't!'

'Let them go this instant!' roared Israel.

'He has a right—he's the parent,' some one cried. 'He hasn't—he's a lazy brute,' came from another. 'Why don't ye interfere, perliceman?' called a third. 'Come now, let 'em go with the gent; he'll give ye some com,' a fourth said, to the man.

'I'll have none of it,' rejoined the father—'none of it. They's my brats, and they shall remain my brats, to do with as *I* likes and as the law allows. Suppose I chose to make them beggars, why shouldn't I? They's my flesh and blood, and my property. Come along boys, out of this row. I won't even take chink from the fine chap; I'll have my property.'

The man once more dragged uncouthly at the boys, one by the sleeve, one by the hair.

'Let go!' sounded from a hoarse throat—it was Israel's. 'Let go those children, you wretch! or——'

The man took no notice; he tore at the children. 'Let go!' resounded once more in a terrible voice, and down came from that towering, maddened figure of a man, a blow—a blow of Moses—a blow to protect the helpless weak from the strong. Israel gave the blow—the man fell with a heavy thud, striking his head against the pavement, and lay sprawling in the roadway.

'I told ye to interfere, perliceman; it'll be too late now.'

They rushed to him; they bent over him; they lifted and dragged him up; like lead he fell back—the man was dead! They shook him again, they felt him all over—no use, the man was dead! Then sounded screams. 'Send for a doctor!'—some hurried off; others, 'Sound your rattle!'—the policeman sounded his rattle. 'Take the gent in charge, and the boys, too!' They looked round—Israel and the boys were gone. No one had seen them leave.

'I believe they belongs to the hotel there—the big place.'

Some men ran there. 'The gent here 'as killed a man, father of the boys!'

'Don't know what you mean,' said the waiter.

'Soon will know; there comes the Inspector.'

The posse now came up, but no Israel was found.

'Shall soon have him, he can't escape,' said the inspector, sententiously, passing through the crowd, and giving orders to have the body removed on the stretcher.

As people passed, asking what was the matter, they had the answer: 'A gent killed a man, to rob him of his boys; funny, isn't it? Lord bless us, what don't ye see in this world of our'n.'

Israel and the boys came panting to Baron Torriano's house, who was

just ready to leave for the city, about to make a call on his cousin. Israel's pale face, the boy's scared countenances, said that something was wrong. The Baron quickly led them in.

'What is it, cousin? quick, I know it is urgent, my extra sense tells it me; quick.'

'I have killed a man, I believe; the father of the boys. Is it my fault or society's? I don't know. Cousin, let me go, I cannot go to prison. Let me go; *He* will judge me. Take care of the boys, promise that. Moses shall send money for them. Oh, let me go. Lady Gertrude is mad, and I a murderer; can misery go further? Let me go, I tell you.'

A few words from the Baron to his private secretary, a roll of bank notes placed into his hand, Israel quickly wrapped in a large overcoat, pushed into the waiting brougham with the secretary—off they went. The boys as quickly taken away by the confidential servant in a cab, and all is still. A heavy knock at the door. Enter inspector and policeman, wish to see Baron Torriano. The Baron appears, begs a few minutes private conversation, denies his cousin to have been there, though they may have directed the inspector so at the hotel; believes Mons. Torriano has rushed elsewhere, should think was scouring the parks; says something *very confidentially*, gives some hints, and dismisses the inspector very much quieted indeed. That whole day search is made, and in vain. The secretary took a steamer just leaving at St. Katherine's Dock; no rail was the Baron's advice; the two arrived in Holland. Here Israel was placed in a vessel trading to the Mediterranean. He had somewhat recovered from the stunning effects of the last scenes, and could be left to take care of himself. The secretary returned home; the affair had made a noise; Israel had not been found; detectives had been to Paris without result, on the Baron's instigation; the coroner had found 'Death to have resulted from congestion of the brain, accelerated by a blow given by a foreign gentleman.' The matter was talked about. 'Foolish, he didn't stand his ground; he would have been got off somehow,' said the wiseacres, not knowing that Israel would not have understood being got off. He preferred a life-long exile from a world with which he was not able to agree.

* * * * * * *

In Naples, a sweet woman, dressed quietly and handsomely, is known as 'La Signora;' she ministers unto all. Her father, rich Jacob Torriano, died of apoplexy, leaving his daughter, Rebecca, sole inheritrix of his fortune. This fortune provides for hundreds; Christians and Jews are alike to 'La Signora.' Not unreasonably she bestows her gifts, but furthers every good work, lightens every sorrow, brings her soft voice and classical face to every door. 'La Signora' became in a couple of

months the adored goddess of the poor and needy, the helper of all. In the evening, when the glow of the sunset is on the gulf, and you can see Mount Vesuvius in the distance pointing into the clouds, 'La Signora' sits at her window singing her Hebrew songs to her harp, old Sarah behind her wiping her tears. Israel is freely mentioned between them; no reticence is used, for the true peace has reached Rebecca's heart; the peace that passes all understanding, the peace that has put away '*passion*.' When Rebecca heard Israel's fate, she covered her face and wept heavy sorrowing tears.

'Shall we find him?' said Sarah.

'No,' Rebecca shook her head. 'He has loved another. I would *my* love were not tried again, but died, as it has nearly done, a virgin death. I cannot comfort him, as he will be comforted by the companionship of his *own* faith; let him be, God will grant him a resting place.'

Many were the suitors that turned from Rebecca's door.

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A few months after Israel's sudden escape from London, a pale English lady, with cropped hair, applied at St. Mary's for entrance as hospital nurse. She had not long recovered from brain fever, and nothing, not the prayers of all her family, could persuade her to remain an inmate in the Earl's house. Lady Gertrude became a nurse of the bodily sick that she might forget her mental sickness. She never even wished to see Israel Torriano again—she never would have been his. Her lamp of life would not be a long-burning one; even now the angel had marked her pure brow. Like a saint who had suffered, she moved among the sufferers of the hospital, waiting her call.

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Jerusalem lay again in a haze; the splendid panorama swam in a maze of vapours; great deep streaks bordered the horizon; over the town in the distance, over minaret and temple, over convent and church, hung the varified Eastern sky—luminous, broken, quivering—telling of the great and constant life and change of the Universe. The scene here was used to sorrow, to human sorrow—a little more or less would not change it, or take away one atom from its natural beauty. Jerusalem would remain Jerusalem—a way-mark for humanity, a great mark on the life of mortal men, a standing pillar of development, a remembrance of love, of sacrifice, of the life of a great nation, of the downfall of a noble people—a place to hope for still—a place whose name never *can* die out as long as man can know what history means!

A man, worn and spent, with tattered clothes and shrunken limbs, came along—it was Israel Torriano. Months he had wandered—months his soul had found no rest. He came to lay down his sorrows where he had started from—on the Mount that still bore the imprint of his dear Master's feet.

A murderer, even if not in intention, he called himself—the slayer of a fellow-being. For what? A passionate desire to right the world. The cause of a lovely girl's madness. Why? Because she would not wed with the money-taint on him. What had he done to be a lost murderer on the face of the earth? Gone forth unprepared among the world's ways, neglected its behests, trodden on its customs, misunderstood perhaps the goodness that was in it, because he set himself above it. Oh! he felt it; sorrow *must* befal all who cannot gently deal with mankind even in its evil ways, guiding it to better ones by degrees. No enthusiast will do good, no idealist reform, no despiser of men's ways teach; man must develop gradually, step by step, as God created and formed the Universe step by step, from the lower to the higher; till the day will come when all, of whatever creed and whatever faith, will recognise that living on one planet, having one home, meant being brothers and sisters; meant losing selfishness, and practising mutual love; meant subduing over-assertion, and cultivating harmonious concord; meant understanding the true, not the false, cramped, scholastic, lessons of the Nazarene; meant to follow the free, noble Teacher, who had spoken for all, that all might hear him, and live together in the land God their Father had given them; meant that possession should *help* to good deeds, not raise us proudly above them; meant that money was a means, not an end; that neglect of humanity was a crime, to be punished rather in those who neglected others depending on them, than in those who were neglected; meant that father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister, were great obligatory words, not to be trodden in the dust impiously, for selfish reasons, but respected, as giving the purest ideal of the human family; meant that no country is great where riches or luxury are taken as a criterion, but only where true humanity, the development of all, is followed.

Israel stood there on a mountainous rocky shelf, overlooking the town, his beloved Jerusalem. He panted with joy to see it; his pale worn face shone again with the light of his soul, his arms stretched for comfort to the saint-mother of his childhood and boyhood, his home. Oh, had he never left it for the western civilisation, which he could not understand, he might now rest there again an innocent man, not a suffering one. Good God, what could he do to compensate for his deed? Money he knew had been sent largely. Here, he wanted to weep out his sorrow to the teacher, who had taught '*patience in suffering*' to all.

And so he stood—he had studied the creeds and failed. He came back to no creed, but to the pure, simple understanding of the Nazarene's words. For him no more creeds; for him no more distinction; but his soul would commune with the highest, the greatest, the unattainable, in sweet, lofty Jerusalem, there before him. He raised up his hands,

he looked into the vapoury sky, he asked for God's voice to come down upon him in the spirit, and say: 'My son, my son, I have forgiven thee; be modest in future, it is not given to man to set himself above his fellows.'

CONCLUSION.

SUNSET.

Slow sinks the sun-god in his ocean-grave,
Flushing the sombre clouds with light,
Scorching the crest of each ambitious wave,
In the vain vengeance of his failing might.

From the dark waters of the stagnant fen,
Far as the oozy marshland lies,
Like some fell serpents from their reedy den,
The curling wreaths of shadowy mist uprise.

And now, athwart the sun's face, redly-dark,
Some lines of cloudy blackness lie,
Like a brow torture-knit by woe, to mark
The dying monarch's speechless agony.

So he sinks slowly; and when, at the last,
Lost in the unknown regions of his rest,
Still the fierce flames his dying throes had cast
Fade only slowly from the heavens' breast;—

Still glisten—although all is gloom below—
On the green summit of yon tree,
Like a hand thrust from out the waves to show
Another victim of the surging sea.

And on those leaves the radiance lingers
Till, with the last expiring ray,
Eve, with tender, trembling fingers,
Close the sad eyelids of the dying day.

C. E. S.

Periodical Literature in India

By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie.

II.

Had Thomas De Quincey and Professor Wilson (Christopher North) served in India, what splendid contributions to Anglo-Indian periodical literature might have been expected from two such writers! How the Professor especially, in a country so stupendous, darkly mystical, and pagan, whose very ruins have an aspect of sublimity about them, would have added to what De Quincey, his friend and critic, styles, with reference to his periodical papers, 'a *florilegium* of thoughts, the most profound and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in human composition!' And what lights and shadows of Anglo-Indian life could Wilson have painted! That grief and joy are sisters, Christopher North, in the 'Noctes'—as the philosophical Adam Smith did before him—has sternly insisted on: 'And this warld, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for grief as well as for joy.'[1] How true it is that their very lives depend 'on one and the same eternal law!' In India, perhaps, the sisters lie nearer to each other than in England. There would seem to be an intensity of feeling, even in the little occurrences of common life, in the company with which we spent the evening last night, and in 'those frivolous nothings which fill up the void of human life,' unknown elsewhere.

The exuberance of joy, the excess of grief—say, in the one case, from the exhilarating morning ride; to the sportsman, from the pleasure and excitement of the wild boar-hunt; to the soldier, from the prospect of service and distinction; to the student, from the various phases of life in the 'gorgeous East;' or from the brilliant, social, evening gathering at the band;—and in the other, from the not unfrequent suddenness of death; from the feeling of exile; from the necessity of what has been styled 'the grand Indian sorrow'—parting with one's children;—these and a hundred other joys and sorrows are truly intense in the Indian land.

[1] *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, or 'Nights at Ambrose's.'

From gay to grave, then, is a most natural step; and before parting with the 'Bengal Annual' we shall present our readers with nearly the whole of a little poem, forming a strange contrast with the humorous 'Oriental Tale,' cited at the conclusion of our last paper:—

'THE NEW-MADE GRAVE.

By H. M. Parker, Esq., C.S.

The grave! for whom?
What traveller on life's solemn path hath won
The quiet resting place? whose toil is done?
Who cometh to the tomb?

Is it the sage,
Who, through the vista of a life well past,
Looked calmly forward to this lone, this last,
This silent hermitage?

Is it the brave,
The laurelled soldier of a hundred fields,
To whom the land he nobly warred for yields
A peaceful, honoured grave?

Doth the matron come,
Whom many bright-eyed mourners of her race
Will weep, when looking on her vacant place,
By the hearth of their sad home?

When the day dies,
Not unannounced comes the dark starry night;
To purple twilight melts the golden light
Of the resplendent skies.

And man, too, bears
The warning signs upon his furrowed cheek,
In his dimmed eye, and silvered hair, which speak
The twilight of our years.

But, oh! 'tis grief
To part with those who still upon their brow
Bear life's spring garland, with hope's sunny glow
On every verdant leaf.

To see the rose
Opening her fragrant glories to the light—
Half bud, half blossom, kissed by the cold blight,
And perish ere it blows.'

In our humble opinion, 'the twilight of our years' is a beautiful idea simply rendered.

'The Draught of Immortality, and other Poems,' by the same writer, is the title of a volume published in London in 1827. It reminds us at once of the famed *amreeta* cup in the 'Curse of Kehama'—a poem con-

demned early in this century by the Edinburgh reviewers because they did not understand its mythological beauties—of which Kehama drinks, hoping to gain a blessed immortality; but Siva, the destroyer, has doomed him 'to live and burn eternally.' The graceful Kailyal drinks, and becomes a thing of immortal bliss; and father, daughter, and Glendoveer (good spirit), are all now enjoying happiness in the Hindu paradise. By writing 'Kehama,' Lord Byron said that Southey had 'tied another canister to his tail'—the first canister being 'Thalaba,' severely handled in the 'Edinburgh' in 1802. 'By the way,' writes the admirable Heber, some twenty years later, 'what a vast amount of foolish prejudice exists about Southey and his writings.' Few had read a line of his works, but all were inclined to criticise him; and now the 'Kehama' is best known to the English public through the 'Rejected Addresses:'—

'I am a blessed Glendoveer:
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.'[1]

Parker always received more kindness from his reviewers than the voluminous and versatile poet laureate. 'The Draught of Immortality,' by our great contributor to Anglo-Indian periodical literature, sometimes reminds us of Moore in 'Lalla Rookh.' The former has only twenty pages; the latter is an elaborate volume; but as the critics praised the 'extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details,' even Sir John Malcolm saying the poet wrote 'with the truth of the historian'—this same 'Tom Moore,' Byron's friend, let it be remembered, never having visited the glorious East—we are inclined to think that Parker, who knew and could describe Oriental scenes so well, could have written, had he turned his mind to it, the next best Oriental poem in the English language to 'Lalla Rookh.'

And now we proceed with our sketch. The 'Meerut Universal Magazine,' commonly called 'M. U. M.' from its initials—though, as a facetious friend observed, it was by no means *mum* in its character—was an exceedingly able periodical, got up principally by the late Sir Henry Elliott and Mr. H. Torrens, who also founded and contributed largely to the 'Meerut Observer.' The latter journal was established in 1832, and is supposed to have been the first newspaper published in the Upper Provinces. Captain Harvey Tuckett—afterwards famous in the black-bottle duel with Lord Cardigan, to whose regiment (the 10th Hussars) he belonged—was also a contributor to the Meerut journal, and the initials 'H. T.' not unfrequently caused confusion. Here we may say that two of the most distinguished Bengal civilians that ever lived were

[1] 'The imitation of the diction and measure, we think, is nearly almost perfect; and the descriptions as good as the original.'—Note to 'The Rebuilding, by R. S.,' from the 'Edinburgh Review.'

Indian editors; and the three writers, Torrens, Elliott, and Meredith Parker, were not only three of the most brilliant men that ever did honour to the Civil Service of the East India Company, but three of the greatest, in the face of many obstacles, that ever did credit to our Anglo-Indian periodical literature. In general ability, for writing on any subject, Mr. H. Torrens appears to have seldom been surpassed by those to whom literature was not a profession. He was a classical scholar, had made himself master of most of the European languages, and had won a name in Oriental literature. He had not so large a share of purely poetical inspiration as his friend Parker, but he had quite as much quickness and versatility of mind. He seemed rather to have resembled Sir Henry Elliott in his mental acquirements than his other contemporaries. Writing just after the intelligence of Sir Henry's death at the Cape, Mr. Hume remarks: 'In their love for Eastern learning they were alike, and so they were in versatility of talent. Both were accomplished scholars, and the charm of the society in which they moved.'[1] Mr. Torrens, amidst all his official labours and anxieties, found that which only great minds are able to find for everything—TIME. Parker was another example of this admirable faculty; and that 'great utilitarian,' Lord William Bentinck, who admired him (H. M. P.) for his versatile genius, was forced to admit 'what he had hitherto considered impossible, that literary attainments and excellence in dry official routine were qualifications which admitted of a happy combination.' In addition to his other works, Torrens wrote 'Remarks on the Scope and Uses of Military Literature and History,' published in January, 1846, in the weekly 'Eastern Star' (with the daily 'Morning Star,' edited by Hume), and afterwards as a volume; and the 'Calcutta Review' declared that the work was written with 'great ability and clearness of analysis; evincing in the author intellectual powers of a high order, no less than extensive acquirements.' In a welcome to the R. W. Br. Burnes, K.H. (1840), Mr. Torrens has the following graceful verse, which may be acceptable to 'brothers of the mystic tie,' or to 'the sons of light,' as Burnes' kinsman, the great poet, also styles them, and who are more numerous and zealous in their good work in India than is generally supposed:—

'Had you wandered among us all penniless poor,
With no hope on the ocean, no home on the land,
Oh! the key that you wot of had opened each door,
And each brother stood by you with lip, heart, and hand.'

The distinguished subject of these lines was brother of the great traveller and political, Sir Alexander Burnes, who was murdered at Caubul.

[1] Biographical Memoir by James Hume, Esq. (p. 103), published with 'Writings Prose and Poetical,' by Henry Torrens, Esq., B.A., vol. i.

It has been already remarked that the 'Meerut Observer' was probably the first English newspaper published in the N.W., or Upper Provinces. The 'Agra Ukhbar' ('Agra News) was another receptacle about the same time, and several years later, for, in addition to brilliant leaders, all sorts of small periodical writing, such as growls from subalterns and apothecaries, and complaints from parties proceeding to the hills, composed of such valuable material to every society, as beautiful young ladies with their admirers, disappointed widows, and manœuvring mothers!

Having touched on such delicate ground, at the risk of being considered slightly out of strict chronological order—for we should ere this have been with Captain David Lester Richardson (the famed 'D.L.R.'), and the 'Calcutta Literary Gazette'—we proceed to remark that the 'Mountain Wreath' was got up at Mussoorie, in 1834, by the brothers French, of the Civil Service, Captain Arthur Broome, of the Bengal Artillery, and others (including Lieutenant A. H. E. Boileau), and was illustrated with drawings, running only to two or three numbers, and was never put in print, though some of its articles were equal to the general run of those in the 'Bengal Annual.' Mountain air, if anything can, should rarefy the intellect; and this is perhaps the reason why the leaders in the principal London journals are so much more brilliant in and immediately after August than before. Catching a fine trout, or shooting a brace or two of grouse, is the best of all medicines for a worn city editor. How he would enjoy a day's recreation, even without the grouse and trout, in the magnificent valley of the Dehra Doon! Mussoorie 7000, and Landour 8000 feet above the sea, are almost close together, on the northern side of the Doon. The views from these sanitaria for Europeans are very beautiful, corresponding in this respect with the famed Neilgherries (blue mountains) of the Madras Presidency. No level ground, and the houses built upon terraces cut out of the solid rock, it really is to be wondered at why the 'Mountain Wreath' was not a decided success! What sublime ideas could some of our London poets attain—the vapid 'Fleshly School' included—by writing with the eye resting on the north upon 'successive tiers of mountain ranges, terminating in the snowy peaks of the Himalaya!'[1] We shall dismiss the 'Mountain Wreath' with a little anecdote of one of its contributors, which is not unknown to several officers of the old Indian army. It may be styled

WAITING FOR A GOVERNOR.

Two young officers, one being the periodical writer, called to pay their respects to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.

[1] To complete the picture of such a magnificent field for the poet: 'On the south, the Dehra Doon, more than 4000 feet below, appears with its fields, forests, and rivulets, and beyond the Sewalik range, as far as the vision can reach, are seen the fertile plains of Upper India.'

Only those who have been in India can fully estimate the high position of such a functionary. His Honor happened to be absent at the time of the visit; but, after some time, returning, the grey bearded *chuprassie* announced that there were two gentlemen waiting to see the *burra sahib* (great master). Gazing with his searching eyes on the middle of the reception-room, 'Where are they?' enquired His Honor, in the purest Persian. '*Dekho, sahib!*' ('See, sir!') exclaimed the faithful Mussulman, pointing to two corners of the room, in one of which was our periodical friend standing on his head, his uniform making the attitude more ludicrous; and in the other stood his brother officer in a similar position, both seemingly determined not to be deprived of amusement while waiting for a Lieutenant-Governor!

Should this number of DARK BLUE fall into the hands of the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, his Lordship may bring to memory the conclusion of his speech on the second reading of the Acrobat's Bill (July 4):—'At one of the schools with which he was acquainted, there was a boy who, in consequence of having undergone this training, could not do his lessons unless he went and stood on his head in a corner for three or four minutes every now and then. (Laughter).' Perhaps the accomplished officers just cited[1] thought the act requisite to give the necessary composure to ask for an appointment as well as to amuse! But, whether from necessity or a love of the ludicrous, we see in life, every day, men as well as boys playing 'fantastic tricks before high heaven.'

Let us now turn to the 'Calcutta Literary Gazette,' which brings us to think of the literary labours of Capt. D. L. Richardson. This periodical was established upwards of forty years ago, was tolerably successful for some years, when it declined and became merged into the Saturday edition of the 'Bengal Hurkaru' (messenger), the old Calcutta journal, which had previously swallowed up and attached to its popular name the old 'India Gazette.' The original was printed after the fashion of its English prototype; but though containing very able and interesting articles, it does not appear to have paid as a literary speculation; and it perhaps weakened its resources by declining to insert anonymous articles even when authenticated by their authors. The 'Literary Gazette' seems to be an unfortunate name for a journal. There is something not sufficiently defined about it. Jerdan did a great deal for the London journal, which he founded; but when he left it, the change of hands was manifest, till at length it disappeared from the scene, and became merged in some other paper.

Richardson's literary fame commenced with the 'Literary Leaves.' His 'Selection from the British Poets,' with notices biographical and

[1] Both of them rose to high rank and position.

critical, were compiled and collected for the use of the Government Educational Institution of Bengal. In the work, partly written from this, entitled 'Lives of the British Poets,' there are what a Calcutta reviewer says pervade the 'Literary Leaves,' 'a fine taste and acute observation, combined with a polished style and a most candid exercise of the critic's office.' We recollect the literary 'Chit-Chat,' while it was being published in the 'Literary Gazette' of the 'Hurkaru,' in 1847; just seventeen years after Richardson became a giant in Anglo-Indian periodical literature, fourteen years after the publication of his 'Ocean Sketches and Other Poems,' and twelve after that of his chief work, the 'Literary Leaves.'

To give some idea of his work as an editor, the following is a correct enumeration of his labours in this respect:—

'Bengal Annual,' from 1830 to 1836	7 Vols.
'Calcutta Literary Gazette,' from 1830 to 1835	6 „
'Calcutta Magazine,' from 1830 to 1833	10 „
Total	23 Vols.

As a volume, the lively and earnest 'Chit-Chat' was reviewed, with his other works, in the 'Calcutta' of September, 1848. And a most elaborate and learned review it is—one hundred and twenty pages on the 'Literary Labours of D. L. Richardson.' The reviewer brings out Macaulay in an arrogant light, hinting that 'D. L. R.' wished the 'mighty member of the Council,' the Whig and Edinburgh Reviewer, the 'monopoliser' of all conversation, the idol for the hour in Calcutta, to write for him. What a catch he would have been! But fancy the brilliant man of genius, who had read every book and knew everything, fancy him 'condescending to write one line for a "Calcutta Annual," or "Literary Gazette!"'

During the appearance, every Saturday, of the 'Chit-chat,' 'Agellius'—a writer whose will was perhaps greater than his power to become a star in Anglo-Indian periodical literature—published a series of 'Saturday Sketches' in the 'Literary Gazette of the Hurkaru.' Among them were the 'Author in India,' the 'Missionary,' the 'Cantonment Beauty' (would make a capital title for a novel!), the 'Apothecary,' the 'Eccentric Captain,' the 'Indian Editor,' &c.—the whole an attempt to sketch some of the principal portraits in the chequered drama of Anglo-Indian life. He also wrote in the same journal 'A New Review of an Old Poem—Southey's "Curse of Kehama!"'

Let us now turn to a goodly tome, 'The Calcutta Monthly Journal and General Register of Occurrences throughout the British Dominions in the East, forming an Epitome of the Indian Press. For the year

1838.'[1] This remarkable volume, in size reminding one of Lord Macaulay's famous description of Dr. Nare's work on 'Burleigh and his Times'—which book 'contains as much reading as an ordinary library'—commences with an admirable biographical and critical sketch of D. L. R. and his works, by Mr. (now Sir John) Kaye, who was a true friend of Richardson's to the last, when friendship and kindness were most required. The remarks concerning the difficulties under which a writer labours in our Indian community are of great value:—'Almost everybody in Calcutta knows the names and perhaps the persons of each writer in the different periodicals. . . . One person will not think much of a writer who happened to be, many years ago at college, inferior to him in scholastic attainments; another will recognise in a particular writer a junior officer, and will not admit of intellectual, where there is not military precedence; a third will say that A. is un-educated, or B. quite a boy, or C. too fond of society—and thus deny their right to set themselves up as public instructors. But all this is exceedingly unfair, exceedingly mortifying, and exceedingly embarrasssing. The writings, not the writers, should be canvassed.' No man—civilian, military officer, or merchant—who ever came to India, had, perhaps, so much right to utter such opinions as Mr. Kaye, who founded the 'Calcutta Review' six years afterwards. Every word is truth, and defies question. It is most interesting to get some earlier glimpses than we have yet given at the life of such a man as D. L. R.

According to the sketch we wish to introduce to the readers of the DARK BLUE, David Lester Richardson was born in the first year of the present century. When only eight years old, he lost his father,[2] a Colonel of the Bengal Establishment, who contributed to the 'Asiatic Researches,' and was an excellent Oriental linguist. D. L. R. entered the Company's service in 1819, and first appeared as a poet in 1820, 'when he began to send his verses to the "Calcutta Journal," which was then under Buckingham's editorial management.'

Soon after arrival in Europe, on medical certificate (in 1825), Richardson, though the publication of 'Sonnets and other Poems,' became admired in London as a poet. Regarding this difficult style of writing, Mr. Kaye says that most of the sonnets are 'exquisitely finished and full of genuine poetry. We think that, with the exception of Milton's and Wordsworth's, they are equal to any in the language.' As a proof of his volume's popularity, it was included in a well-known diamond edition of the British poets, Richardson being 'the only *living* bard whose works are included in the collection' (1827). About this time the Indian subaltern established in the Metropolis the 'London Weekly Review,' expending thereon a large portion of his patrimony,

[1] Third series, vol. iv. [2] He was lost on his passage home to Europe.

which was considerable. His uncle, Colonel Sherwood, of the Artillery, had often said to him, 'You are the richest Ensign in India; if you go home you will return a beggar.' The Colonel's prediction was in a fair way of being verified. D. L. R. edited 'The Weekly Review' (of which he was sole proprietor), 'in conjunction with Mr. St. John, author of the 'Anatomy of Society,' 'Margaret Ravenscroft,' and some works of oriental travel. Hazlitt, Bowring, Roscoe, Moir, Pringle, and many other eminent writers were amongst the contributors to this journal.' So, no wonder, when he wrote in such splendid company, that the proprietor of this most talented and 'most honest weekly periodical' should one day become such an ornament to periodical literature in India. In 1828, Richardson sold 'The Weekly Review' to Mr. Colburn, and 'began to think that he had better return to his old profession in India.' When it was known that he was about to return, his literary associates gave him a farewell dinner, at which Thomas Campbell, the poet, presided. Martin, 'the poet painter,' and General Miller, who had distinguished himself by his 'more than chivalrous services' in South America, were present; and the poet of 'Hope' and some of the finest and most stirring odes in our language, considered the meeting as 'an occasion of offering their sincere congratulations to their friend and guest, on the literary reputation he had already so creditably achieved, and their fervent hopes that his departure for India, which he had resolved upon, for reasons perfectly consistent with the spirit and manliness of his character, would furnish no bar to his fair and promising prospects in literature.'

We cannot part with Mr. Kaye's sketch of D. L. R. without remarking on the excellence of the criticism contained therein. He tries to do his author full justice, and evinces what are styled the characters of taste—delicacy and correctness at every turn:—'"The Ocean Sketches" are bright Turner-like sea-views—they are beautiful, and dazzling, and highly-coloured; they attract the eye at once, but we cannot linger on them—they awaken scenic remembrances, but not heartfelt associations, and therefore they do not dwell upon the mind. The spirit of humanity pervades them not. They are gorgeous views without a figure in them, and therefore they lack vitality. This is a fault, which, we acknowledge, lies more in the subject than in the execution of the pictures, but we *have* a fault to find with their execution. "The Ocean Sketches" are overladen with epithets,' &c.

Again, the reviewer, alluding to Richardson's 'Home Visions' being realised when once again he trod the shores of Old England, gives utterance to the following natural reflections, with which every Indian officer with a soul must at once agree:—'Oh! is it not worth a few years' exile—a few years of heart solitude in a strange land—to feel the exulting

spirit, the bounding pulse, the access of animal life, the buoyancy, the hopes which stir within us, when we plant our foot upon the strand of merry England, and feel its mild airs breathing on us once more?' This feeling is increasing, men no longer consider India as their home. Even the hill colonies proposed will not do away with the joyful expression—so dear to every true Briton—'This is my own, my native land.'

The most famous literary competitor with Richardson was Dr. Hutchinson, Secretary to the Medical Board, and author of the 'Sunyasse,' a poem which, although possessing fine touches of feeling and fancy, was attacked with 'all the virulence of offended criticism.'[1] But the Doctor's merits, says a Calcutta reviewer, were not 'fairly tested.' With reference to Richardson's prose Mr. Kaye records his opinion that 'in grace of diction and felicity of expression, few writers have surpassed D. L. R.' A small extract from the essay 'On Children'—quoted by the biographer and critic—will at once convince our readers of the truth of this remark:—

'CHILDREN.

'The changing looks and attitudes of children afford a perpetual feast to every eye that has a true perception of grace and beauty: they surpass the sweetest creations of the poet or the painter. They are prompted by maternal Nature, who keeps an incessant watch over her infant favourites, and directs their minutest movements, and their most evanescent thoughts. . . . . It is a sweet enjoyment to watch the first glimmering of the human mind, and to greet the first signs of joy that give life and animation to the passive beauty of an infant's face, like the earliest streaks of sunshine upon opening flowers. But, alas! this pleasure is too often interrupted by the sad reflection that the bright dawn of existence is succeeded by a comparatively clouded noon, and an almost starless night. Each year of our life is a step lower on the radiant ladder that leads to heaven, and when we at last descend into the horrible vault of death, our best hope is that we may rise again to a state resembling the happy purity of our childhood.'

In this same number of the 'Calcutta Monthly Journal,' we have ten biographical sketches (including that of D. L. R.), each lord of human kind being honoured with a capitally-etched portrait for the august occasion. James Sutherland; Lieutenant J. W. Kaye, Hon. Company's Artillery; Sir Edward Ryan; John Pearson, Esq., Advocate-General; Sir J. P. Grant, Puisne Justice, Calcutta; the *soi-disant* Raja Pertaub Chund; John Ross Hutchinson, Esq.; Longueville Loftus Clarke, M.A., F.R.S.; Alexander Ross, Esq., late President of the Council of India—all pass before us in rapid succession, as brilliant members of a society which—originally springing from the middle classes—has seldom been equalled upon earth. In the 'Journal,' also, we have a few glimpses of 'the great literary Lycurgus, Mr. Macaulay.' We learn that, while in Calcutta, he undertook to prepare a work of selections from our prose writers, to correspond with a similar work on

[1] 'Calcutta Review' for Dec., 1845.

our poets, by Richardson (then Professor of Literature in the Hindu College); 'but, having sketched out the design, he left it to be completed by Sir Edward Ryan.'[1] Again, some observations having been made relative to the personal hostility which the press manifested towards Mr. Macaulay, the 'Bengal Herald' replied that the press 'says nothing about him in his personal capacity, nor cares about him in his personal capacity.' The 'Calcutta Monthly Journal'—naturally indignant at the strong feelings of hostility towards such a man—being assured that the line of distinction had *not* been drawn between his personal and his official character, says: 'We appeal to the experience of everyone who has been in the habit of reading the papers, whether for three years the whole artillery of the press—from the great guns of the 'Hurkaru' and the 'Englishman,' to the little swivel of the 'Gyananneshun'—has not been directed against him with a degree of vehemence and perseverance unexampled in the history of the Indian press.' Such conduct towards a master-mind, one who could rise from the 'Black Acts' to examine the moral and intellectual character of Bacon, is wholly unjustifiable.

There are just two other sketches in this volume to which we shall allude very briefly, and these are James Sutherland, who, in 1827, became editor of the 'Bengal Hurkaru;' and John William Kaye, who was also its editor, crowning his periodical literary labours when he projected and founded the 'Calcutta Review,' in 1844, some time after the elaborate criticism on his works in the 'Monthly Journal.' Mr. Sutherland, at the early age of fourteen, went to sea, and spent seven years in the Navy as a midshipman. He served in a dashing frigate, the *Acasta*, commanded by Captain Ker, a famous 'tartar,' from whom the 'Sea-Fielding,' Captain Marryatt, in 'Peter Simple,' may have drawn the portrait of 'Captain Savage.' In 1815, the *Acasta* was paid off; and Sutherland, not long after, became a 'Country Captain,' and a zealous contributor to Anglo-Indian periodical literature. His first connexion with the Indian press was in 1818, when he joined Mr. Buckingham (who had also been a sailor) in the office of the celebrated 'Calcutta Journal.' As many other sensible men have done before him, he married, again went to sea, speculated, lost; and when, early in 1823, Mr. Buckingham was 'so tyrannically ordered out of the country,' he again joined the staff of the above journal as reporter and contributor. Sutherland played a most conspicuous part in all the press squabbles of that most interesting period in Calcutta, when men thought they were beginning to die for want of what Junius styles 'the air we breathe'—the liberty of the press! In 1836 he resigned the editorship of the

[1] The present First Commissioner of the Civil Service Commission, in London, who was formerly Chief Justice in Calcutta.

'Hurkaru.' Sutherland had also managed the 'Bengal Herald' at the same time, in which journal appeared some of his best articles, literary and political. Here are a few remarks[1] on

'CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

'EDITOR.—He has neither the learning nor, perhaps, the graphic power of Smollett in delineating the human character, but he is a delightful writer, and I have heard men of your profession say that some of his descriptions in 'Peter Simple' surpass anything in the same line in the works of any living writer, not excepting Cooper, the American—the club-hauling, for example. What say you?

NAUTICUS.—I entirely agree in that estimate of his literary character. He is the best nautical novelist of the day, out and out; and I doubt his inferiority to Smollett, except in learning. . . . . His Peter Simple is a character, I will engage, drawn from the life, nay—I have actually known such a character, and some of his miseries while he was yet a Johnny Raw, are such as probably every naval officer has felt.'

No one had a better right to criticise a sea-novel than Mr. Sutherland. Alas! we shall never have another tale of the sea: the force of education and the iron-clads have rendered such a thing impossible. We now turn to contemporary biography, while its subject was of the military service. Mr. Kaye arrived in India in 1833, having been appointed to the Bengal Artillery, and soon (1834) became a regular contributor to Richardson's 'Calcutta Literary Gazette,' in which he wrote the first of a series of papers entitled 'The Essayist.' The subject is 'The Pen and the Pencil;' and the powerful critic *in esse* is immediately displayed by some discriminating and ingenious remarks which would have done credit to Hazlitt himself. There is time for both poetry and painting in India, and it is pleasant to see their relative advantages and pleasures so well set forth by an Indian officer. Which is the more likely to be, 'not for an age, but for all time?' is, after all, the grand question. All his essays in this series are written in a most pleasing style, evincing great knowledge, and causing us to wonder how the Artillery Cadet at Addiscombe found time to read up aught save mathematics and fortification. Mr. Kaye appears to have been born with all the feelings of a genuine author, which is proved by his just and striking remarks on 'Excitement of Publication—Disappointment of Genius.' Besides the essays to the 'Gazette' he contributed many poetical effusions, a story entitled the 'Double First,'—in which the character of 'Everard Sinclair,' one of the principal personages of his novel of 'Jerningham,' is developed—and 'Gaspar Henric,' a tale in twelve chapters. All these were written within the short space of six months; and when the climate of India—and particularly Calcutta—is considered, such literary industry is truly wonderful. In the rains of 1834 he had no less than three severe attacks of fever, and in the same year he returned to England. On arrival in Europe, in Jersey, he

[1] Written between 1834 and 1836.

printed, for private circulation, a small volume of poems, some from the 'Literary Gazette,' to which he had been such an ornament—all of which evince decided poetical talent. His 'Invocation to the Spirit of Beauty' would have done credit to the imaginative Shelley. Mr. Kaye's 'Jerningham; or, the Inconsistent Man,' was published in June, 1836; and, we read, his various works of fiction 'elicited the highest praise from some very able critics.'

Striking specimens of the beautiful and pathetic—especially in 'Margaret's Song'—are to be found in 'Jerningham.'

A brief specimen must suffice from the 'Song,' which is quoted in full in the 'Calcutta Journal':—

'I pine—I wither—I am dying—a captive in a great prison house. I shiver with cold; I am girt about with ice, I wander here and there, but all is dark and desolate. My soul harmonizes with eternal nature. How can I be joyous in this place, where everything around me is so drear? I speak in the language of my country; it is my only solace—I have none beside it. I am a wretched outcast. Why was I not cut off in my infancy? It is better to die in Italy than to live anywhere else in the world.'

'Doveton; or, the Man of Many Impulses,' is considered by the Calcutta critic, 'both in design and execution, an extraordinary production.' It is an allegory 'in which certain qualities of the mind are embodied in the characters.' It is enough to say of this work that it received high praise in the 'Court Magazine' from the female Byron—the Honourable Mrs. Norton. We have no space to cite other works by Mr. Kaye up to 1838, but we feel it a duty to remark on the extraordinary powers displayed by one who could write graceful essays and verses at nineteen and twenty, and striking romances before the morning of life had fled; and who in later years became the stern Calcutta reviewer of facts and fallacies, the historian of wars, and the biographer of eminent men[1] whose like, take them for all in all, we shall not look upon again.

We cannot dismiss the 'Calcutta Monthly Journal' without alluding to the Free Press Dinner at the Town Hall of Calcutta. The liberation of the Indian Press by Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, as before remarked, dates from the 15th of September, 1835. On the present occasion Sir Charles, having been invited as the guest of the evening, the annual celebration was postponed to the 9th of February (1838). As dates are of consequence in our sketch we should also mention that the date of annual celebration is here given as the 15th of December. Mr. Longueville Clarke presided, and Mr. Henry Meredith Parker was in the vice-chair. One hundred and ninety-six gentlemen sat down to dinner. Sir Charles sat at the head of the table between the Chairman and Mr. R. D. Mangles. The many toasts and speeches were grand and suitable

[1] Metcalf, Malcolm, Sir Henry Lawrence, Neill, &c.

in their character; but, as belonging to the profession of arms, we prefer giving an extract from that of the Vice-President, Mr. Henry Meredith Parker, with whom we have already made our readers acquainted:—'Gentlemen; my toast is The British Army. (Cheers.) I know there has been discussion infinite touching the politics of the British Army. Whether it was Whiggish or Toryish, Reformatory or Conservative—whether it loved a Free Press or did not love a Free Press,—for my own part, I will own to you candidly that I don't care a fig what its politics are, or what its feelings are, on the question I have hinted at,—it is sufficient for me to know, that through long years of peril and gloom the British Army fought and bled, that the hearths and altars of their country might not be polluted by a foreign foe. (Cheers.) It is sufficient for me to feel that it placed between a terrible enemy and our pleasant fields and native homes the iron barrier of its indomitable valour. (Cheers.) I can no more bring myself to care for the politics of our brave soldiers than I can care for those of that glorious chief who led them crowned with victory from the Rock of Lisbon to the gates of Toulouse, and from the wood of Soignés to the towers of Notre Dame. (Cheers.)' C. P. Prinsep, Esq., in a pithy speech, gave 'Trial by Jury, the bulwark of the Freedom of the Press.' Mr. Stocqueler (Editor of the 'Englishman'), a well-known Indian periodical writer, was then called on by the Chairman to sing:—

'In the glorious old days of the glorious old Bess
(Though she scarce would have suited the present, I guess!)
The chronicles say that a newspaper first
On the wondering eyes of our forefathers burst.
Sing Ballinamora Ora,
Huzza, for the Press is now free!'

The newspaper here alluded to was published in England in 1588, by the authority of Queen Elizabeth, at the time of the Spanish Armada. Its object was 'to allay the general anxiety, and to hinder the dissemination of false and exaggerated statements.' After holding forth the hardships of Indian editors—the glorious 'jackals for India of the British lion!'—Mr. Stocqueler sang:—

'Aye, and still by her friends, through the world, shall be loved
His name, who that badge of our slavery remov'd;
And year after year shall resound in this hall
The glory of METCALFE, who freed us from thrall.
Sing, &c., &c., &c.

The Chairman—one of the most gentlemanly-looking men who ever came to India—well remarked on this great occasion, what few will venture to deny:—'In those countries where the Press is most free, is knowledge most diffused. It not only imparts instruction, but excites

to learning; and the man who is opposed to the freeing of the Indian Press must be the foe to enlightening the natives.' (Loud cheers.)' In short, there are two hundred millions in India to be instructed through Education and the Press; and, if those who wield such powerful weapons do not exercise their calling discreetly, they will have much to answer for.

At this stage we shall remark that, after the expiration of the East India Company's trading charter, in 1834, some of our best Indian newspapers came into existence. The 'Bombay Times,' in 1836-37, established a great reputation, under Dr. Buist, its highly accomplished editor. Mr. Knight succeeded Dr. Buist, changing the title of the paper to the 'Times of India.' The 'Friend of India,' in 1837-38, grew rapidly into notice, under John Marshman, son of the eminent missionary; and even now has, perhaps, the largest circulation of any Indian journal. Marshman, Smith, Townsend, and others less known to fame, despite a few crotchets, struggled to make the Serampore journal in every sense the 'Friend of India.' The 'Hurkaru' has already been mentioned; but 'old Hurky' exists no longer.

The 'Englishman,' under Butcher (who succeeded Stocqueler); the 'Star,' under James Hume (who wrote the famous letters in the 'Eastern Star,' by an Idler), flourished in Calcutta. In Madras, the 'Athenæum,' projected and founded by Pharoah (1837-38), and the 'Spectator,' by Ouchterlony—who, after fairly starting the paper (now defunct), was succeeded by Glover in the editorship—were our earliest South of India journals. The 'United Service Gazette' (now defunct) was a favourite among the military, thirty years ago, when it was under the management of Captain Langley, formerly an officer in the Madras cavalry. India at the present time is well supplied with newspapers; and the 'Friend of India,' the up-country papers, such as the 'Pioneer' and 'Delhi Gazette,'[1] the 'Indian Daily News' (Calcutta), the 'Madras Times,' the 'Times of India,' the 'Sindian' and 'Our Paper' (both published at Kurrachee, in Sind), the 'Rangoon Gazette' and 'Times' (both published at Rangoon, in Burmah), the 'Ceylon Observer,' 'North China Herald,' 'Penang Argus,' and other journals, keep us well acquainted with what is going on in Queen Victoria's splendid Eastern dominion. The wonderful rapidity with which Indian news is anticipated (taking from the freshness of the overland summaries) by the telegraph, is enough

[1] The 'Delhi Gazette,' under Mr. Place, and the 'Moffusilite,' when edited by its founder, John Lang, attained very high positions in Indian newspaper literature. The 'Neilgherry Excelsior,' edited by Mr. Kenrick, and the 'South of India Observer,' under that veteran champion of the Press, James Ouchterlony (formerly of the 'Madras Spectator'), are the chief up-country papers in the Madras Presidency. The up-country ('Moffussil,' or district) papers in India are generally weekly and tri-weekly; the dailies are confined to the Presidency towns.

to make our forefathers leap from their graves, when we consider that formerly (1811) it took ten or twelve months to get an answer to a letter or a dispatch from India; and now the Viceroy can send a message to the India Office, in London, and be quite sure of its arriving safely there, perhaps (on account of the difference of the time in the two countries) even before its leaving the City of Palaces!

'A word—and the impulse is given;
A touch—and the mission has sped!
Hurrah! 'tis the best conjuration
That science, the wizard, has done!
Through me nation speaks unto nation,
Till all are united in one.'

III.

The projection and foundation of the 'Calcutta Review' is quite as important an event in the history of our indigenous Indian literature as that of the far-famed 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' at home. Sydney Smith, the original projector of the 'blue and yellow,' and Sir Walter Scott, the Ariosto of the North, who started the 'Quarterly' as its Tory rival, doubtless would have greatly admired the idea of founding a review in the City of Palaces, where the love of a high order of critical literature seemed at a discount, and the spirit of man in general was very far from divine. The *Tenui musam meditamur avena* motto, originally proposed by the Edinburgh reviewers for their journal—'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal'—seemed about to give place to one announcing its cultivation on a little curry and rice, which humble but popular repast, to the 'Calcutta's' staff, amidst so many disadvantages of climate, promised to be permanent. But energy in this matter, as in everything else, had its glorious triumph. It had occurred to Mr. Kaye, then residing in Calcutta, to establish a Review, similar in form and character to our great British Quarterlies, but entirely devoted to Indian subjects and Indian questions. It was indeed a bold and seemingly hopeless experiment; 'and,' writes Mr. Kaye, 'its success astonished no one more than myself.' And again, speaking of one of the greatest on the roll of India's heroes and statesmen, he says, 'That it did succeed is, in no small measure, attributable to the strenuous support of Henry Lawrence.' Truly, the hour had come and the man; or, perhaps, we should say the men! The 'Calcutta' was precisely the organ for which Lawrence had been wishing, 'as a vehicle for the expression of his thoughts;' and

although, up to the time of its projection, he had never seen Mr. Kaye, his kindly heart and vigorous pen were at once placed at the disposal of one who had been a brother officer in the Bengal Artillery, and under whose 'peculiar care' the coming Review was first to see the light. Lord Ellenborough had selected Lawrence to fill the highly important post of Resident at the Court of Nepaul. He had to 'wait and watch' rather than 'interfere.' As soon as he heard that the 'Calcutta' had been started, he 'promised to contribute to *every* number.'[1] But before this time the great 'political' had contributed to some of the up-country journals, especially to the 'Delhi Gazette,' in which appeared the 'Adventurer in the Punjaub,' a most interesting series of papers, afterwards published in London, by Mr. Colburn. To the same journal another distinguished soldier and political of the Indian army—Lieut. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Edwardes, eventually 'Calcutta' reviewer—also contributed, under the strange but comprehensive signature of the 'Brahminy Bull.'

The first number of the Review was too far advanced for the editor to avail himself of Lawrence's aid. To this number Dr. Duff contributed one article; Captain Marsh, of the Bengal Cavalry, an earnest-minded and singularly-gifted man, contributed another; *and the editor wrote all the rest.* The latter remark evinces energy and literary heroism on the part of the editor, seldom equalled, and which only those who know something of India and its literature can fully appreciate. To come out in the month of May—the hottest in Calcutta—to do battle with ignorance, and probably superstition, required as much courage as to lead a forlorn hope! And, doubtless such an idea crossed the mind of the statesman at Nepaul (whose father, Lieutenant Lawrence, had commanded the left column of General Baird's forlorn hope at Seringapatam),[2] while gloating with intense delight over the first number of the Indian 'Quarterly.' May, 1844, then, we consider, beyond all question, the most important month and year in the history of Indian Periodical Literature. Well might each reader in such weather, with thermantidotes going, and punkahs in full swing, exclaim with our friend, Mr. Parker:—

> 'But all in vain I sigh for lands
> Where happy cheeks with cold look blue;
> While here in the shade the mercury stands
> At ninety-two!'

The contents of the first number must be cited to give a finish to our

[1] 'Lives of Indian Officers,' by John William Kaye, author of the 'History of the War in Afghanistan,' &c.—(1869)—p. 113 to 116—'Sir Henry Lawrence.'

[2] 'Thus wrote, in the first year of the present century, Colonel Alexander Beatson, historian of the war with Tippoo Sultan, and of the famous siege of Seringapatam.'—KAYE.

sketch. '1. The English in India—Society past and present. 2. Lord Teignmouth. 3. Our Earliest Protestant Mission to India. 4. Ouchterlony's Chinese War. 5. The Condition-of-India Question—Rural Life in Bengal. 6. The Ameers of Sindh.—Postcript :—The Massacre at Benares. Miscellaneous Notices.' The motto is from Milton, more benign than the terribly critical *Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur* of the 'Edinburgh':—'No man, who has tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those, who not content with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world; and were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long, as in that notion, they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth: even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.'

To the second number Henry Lawrence contributed 'a long and very interesting chapter of Punjabee history'—recent history of the Punjab; the other contributors, besides the editor, being Mr. Marshman of the 'Friend of India,' Dr. Duff, and his colleague, the Rev. Thomas Smith. After this, Lawrence's contributions became more numerous. He generally 'furnished two or three papers to each number of the Review.' Mr. Kaye also tells us that he once undertook to supply to one number 'four articles, comprising 116 pages.' The historian, biographer, and critic, writes that 'his contributions were grand with matter of the best kind—important facts, accompanied by weighty opinions and wise suggestions.' Like other great men Lawrence was always deploring, and not without reason, his want of literary skill! Yet the editor generally considered his contributions as the most popular in the Review. His article on the 'Military Defence of our Indian Empire' evinced that knowledge which every true soldier ought to possess. He continued to the end of his life to contribute at intervals to the now well-established periodical, and was, when the rebellion of 1857 broke out, employed on a review of the 'Life of Sir John Malcolm' (in our opinion one of Mr. Kaye's greatest works), which he never lived to complete.[1]

We shall now give some brief extracts from the 'Calcutta Review,' from articles by Kaye, Lawrence, and Edwardes. The first three are from the editor's contribution on 'The Ameers of Sindh :'—

'The Sindh Ameers, it is said, violated treaties. It would seem as though the British Government claimed to itself the exclusive right of breaking through engagements. If the violation of existing covenants ever involved, *ipso facto*, a loss of territory, the British Government in the east would not now possess a rood of land between Burhampooter and the Indus. . . . . But the real cause of this chastisement of the Ameers consisted in the chastisement which the British had received from the Affghans. It was deemed expedient at this stage of the great

[1] Two elaborate reviews on the 'Life of Malcolm' afterwards appeared in the 'Calcutta.'

political journey, to show that the British could beat some one; and so it was determined to beat the Ameers of Sindh. It is true, that two victorious armies had marched upon Caubul through the eastern and western countries of Affghanistan, and carried everything before them, but it was deemed expedient immediately to withdraw those armies. . . . . Far be it from us to say that British rule may not, in time, become a blessing. If we were not hopeful of better things—if we saw before us nothing but dreary stagnation—if we believed that the evils, of which we have endeavoured to give some intelligible exposition, were irremediable evils—evils inextricably and eternally interwoven with the whole fabric of Hindustani society, we should not have launched this Review into being.'

The last remark is significant as connected with periodical literature in India; so, before turning to the 'Howard of the Punjab'—the noble artillery colonel, Sir Henry Lawrence—for something striking, let us look for a moment into 'Contemporary Biography,'[1] where, beside the name of J. W. Kaye is written: 'English historical writer;' that he served in the Bengal Artillery from '1835 to '45;' that he entered the Home Civil Service of the East India Company in 1856, when he was appointed secretary to the Political and Secret Department, which highly important post he now holds in the India Office; and that he is author of 'The History of the War in Afghanistaun,' 'Christianity in India,' 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' and other works. Sir John is, *par excellence*, the literary Knight Commander of the Star of India.[2]

The contributor, like the editor, was decidedly opposed to annexation. In his article on the 'Recent History of the Punjab,' Lawrence writes:—

'We are among those who believe that the ocean, the Indus and the Himalyas, will some day be our boundaries; but we have no desire to see that day hastened by events over which we have no control—much less to see interference forced upon the Punjab. We have now a good position on the frontier. Let it be still further strengthened with troops and material; let our own territories be rendered safe from insult, and the means be at hand of readily redressing any injury that may be offered; and we shall not soon find ourselves tempted to aggression.'

The following remarks are admirable; and in these unsettled times, both in India and England, we may take a lesson from them:—

'NATIONAL RESTLESSNESS.

'To be strong but placid in our strength, is the condition which we should endeavour to preserve. Restlessness often indicates, or seems to indicate, weakness: and nothing is more contagious than excitement. To be prepared is one thing; to be always making preparations is another. The former neither rouses the fears nor stimulates the presumption of our neighbours; the latter often operates in both directions, for whilst it betrays uneasiness, it suggests an apprehension that such uneasiness is dangerous.'

Germany, at the present time, conscious of her strength, is betraying wonderfully little 'restlessness' after conquest.

[1] 'Contemporary Biography,' by Frederick Martin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.—Sir John served from 1833 to 1845, *not* from 1835, as stated in this work.

[2] Mr. Marshman is C.S.I.—a most worthy companion.

Our last extracts are from 'The Sikh Invasion of British India,' which appeared in the 'Calcutta Review' for September, 1846, by the admirable Sir Herbert Edwardes. Before the terrible victory of Ferozshah—the Indian Waterloo—took place, a bloody battle was fought on the 18th of December, 1845, at Múdkí. The weary foot-sore troops had dragged themselves on to this position, which they reached at noon—'and what a welcome sight met their view! Beneath the walls of the fort spread a wide clear tank of water; and the reader who has not the memory of that long march of twenty-one miles, with heavy sand under foot, and the air thick with the dust disturbed by 15,000 men, cannot paint the eagerness with which men and horses rushed to the bank, and tried to slake a thirst which seemed unquenchable.'

'Young ladies! languishing on your damask couches, you never sipped eau sucrée or lemonade out of a chrystal goblet that was to be compared to a greasy chako full of muddy Múdkí water. Between two and three o'clock . . . . Major Broadfoot again galloped into camp with the news—this time true enough—that the enemy was advancing in force in front.'

Having finished their breakfasts, the whole army, after a march of unusual severity, 'turned out, as if fully recruited, to the battle.' We remember the following passage being much admired in India at the time of its appearance. It is very graphic, and would have done credit to the pen of Sir William Napier, and our best military writers:—

'A PICTURE AT MUDKI.

'Once more the Governor-General, with a courteous bow, that would have done honour to St. James's, waved his dashing staff over to the brave chief of that brave army, and then fell back upon the infantry. The artillery was in the centre of the front line, and the cavalry on either flank, the main body of the infantry in contiguous columns behind, and a reserve in rear of all. A mile and a half at least from their own camp did the British advance in this order before they came under the fire of the Sikh guns; but then the "long bowls" came bounding in among them with deadly aim, and that peculiar *whirr* which makes the young soldier "*bob*" his head.[1] Now tumbrils begin blowing up, and artillery men dropping from their saddles; the mutual roar of cannon reverberates over the plain, and smoke obscures the vision. Closer and closer approach the hostile armies; and a staff officer, almost simultaneously from right and left, gallops up to Sir Hugh with a report that the Sikh cavalry in clouds are turning both his flanks. Right and left he launches his own cavalry upon them; right and left their brilliant charge makes the enemy's horse give way. The British infantry deploy, and advance rapidly in line.'

Without any disparagement to our brave neighbours, it may be said that the Sikhs, during their invasion of British India—one of the most critical periods in Indian history—fought with more system and united determination than the French did in the Franco-German war.

[1] The present writer recollects General Godwin saying to the young gunners at Rangoon (capture of, in 1852)—'Don't "bob" your heads, men: you'll never hear the ball that hits you!'

Dr. Duff, the great Indian missionary and eloquent writer and speaker, contributed to the earlier numbers of the 'Calcutta' some splendid articles on the Khonds of Goomsur; and the present writer, under the doctor's encouraging patronage, had the honour, among a few reviews and notices furnished to our Quarterly, to give the public some account of the 'Tributary Mehals of Orissa, and Recent Operations against Ungool.'

In the 'Calcutta Review' also appeared the first regular account of British connexion with the famous temple of Jagannáth in Orissa, written from official documents. Why will we still persist in calling it Juggernaut? In *jagan*, 'the world,' and *náth*, 'lord' (in Sanskrit), how do we find such a horrible word? Orissa, from the famine which some years back nearly ruined this remarkable province, drew forth the sympathy of both India and England; and the instructive work just published by Mr. Hunter will do much to keep up an interest in its welfare.

We cannot take farewell of the 'Calcutta Review' without thinking of Mr. Marshman's notes on the rivers of Bengal, and how he made the banks of the Hooghly interesting to us all, from vivid descriptions and memories of the past. And now we shall merely say to the favourite periodical, which has instructed and amused us so often in India, Go on, and prosper!—Lang's 'Meerut Review and Magazine' was announced for publication in August, 1846. Editing the 'Mofussilite' at Meerut, killed it at its birth. Mr. Lang had really not time to pay attention to the 'Review.' 'Of the success of such a periodical in the North-Western Provinces,' he wrote in the above year, 'we have no sort of doubt. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that a profit, of *at least* 6,000 rupees (£600) *per annum* might be derived.'

At the end of the year 1848, there were seventeen lithographic presses established in the North-West Provinces, from which newspapers and other periodicals in the native languages were issued, independent of such as were conducted by the Christian missionaries. Of these journals three were in the Persian language, the Palace newspaper of afterwards treacherous Delhi being one; three were in the Nagree character, and the rest were published in Oordoo. The Mussulmans were the chief patrons of periodical literature in the North-West. As the Mahomedan has always been famous for giving a flowing title to his Emperor, or Empress, or to their children—'Throne's Ornament,' 'Light of the World,' 'Light of the Seraglio,' and such like, so we find one of the North-West periodicals enjoying the title of 'The Chief of Newspapers; valuable to good people, but a scourge to the wicked.' Proceeding to Calcutta, we find the 'Hindu Intelligencer,' at that time edited by a Hindu, though written in English, sneering at the 'Juggut Bondhu Patrika,' a journal conducted for and by the junior students of the Hindu College, 'who render into Bengali, with *raw attempts*, the essays

and lessons they read in their class studies;' so we have yet hope of a native Lord Kames, or a Hindu Gifford or Jeffrey. The 'Friend of India' gave a curious piece of information about this time—that the main object of the native journals, published in the native language, 'by natives who have not embraced Christianity,' is to subvert the popular system of idolatry! In 1848-49, the Bengali publications of Calcutta were sixteen, at a monthly subscription varying from one rupee (2s.), to two annas (3d.). We must reserve for a concluding brief paper some matter we have yet in store on periodical literature in Bombay, Madras and Ceylon, particularly Anglo-Indian, which, through presenting our various thoughts and actions to the native mind, in the most truthful and attractive fashion, will surely, among Her Majesty's Hindu and Mahomedan subjects, produce what is so much desired—a healthy state of public opinion.

(To be continued.)

A Beautiful Woman of Genius.[1]

By E. Yapp.

The white-wigged ladies and gentlemen who were the elegance and fashion of the Paris of a century ago were wont to lounge in very different places to those patronised by the *beau monde* of our days. The ugly Boulevard du Temple, that now lies far beyond the last wave of fashion, given over to dingy shops and offices, where a great deal of hard business is driven, to big dusty warehouses belonging to rich Jewish merchants, and dull, old-fashioned apartments, inhabited by the rich Jewish merchants themselves, was one of the gay and favoured haunts in those times. It seems so odd to us now that we can hardly imagine the scene, or believe that society would ever have cared to spend its afternoons there; but nevertheless there it met and chatted, day after day, just a hundred years since. Scores of carriages went up and down, with swelling paniers of flowered silks, and pyramidal head-dresses topped with feathers rising within them, and scores of gentlemen in three-cornered hats and *perruques à queue* rode by their sides, or lounged on the side-walks, while the chairs that lined the way were all occupied in groups, the whole length of the promenade. On one spot, invariably the same, sat a row of old gentlewomen from the Marais, rouged up to their eyes, so stiff and straight in their seats that the young girls could scarcely look at them without laughing. Rouge could only be worn by ladies of the upper classes then, and these decayed gentlewomen were determined to make their privileges manifest. In their big, bare, faded homes down at the Marais they did absolutely nothing but play at loto from morning till night, and one of them, hearing that Monsieur de la Pérouse was going to sail round the world, exclaimed pettishly, 'Dear me, he must have very little to do!' And this was a standing joke for a long time on the Boulevard du Temple.

Near the end of the drive there was a garden, surrounded by covered seats, where a great deal of gay company used to congregate to talk over coffee and ices, and where there was a grand display of fireworks at the

[1] Souvenirs de Madame Vigée Le Brun, Charpentier et Cie.

end of each summer evening. Then there were the gardens of the Palais Royal, not shut in on all sides by colonnades as they are now, but larger and more silvan, with a shady avenue of great trees along one side, beneath which the *belle compagnie* used to assemble, magnificently dressed; the beautiful and too-celebrated Mademoiselle Duthé walking alone with her women friends in another part of the grounds, for however vicious the times may have been, no rigidity was too great in the observance of certain forms. The opera stood close to the Palais Royal then, indeed formed part of the palace itself, and in summer, when the performances were over at half-past eight, it was the fashion to walk in the gardens after leaving the theatre. It was more like a drawing-room than a garden at those hours. The ladies carried immense bouquets, and the warm air was filled with the scent of flowers and of the many perfumes and powders, perfumed too, that they wore in their hair; and one moonlight evening a musician, celebrated at the time, in jest, brought a violin and sung and played under the trees of the avenue. You may imagine how such street music was patronised by the loungers; the artiste's whim was just the one to captivate their refined and *blasé* taste. It had an immense success, a success that flew through the town. Other performers went to the Palais Royal evenings to do likewise, and the fancy became the rage. Carat, Alsevedo, and the famous violinist, St. Georges, became the *pifferari* of the gardens. People streamed out of the opera even before the end of the performance to listen to them, and the Palais Royal was not left solitary until long past midnight.

Lastly, but perhaps most in vogue, there was the Colisée. How completely the Colisée has been swept away!—swept away and forgotten. Its name still lingers as that of a street in the vicinity, but all association has long since dropped, and it is only through a mist of request memories, if at all, that one's fancy conjures up the circular in the Champs-Elysées, with its bright little lake on which smart boatmen carry on jousts during the day, its winding paths shaded with trees and bordered with flowers and seats, its fashionable visitors and its handsome women, its pagodas and its concert-room, where, as the sun goes down the musicians are tuning their instruments in the great orchestra, and on the steps the Duc de Chartres, and a score or two of other elegant *roués* are lounging. This flight of steps is the place where the young men assemble to watch the pretty women go up and down, and to launch stinging epigrams at every vulnerable point they know of, with an insolence of wit and pitiless scorn that is nevertheless permitted, nay, regularly received. The Duc de Chartres, afterwards Philippe Egalité, is leaning on the arm of the Marquis de Guilis, the companion of his insolence and dissipation, and flinging his wit shafts right and left, when

down the steps comes a girl of eighteen, with a very sweet and beautiful face, accompanied by her mother, as fair almost as she. 'Oh! of this one, there is nothing to say,' says the Duke, gently, and the girl's face blushes with a pride and pleasure which she remembered throughout her life.

This young girl, before whom even the sarcasm of Chartres fell powerless, was Mademoiselle Elizabeth Louise Vigée; to become afterwards renowned in art under the name of Madame Vigée-Lebrun. Young as she then was she was already making herself a place among the portrait painters of the time, already discussed and criticised, but more lauded than either, and the pretty hands filled with work, while she was so charming in face and figure, that even among the beautiful women who assembled in these gardens she attracted general attention, 'to such an extent indeed that I was a great deal more embarrassed than flattered by it,' she writes in her memoirs after telling of her beauty with naïve conceit. But she was a very old lady, with hair as white as snow, when she wrote those memoirs, so we must forgive her these touches of vanity.

This woman-artist appears as the type of all that was bright and facile in that age of brilliant men and women. She had beauty and genius, a vivid imagination, lively wit, charm of manner, and a gift that seemed still more especial to her than all these—that of enjoying intensely all that was beautiful in art, whatever form it took, or whatever school it belonged to, so long as it was beautiful; in music and in nature, whether gentle or stormy; in books and conversation—the bright and intellectual conversation of those who gathered round her. Every one of note, from Louis the King, and Talma the actor, knew Madame Lebrun, and had been present one time or other at those little suppers of hers of which the *menu* was as plain and limited as the guests were great and numerous. When the meat failed at the Scarrons' table, the fact furnished fun and laughter for the whole meal; and I think that something of the same kind must often have happened at Madame Lebrun's when she retained more of her guests than usual. There was invariably the same number of *plats*, one of poultry, one of fish, and one of vegetables, with a salad to wind up the repast. But, as to her guests, their name was legion. There were the Maréchale de Noailles and the witty Chevalier de Boufflers, and Vicomte de Ségur, with Madame Lebrun's intimate friends the Marquises de Tabrun and de Grollier, and a number of other pleasant faces and pleasant talkers from Court; Prince Henry of Prussia, who used to take his violin with him and play divinely; the pianists Hulmandel and Cramer; Salentin and his hautbois; the marvellous violinist Viotti, and Jarnovick and Maestrino almost as celebrated as he; Le Brun the poet; the clever and amiable Abbé Delille; Talma, and the great sculptor Chandet; Grétry, Sacchini, and Martini, the com-

posers; Garat, Asvédo, and Richer, of the beautiful voices. Garat was one of the most admirable singers, not only of his time, but of all those who ever lived, and he was one of the artists in ordinary of Madame Lebrun's. And as all the great musical friends of hers eagerly contributed their part, there was some of the best music in Paris to be heard in the little set of rooms of the Rue de Cléry. The young hostess was passionately fond of music, and sometimes sang a little herself; her voice had had scarcely any culture, but it was very agreeable, and Grétry used to tell her that there were silvery tones in it, so, made bold by his praise, she would sing as gaily and frankly as she did everything else. Her sister-in-law, Madame Todi, had an exquisite voice, and was an invaluable element in these impromptu concerts, which got to be talked about all over the town and Court.

But, as I have said, there was a great deal of pleasant talk as well as music at the pretty painter's house, and a great variety of guests assembled there almost each evening. Seigneurs and ladies of Marie Antoinette's court, men of letters, art, and fashion, filled the little rooms so closely that Marshals of France were sometimes obliged to sit on the ground for want of seats; and one evening the Maréchal de Noailles, who was old and fat, had the greatest difficulty to get up again. From among all these Madame Le Brun chose '*les plus aimables*' to invite to her suppers. Suppers had almost entirely taken the place of dinners in Paris at that time, being infinitely preferred, as being lighter, brighter, and merrier. Indeed, they had become world-wide in their celebrity. Elizabeth Le Brun writes glowingly 'that no one can judge of what was society in France, who has not known the time when, the business of the day over, twelve or fifteen persons met at a lady's house to finish their evening there.' The ease and gentle gaiety that reigned at these light repasts of the evening gave them a charm that dinners never can have.

A sort of confidence and intimacy existed amongst the guests; and, as people of refined manners can always banish ceremony with impunity, it was in its suppers that Paris society showed itself superior to any in England.

The rigorous simplicity of her supper-table, round which so many grand friends pressed, was not actuated by poverty, as that of the joyous debt-laden Scarron often was. Her painting had already made her a rich woman, but Monsieur Lebrun appropriated all his young wife's louis d'or as they rolled in, leaving her barely pin-money enough. This succeeded in annoying her sometimes, but, in truth, the young artist knew as much about money or how to use it as a child, and in her secret heart she was well pleased that her house owed nothing of its vogue to luxury or riches. This was not vulgar vanity; she delighted in being liked, was happy to know that she was pretty, but she never cared for

dress or personal adornments, except on one or two peculiar occasions that I shall tell you of by-and-bye, and always gathered the prettiest and pleasantest women about her. At Madame Lebrun's house politics were never talked; they were becoming a dangerous subject then, burning fiercely all those who dabbled in them. Pretty Madame Vigée-Lebrun, with all her artistic genius and facile wit, was by no means a woman of strong intelligence and profound mind. To her sunny and social nature, gay and refined society, in those hours which the indefatigable pursuit of her art allowed her, was an absolute want; and, celebrated as she became through her art, liked and admired as she was in herself, she enjoyed, throughout the greater part of her life, such society as has been vouchsafed to few.

When the Revolution strode on, shaking the earth as it came, and Madame Roland and Madame de Staël had become the inspired sibyls of their circles, wit and music and the *anecdote du jour* were still being talked of in Madame Vigée-Lebrun's little *salons*. Then, when the storm broke out, the light-hearted artist was utterly stricken with terror. With her, it all resolved itself into that one feeling; and, on the momentous 5th of October of the year '89, with her heart throbbing with fear and pain, and her eyes streaming with tears for the unhappy king and queen, who had that day been brought from Versailles, in the midst of a wild armed multitude, she fled with her little girl to Italy.

But this is outrunning by eighteen years the day when Madlle. Vigée promenaded, as a girl of eighteen, the gardens of the Colisée. Elizabeth Vigée was the daughter of a pastel-painter of moderate talent, who very soon noticed the little girl's singular aptitude for drawing; and there was a certain sketch of a bearded man which always remained in Madame Lebrun's portfolio, and which she had drawn one evening when the whole family—she and her father and mother and baby brother—were gathered round the lamp. When the sketch was finished, the little girl—she was about seven then—held it up to her father, and he cried out with delight, 'You will be a painter, *mon enfant*, if ever there has been one in the world;' and the artist always liked to remember, in after years, the kind father's prophecy. M. Vigée adored his daughter, petting and indulging her in everything, always ready to laugh and jest with her. Indeed, he was never anything but easy and merry-hearted; too much so sometimes for his wife's repose and comfort. She was gentle and pious, and her husband looked up to her and loved her as a saint, but he often failed to withstand that terrible gaiety of his. At six years old, little Elizabeth Vigée went to school at a convent, and filled the books and copy-books and convent walls with impromptu sketches, and the nuns' hearts with irritation. Then, as her health was delicate, she was often taken home for a time, and these holiday days—happy days—were spent

in her father's studio, where she revelled, wild with delight, amongst the pencils, brushes, and colours. In fact, she was always drawing, and one wonders how she could have found time to pick up all the varied information she possessed. But she was wonderfully quick, and, though adoring her art with an intensity that delighted and impassioned her throughout her life, she yet took deep pleasure in subjects both touching it and foreign to it, and, an artist to the heart's core, she possessed herself of such knowledge as a subject-painter finds of necessity, but which seldom accompanies the talent of a portraitist.

At this early time, Mdlle. Vigeé already began to taste some of the sweets of society; her father, whom everyone liked, used constantly to gather round his supper table a number of literary men, poets and painters; many of them were not very great in their art, but none were invited who could not be witty and gay, and Elizabeth, who always quitted the table before the meal was over, would lie in her little bed, listening, with ears strained, to the songs and laughter, and gracefully-turned verses that were heard there.

When, at eleven years old, Elizabeth Vigée left the convent for good, and installed herself among the easels and colour-boxes of the Bohemian home, she was the Ugly Duckling of the family. Her brother was *beau comme un ange*, but the young girl had an enormous forehead, and looked so pale and thin and weak, that Madame Vigée was inconsolable at her plainness. Three years later, men, and women too, turned to look at the mother and daughter, as they passed in the public gardens. The metamorphosis had taken place, and Mdlle. Vigée was radiantly pretty.

Poor Elizabeth had only enjoyed one year of her free, merry, home-life, when her father and dearest companion died, and she was left in bitter grief. Even her cherished art, through associated memories, was pain to her, and she could scarcely be induced to touch a pencil. Nevertheless, her mother conjectured rightly that that influence would still be the best to divert her daughter from her sorrow, and with this idea took her to all the picture-galleries, public and private, of the capital. The Regent's collection in the Palais Royal, the greater part of which was bought later during the Revolution, by Lord Stafford, and a number of other galleries belonging to wealthy noblemen, were magnificent at that period, and she, whose child's heart beat hard with delightful excitement when her father's friends talked enthusiastically of painting, and who, years afterwards, remained so long on her knees before the cartoons of Raphael ranged along the floor at Hampton Court, that the attendant approached, full of anxiety and curiosity, to investigate the reason of the lady's unprecedented devotion, could not stand indifferent, or even very sorrow-laden, in the presence of *chef-d'œuvres*, and her eyes feasted with delight as she passed slowly from one to another, learning precious

lessons as she went. Rubens and Rembrandt, Raphael and Perugino, Vandyke with his delicate portraits, Greuze with his soft female faces, taught her, as she studied or copied them, as if they had been her living masters. They were, indeed, almost the only ones she had. When she first took up her pencils again after her father's death, she worked in the evening with a young friend, pretty Mdlle. Boquet, whose head fell on the scaffold in the Reign of Terror; her crime being that she had given a little fête at her château to celebrate the marriage of a friend, and had 'burnt the candles of the nation,' the revolutionists said, and so she was condemned to the guillotine. The two girls sat together in the evening at Mdlle. Boquet's house, and drew any bust or beautiful object they could get from the shop down stairs, for M. Boquet was a dealer in objects of art and curiosity. Then, in the day-time, they often went to draw and paint in Briard's studio at the Louvre. Briard had been a friend of Mdlle. Vigée's father, and though he was an indifferent painter, he was a good draughtsman. Besides, he had numbers of casts from the antique in his studio, and there the two girls, in company with half-a-dozen other pupils, worked away energetically all day, having their dinner with them in a little basket, and regaling themselves particularly upon some *bœuf à la mode*, which they bought from one of the *concierges* of the Louvre, and which Madame Le Brun declared to the end of her life, was the best she ever tasted.

Precious as the hours in that studio were to her, Briard had but little hand in her progress, and with Briard began and ended the list of her actual teachers.

All else she learned through her own rare aptitude, through words of advice which the great painters of the time all readily afforded her, and everyone of which fell upon fertile ground and fructified. '*Mon enfant*,' said Joseph Vernet, whose acquaintance she owed to the remarks made in the artistic world of her wonderfully rapid progress in art. '*Mon enfant*, follow no one system or no one school. Study the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters, but above all, paint as much as possible from nature; nature is the first and best of all masters.' And Elizabeth Vigée followed this and other advice so well and so ardently, that she was already earning money with her portrait-painting at fifteen, and a little more than a year later, she painted a portrait of her mother, which created a great sensation, and the Duchesse de Chartres, besides other ladies of the royal family, applied to her for portraits. Mdlle. Vigée's room overlooked the terrace of the Palais Royal, from which the young duchess, as she walked there with her ladies, often glanced up with interest and admiration at the pretty girl-artist; and when the portrait was finished, the duchess spoke in such praise of her to her friends, that one by one nearly all the noble ladies of the Faubourg

St. Germain came in turn to visit her studio, and the young painter was soon busy enough. Demands for portraits began to flow in upon her, the numbers of these increasing as rapidly as her reputation. Her talent grew indeed most wonderfully; the child seemed suddenly to have become a known artist; before twenty, Mdlle. Vigée had painted a hundred and sixteen portraits, and she was only just out of her teens when she had the honour of a visit from the *Secretaire Perpétuel* of the Academy, d'Alembert, who in acknowledgment of her talent, came himself to thank her for the portraits of La Bruyère and the Cardinal de Fleury, which she had presented to the Institute, and to beg her to accept a seat at their next meeting, to all of which she was henceforth to have free admittance.

It was not long after this that Mdlle. Vigée, who had then become Madame Le Brun, was present at one of the meetings of the Academy, when La Harpe read an ode on feminine talent, in which there was an excessive eulogium of Madame Le Brun, not only praising her genius but naming her a modern Rosalba of beauty and brilliancy, with the voice of Favart and the smile of Venus. Madame Le Brun had not heard of the verses beforehand, and as the poet spoke he looked towards her and everyone in the hall, the Duchess de Chartres and the King of Sweden, who were present with the rest, rose and turned towards her, applauding with all their might, while pretty Madame Le Brun almost fainted with the confusion of pleasure, surprise and emotion. Eight years later, she herself became a member of the Academy, and subsequently of those of Rouen, Avignon, Saint Luc, Rome, Arcadia, Parma, Bologna, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Geneva.

While Mdlle. Vigée's young reputation was growing, people in the highest circles of society sought introductions to her, and as she was then acquainted with the great artists of the time, the number of her friends swelled rapidly, and she had more invitations than she could respond to. The bright girl-artist was a petted guest in a dozen pleasant *salons*; at Madame de Geofrin's, historical in its celebrity, at Lemoine's, the sculptor, in whose big studio a crowd of celebrated men assembled, at the Princesse de Rohan-Rochefort's, about whose supper-table the brilliant and amiable Duc de Lauzun, and a dozen other noblemen of his stamp, the Duc de Choiseul and the Cardinal de Rohan, the superb Comtesse de Brionne, and her daughter, the Princesse de Lorraine, tried who could be wittiest and pleasantest, and where Elizabeth Vigée sat, silent as yet, enthralled by the charm of their conversation. It was at Lemoine's that Mdlle. Elizabeth went to her first dinner-party, followed fast by many others; but she soon gave up dining out altogether. Dinners were earlier in those days, and the hours of daylight were too precious to her to waste, and, moreover, one day when she was engaged

to dine with the Princesse de Rohan-Rochefort, the young girl was all ready dressed in a new white satin gown, when suddenly a thought struck her with regard to a portrait she had in hand, and running into her studio, she began eyeing it critically, seating herself as she did so upon a chair upon which she had placed a wet palette an hour before. The pretty white satin dress was spoiled of course, and Mdlle. Elizabeth had to stay at home, whereupon she made up her mind to refuse all future invitations to dinner, and steadfastly adhere to her resolve.

Beautiful as Elizabeth Vigée was, wearing the double charm of youth and talent, there were naturally not a few among the gay young men of that time who had their faces painted by her for the sole reason of admiring her own. When the young artist perceived that this was the case, she always chose an attitude *à regards perdus*, in which the sitter looks away from the painter; and whenever the glance came round towards the pretty face of the worker and her little earnest fingers, she would cry out 'I am at the eyes,' and the looks had to go off and lie *perdus* again. Of course her subjects were terribly discomforted at this, while Mdlle. Vigée hid her merry triumph; and her mother, who was always present at these sittings, and was in the secret, laughed heartily to herself.

There was one dismal feature, and a very intrusive one, in these years of her girlhood. Her father had left no fortune; and although Mdlle. Elizabeth was soon able to earn large sums of money, yet as she was the sole support of her family, and there were the expenses of her young brother's education to defray, the charge became too heavy a one, and her mother, with the sole regard to her interests, accepted the hand of a rich jeweller, who turned out not only to be a very disagreeable man, but moreover miserly to excess—a vice which Mdlle. Vigée was signally destined to suffer from. He scarcely allowed them enough for the necessaries of life, though Mdlle. Vigée relinquished all her earnings to him at first, in spite of her old friend, Joseph Vernet's repeated and angry remonstrances; glad, for her mother's sake, to maintain, at any rate, peace thereby at home. But this wretched addition to the family could not mar all Mdlle. Elizabeth's light-heartedness; her own happy temperament, her art, in which she revelled with all the capacity of her bright fancy, the society she enjoyed, with the many and lasting friendships it brought her, consoling her in this as they were to compensate her later for the domestic happiness of which her married life was almost entirely void, and which she was not perhaps one to build about her.

Mdlle. Vigée was by no means inclined to marry when her mother blindly and foolishly pressed upon her the offer of M. Le Brun, a great amateur in painting, who had made Mdlle. Vigée's acquaintance by obligingly lending to her from his gallery of pictures some magnificent

works which he had learned she wished to copy. Bearing a name which was already becoming known to the world, her future assured by the large income which she was able to make, and joyous possessor of her twenty summers, the idea of becoming Madame Le Brun was far from alluring to her. But she so disliked living with her disagreeable step-father, that she finally consented, thus throwing herself from Charybdis into Scylla; for although M. Le Brun was neither ill-tempered nor ungentlemanly, he was as grasping as her own step-father; and, more than this, had a passion for the gaming-table and other dissipations such as that age was well calculated to breed and foster. So poor Mdlle. Vigée paid dearly for her imprudence. M. Le Brun began at once to possess himself of the large sums which were paid to his wife for her portraits, going once so far as to refuse her two *louis* which she asked to keep out of twelve thousand francs he had just received for her. Once only, when her husband was absent from Paris, did Madame Le Brun obtain for herself the whole price for a picture, and M. Le Brun often neglected altogether to inform her of moneys he had received in her name, and which he put immediately into speculations of his own. When his wife left France he had dissipated every *écu* she had earned, and she had made more than a million of francs. It is true that she was, as I have said before, as careless and ignorant with money as a child, and I doubt whether her husband's rapacity ever caused her more than a few moments' trouble and regret. She had her carriage, her studio, her little suite of rooms, which were all her own, in the midst of her husband's big gilded apartments, and this was sufficient for the groundwork of her pleasure. In her own dress, too, her tastes were most inexpensive and simple; she always wore white, generally either of muslin or cashmere; and while all the world wore pyramids of powdered hair and perruques, feathers and flowers, hats, castles, and even frigates on their heads, Madame Le Brun arranged her hair herself under a simple head-dress—usually a light gauze veil twisted into her hair, as she has it in her portrait at the Louvre, leaving its colour undisguised.

The artist used all her efforts to introduce some of this simplicity into the dress of those whom she painted. She detested the costume of the time, with its puffings and powder, buckram and tight-lacing; and whenever she could gain the confidence of her '*modèles*' she would drape them in broad scarfs, lightly placed about the figure and arms. She obtained from the handsome Duchesse de Grammont-Caderousse that while sitting for her portrait she would wear her hair, which was as black as jet, without any powder, and falling in curls on her neck—the very antithesis of the fashion. And because of the sittings being prolonged until the hour of dinner, and perhaps because the duchesse became secretly enamoured of her new coiffure, she used to leave her hair as

Madame Le Brun's artistic fingers had placed it, and being a very pretty and a very fashionable woman, the new style was imitated, admired, and finally became the rage.

In 1786, when Madame Le Brun was painting a portrait of the queen, she begged her to wear her hair without powder, and parted over the forehead. 'I shall be the last to follow that fashion,' said Marie Antoinette, laughingly, 'it will be sure to be said of me that I did it to hide my great forehead.' Madame Le Brun painted a great many portraits of the queen at different times. When first the young artist, scarcely four and-twenty, found herself in the presence of the superb, queen-like sovereign of France, she felt terribly timid; but Marie Antoinette's gentle voice and manner, her sweet affability, placed her at her ease at once, and won her heart for ever to the royal and unfortunate lady. It is interesting to read once again in the painter's assurances, of that beauty whose memory will last as long as history. 'Marie Antoinette was tall,' writes Madame Le Brun, 'admirably formed, with just enough *embonpoint*. Her arms were superb, her hands small, perfect in form, and her feet charming.' Then, after recalling feature after feature, the proud countenance with which we are all so familiar, the artist adds that 'that which was still most remarkable in her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. I have never seen any so brilliant; the skin was so transparent that no shadow seemed to remain upon it. I could not render it as I wished; colours seemed to fail me with which to paint the freshness and delicacy of the tints which appeared in this charming face, and which I have never seen equalled in any other woman.'

The artist delights to tell of the queen's affable manners. One day Madame Le Brun, who was unwell at the time, expecting, indeed, the birth of her second child, was unable to keep her appointment at Versailles. The royal carriages were standing in the courtyard, waiting for the queen to drive out, when she hastened to the palace on the following day to excuse herself, and one of the gentlemen in waiting received her with a very frigid manner, saying, angrily, that it was yesterday that her Majesty had expected her, that her Majesty was sure to drive out, and would certainly give her no sitting that day; but the queen had her at once into her drawing-room, where the artist found her with her daughter, little Madame Royale, who was repeating a lesson to her mother, while the queen's toilette was being concluded. Madame Le Brun was rather nervous about the breach of etiquette she had committed the day before, but Marie Antoinette turned towards her, saying in her sweetest voice, 'I expected you all yesterday morning; did anything happen?' 'Alas, Madame,' answered Madame Le Brun, 'I was so unwell that I could not respond to your Majesty's commands. I have come to-day to receive

them, and I leave again directly.' But the queen would not hear of her journey being made for nothing, and, relinquishing her drive, said she would sit to her at once. In her haste to open and arrange her colours, Madame Le Brun upset the whole of her box on the floor. '*Laissez, laissez*,' cried the queen, as the artist stooped down to repair her awkwardness, 'you are not in a condition for such exertion.' And the queen insisted upon picking up everything herself.

Marie Antoinette occupied herself constantly with the care of imparting to her children those kind and gracious manners she loved. Madame Royale was six years old at the time when Madame Vigée Le Brun was painting this portrait at Versailles, and the lady-artist was once present at a dinner at which the princess was entertaining a little peasant girl, whom the princess was to care and provide for. The queen was busy superintending the repast, teaching her little girl the gracious duties of a hostess, and requiring that the little peasant should be helped first, showing her daughter how that 'it was she who was to do the honours.'

In 1786 Madame Le Brun completed a very prettv portrait of the queen, in a straw hat and simple muslin dress, and this picture, which was exhibited in the *Salon* of that year, brought about an event of interest. Towards the end of the season, a little piece, called the *Réunion des Arts*, was produced at the theatre of the Vaudeville, and some friends of Madame Le Brun's, who had secretly concerted with the author of the comedy, took Madame Le Brun to see it on the first night. When the curtain drew up, and the actress personifying Painting appeared upon the stage, Madame Le Brun perceived to her astonishment that the actress was made up so as to imitate herself to a marvellous degree, and represented her as painting the famous portrait of the queen. At this, everyone in the house turned towards Madame Le Brun's box, applauding her madly. Rarely had talent—talent such as hers, which communicated itself neither in spoken words nor in song—brought such great and public homage to a woman, and never in all the artist's life was she so touched and thrilled as by the ovation of that night.

Besides the numerous portraits of the queen, Madame Le Brun painted in succession almost all the members of the royal family; the queen's children, the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, and Monsieur, the king's brother; Madame, and the Comtesse d'Artois. The king and his youngest brother, the Comte d'Artois, alone, did not sit to the clever artist; it was by chance, or rather by the terrible course of events, that she was never to count Louis the Sixteenth among her *modèles*. He himself had desired it; in '89, when Madame Le Brun had fled to Italy, the members of the king's family begged him earnestly to sit for his portrait, but his answer always was, that he would wait for Madame Le

Brun's return, 'and then she shall paint my portrait as a companion to that of the queen; a full-length portrait, representing me as giving to M. de la Pérouse my sanction to make the tour of the world.'

Monsieur, afterwards Louis the Eighteenth pleased the lady-painter excessively with his pleasant converse. 'He talked on every subject with as much taste as learning,' she writes in her *memoire*. But sometimes, to vary, doubtless, the monotony of the sittings, he had the unlucky idea of singing her some songs, very stupid songs, too, and so frightfully out of tune that Madame Le Brun's musical ear was put to the torture. He asked her one day how she thought he sang.

'Like a prince, monseigneur,' answered Madame le Brun with ready tact.

Among these court portraits, Madame Le Brun painted that of the gentle Princesse de Lamballe, whose fate was destined to be so horrible, and entirely through her own devotion, for she was at Turin, far from all danger, when she heard of the queen's peril, and returned at once to her royal friend's side and to her own awful death.

I have not yet spoken of the time when Marie Antoinette was first seen by Madame Le Brun—for the artist had already been in her presence once, when she tremblingly assumed her brushes and palette before the grand Queen of Versailles. It was in the beautiful grounds of the country palace of Marly-le-Roi. Madame Le Brun was strolling through them with her mother, when suddenly they came in sight of the queen, who was walking in the park with some of her ladies. 'They were all dressed in white,' wrote the artist afterwards, 'and looked so young and so pretty, that they seemed to me like some wondrous apparition.' Madame Le Brun was moving hastily away, when the queen went up to her and begged her to continue her walk whenever it pleased her.

The last time that Madame Vigée Le Brun painted her royal *modèle* was for a large picture, in which the queen was represented with her three children. This was at the end of 1787, when Marie-Antoinette, the king, the court and all royalty and monarchy were becoming the objects of a thousand calumnies, the fore-runners of a growing tempest of scorn, defiance, and hatred. Madame Le Brun finished the picture for the exhibition of the following spring, and even the gilt frame, which was sent first, sufficed to excite a multitude of bitter remarks. 'There is the deficit!' cried some, amidst other things, so stinging that Madame Le Brun was in agony as to the reception of her work—not for the sake of that work alone. On the day her painting was sent to the exhibition she dare not go herself to ascertain its fate, but shutting herself in her room, and throwing herself on her knees in a fever of fear, she prayed passionately to God for the welfare of 'her royal family.' An hour or

two later her brother and a crowd of friends came to tell her that her picture had been received with universal approbation.

After the exhibition was over the king had the painting taken to Versailles, and M. d'Angevilliers, who was then Minister of Fine Arts, and director of the royal palaces, presented the painter herself to the king. Louis the Sixteenth talked to her a long time in his kind and pleasant way, told her how pleased he was with the picture, and then added, as he turned to look again upon the portraits of his wife and children:—

'I know nothing about painting, but you make me love it.'

A few days afterwards, M. d'Angevilliers went to inform Madame Le Brun that the king wished to present her with the order of Saint-Michel, an honour which had never been accorded to a woman, and only to men who held the highest places in art and letters. But as the court itself was calumniated, so was there no one who touched it or received ought of its favours whom calumny did not strive to blacken, and in Madame Le Brun's case, the cause for persecution was increased by envy, and she had to bear the most odious attacks, sometimes even from those whose gentler nurture and position in society ought to have instilled into them more delicacy and dignity. Thus, when this exceeding honour was brought for her acceptation, Madame Le Brun was afraid; and resisting alike her gratitude, pleasure, and pride, begged M. d'Angevilliers to use all his efforts that the king should relinquish the idea of according her so great a favour. But a few years later, when a fêted guest in Vienna, she heard that her king and queen had perished on the scaffold, the thought of her cowardice in that refusal caused her poignant pain, as she recurred, as she loved to do, to the king's constant marks of goodness towards her.

The picture of the royal mother and her children was placed in one of the rooms of Versailles, through which Marie-Antoinette used to pass on her way to and from mass. In the early part of the year 1789, the eldest son, the first Dauphin, died, and the sight of the picture affected the queen so cruelly, that she requested M. d'Angevilliers to have it removed; but, with her thoughtful kindness, she immediately sent to inform Madame Le Brun of the removal, and of the motives that had actuated the change. If it had not been for this pain and its result, the work had never probably survived the Revolution, for the savage crowd that came to seek the king and queen at Versailles would surely not have left it unscathed if they had found it on their passage. It would have shared the treatment of Marie-Antoinette's bed, which was pierced through and through in a hundred places.

These tales of king and queen have carried me on through many years, far away from that early time of Elizabeth's marriage, with its triumphs and mingled mortifications. The demands made to her for

portraits were too numerous for her to satisfy; and yet M. Le Brun, with a view of increasing her income, persuaded her to take some pupils. So the artist had a huge loft fitted up as a studio, and there began her lessons. But the teaching scheme did not last long, for while, on the one hand, the task of correcting faulty attempts at heads and hands was very wearying to the painter, especially as her own beloved brushes were lying idle meanwhile in her deserted studio, on the other hand, all her pupils, with the exception of Mdlle. Roux de la Ville, were older than herself, and Madame Le Brun, with her pretty face and childlike ways, was certainly not formed to inspire them with respectful awe. One day when the mistress made her entrance among her pupils, she found they had fastened a cord to one of the beams of the roof, and were swinging one another, amidst peals of laughter. The mistress put on a very serious air, began reading them a superb lecture upon loss of time, and then—thought she would just try the swing, and seating herself upon it was soon enjoying it more than anyone else. I do not know whether this was the climax, but at any rate, Madame Le Brun shortly afterwards gave up her pupils, and in spite of her interest in Mdlle. Emilie—who was a clever little student, already drawing in pastil so prettily that Madame Le Brun predicted the success which she afterwards attained—was heartily glad of the relief.

Two years after her marriage, her little girl—her *petite brunette*, as she used afterwards to call her—came into the world, and, for a time, Madame Le Brun forgot everything, even her beloved painting, in the delight of her motherhood.

The number of portraits painted by Madame Vigée Le Brun was truly prodigious. The difficulty of being put down in her list naturally made that achievement the one thing desired, and to be painted by Madame Le Brun became fairly the rage. Before she left France, in '89—then in her her thirty-fourth year—she had painted four hundred and seventy portraits and duplicates. Nor did the artist consent to paint all those who came to her, especially those whose faces were unpleasing or expressionless. And she persisted pitilessly in her excuses to two important personages, a gentleman and his daughter, I think—but I quote from a a souvenir read long ago—who were so plain that neither the eagerness of their wishes, nor the golden liberality of their offers, could persuade her.

She often had as many as three sittings in one day, but this excess of work began to tell upon her health, although she was full of strength and energy; and friends and physician enforced the promise of a daily siesta. So, every afternoon Madame Le Brun closed her curtains against her impatience, and forced herself to take a short repose, which she used to call *son calme*, and to which she owed her long-continued capabilities of working, and even her life, she used to aver.

Her evenings she almost invariably spent in society, at her own house or at those of her friends, who were numerous, pleasant, and great, as we have seen. Sometimes it was a ball, 'which was not a stifling crush as a ball is now-a-days,' wrote Madame Le Brun, in her souvenirs of those days and those evenings, than to which none, in her estimation, could ever in any way approach. 'Eight persons alone formed the *contre danse*, and the women who could not dance could at least see those who did, as the men stood up behind them.' But Madame Le Brun never cared for dancing, although she sometimes enjoyed looking on at the figures and *pas*, which were a refined and finished accomplishment in that time. She much preferred the houses where conversation and music formed the amusements of the evening. Private theatricals, too, were especial favourites with her and her friends; in Madame Le Brun's own immediate circle a little company was formed, and played operettes and comedies together. She herself acted the soubrettes, her sister-in-law sang and played admirably as First Lady, and her brother was thought irresistible as Young Lover. All acquitted themselves well with the exception of Talma. Yes! Talma was one of their troupe, but walked their little amateur stage so stiffly, was so awkward and embarrassed, that he caused them some anxiety and no little amusement. Great, indeed, was the surprise of all when Talma surpassed one after another the admirable actors of the time, and stood unparalleled, except by John Kemble. I have already spoken of the beautiful music which was heard at Madame Vigée Le Brun's own house, and you have not forgotten her suppers—'*où l'on ne parlait jamais politique*'—where the dishes were simple and the guests celebrated. One of these suppers, as it so happened, was talked of from Paris to Petersburg, and I shall tell it you just as Madame Le Brun told it herself, in her own words:—

'One day I had invited some twelve or fifteen persons to hear some verses by the poet Le Brun—Pindare; my brother, read aloud to me during *mon calme*, a few pages out of the "Travels of Anacharsis." When he came to the description of a Greek dinner, in which the mode of preparing several sauces was given, he exclaimed "You might introduce those into your suppers this evening." I forthwith called in my cook, put her *au courant*, arranged with her that a certain Greek sauce should be made for the fowls and another for the eels. As I expected some very pretty women, the idea occurred to me that we would dress ourselves in Greek costumes, so as to surprise M. de Vandenil and M. de Boutin, who were to arrive, I knew, at ten o'clock. My studio stored with all the draperies which I had used in my portraits, would provide the materials, and the Comte de Parois, whose apartments were in the same house as ours, had a splendid collection of Etruscan vases. He happened to call upon me that same afternoon, and when I communicated my

project to him, he ran immediately to fetch me a number of cups and vases, amongst which I made a choice, and dusting and polishing all these objects myself, arranged them on a long mahogany table that was laid without a table-cloth. When this was done, I placed behind the chairs (they were ranged only one side of the table, and at the two ends) an immense screen, which I covered carefully with draperies, looped up at regular intervals as in the pictures of Nicolas Poussin; a lamp suspended from the ceiling shed a strong light upon the table. Everything was prepared, including the costumes, when Joseph Vernet's daughter, pretty Madame Chalgrin, made her appearance, and I immediately transformed her coiffure and dress. Then came the second arrival, Madame de Bonneuil, who was remarkable for her beauty, and Madame Vigée, my sister-in-law, who, although far less pretty, had the most beautiful eyes in the world; in a few minutes stood all three, metamorphosed into veritable Athenian women. Le Brun-Pindare,[1] the poet next appeared, and he had to shake the powder from his hair and undo his side curls, and I then placed upon his flowing locks a laurel crown, with which I had just been painting little Prince Henry Labomirski as *Amour de la gloire*. The Comte de Varois had a great crimson cloak that served to drape my poet, whom I transformed from Pindare into Anacreon.

"Next the Marquis de Culières arrived, and while he sent home for a guitar, which he had had mounted as a golden lyre, I arranged his costume and those of M. de Rivière, the *chargé d'affaires* for the Court of Saxony, and Guinguené, the historian, and the famous sculptor, Chandet.

"It was getting late, and I had little time to give to myself, but as I always wore white dresses cut in the form of tunics, or blouses as they are now called, a long white veil and a wreath of flowers in my hair were all I needed. I paid special sttention to my little girl, an extremely pretty child, and to Mdlle. de Bonneuil, now Madame Regnault d'Angely, who was beautiful as an angel. They were both charming to see, each holding a light antique vase, and ready to fill our cups.

"At half-past nine the preparations were completed, and when we had all taken our seats the effect of our table was so new, so picturesque, that we each left our places in turn to gaze upon those who remained seated. At ten o'clock we heard the carriage of the Comte de Vaudreuil and M. de Boutin drive into the courtyard, and when the two gentlemen approached the folding-doors of the *salle à manger*, which I had opened wide, they discovered us singing Glück's chorus, "The God of Paphos and Cuide," while the Marquis de Culières accompanied us on his "lyre." Never in all my life have I seen two faces so astonished, so stupefied, as were those of M. de Vaudreuil and his friend! They were so surprised

[1] This was no relation, I believe, of M. Le Brun, her husband.

and charmed, that they remained some minutes before they could make up their minds to take the places we had reserved for them.

'Besides the two dishes of which I have already spoken, we had a Greek cake, made of honey and currants, and two dishes of vegetables. It is true, we drank that evening a bottle of old Cyprus wine, which had been given me, but there ended our excesses. We did not leave the table any worse for this, however. Le Brun recited several odes of Anacreon, which he had translated, and I do not think ever to have passed a more amusing evening. De Boutin and de Vaudreuil were so enthusiastic about it, that they talked of it to all their acquaintances the next day. Some ladies of the court asked me to renew the pleasantry. I refused for various reasons, and several amongst them were wounded at my refusal. The rumour soon spread that the supper had cost me twenty thousand francs. The King spoke of it, with evident disapprobation to the Marquis de Culières, who had fortunately been one of my guests, and could thus convince His Majesty of the absurdity of the report. Nevertheless, that which at Versailles had been esteemed at the modest price of twenty thousand francs, went up to forty thousand at Rome; at Vienna, I heard from the Baronne de Stragonaff, that I spent sixty thousand francs for my Greek banquet; and at St. Petersburg, as you know, *chère amie*, the sum remained definitely fixed at eighty thousand francs, while the truth is that the supper cost me about fifteen!'

And thus, after the pleasant, pretty evening was over, there were the thorns in the cushion. Some complimentary person once said to Madame Le Brun, 'When I look at you, and think of your renown, I seem to see rays of light around your brow.' 'Ah! but those rays have many little serpents among them,' answered the artist, with a sigh. And though in her case the rays were broad and bright, and the 'little serpents' very small indeed, yet her thoughts were troubled by their low hisses, which converted her fame into favour, and the money she made by her art into riches of fabulous enormity.

Curious faces came and went among the extraordinary stream of men and women that during her life Madame Le Brun saw and painted. There was the Duchesse de Mazarin, at whose birth, it was always said, three fairies must have presided, the Fairy of Beauty, the Fairy of Riches, and the Fairy of Ill-luck, for though the first two gifts had been lavishly bestowed upon her, it seemed as if nothing she undertook would turn out well. She never gave a fête but something went wrong with it. It is true that her ideas possessed more originality than practibility. For one of her balls she imagined a grand surprise. In the centre of the supper table stood an enormous patty, in which a hundred pretty live birds were hidden; but when the pie was opened the birds, instead of

beginning to sing, flew wildly into the big, frizzled, powdered, and laboriously constructed head-dresses of the lady guests, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were extricated therefrom, amid the shrieks and ill-humour of the dishevelled women. Then there was Davish Khan, the magnificent Indian ambassador, who thought that the portrait of Madame Le Brun painted of him had a soul, and almost killed his valet on finding that it had been secretly taken away, for it was only by fraud that Madame Le Brun could obtain it in order to send it to the exhibition, where it had been understood it was to go. And Caillan, the exquisite singer, who on hearing several persons hiss him one night, when an accidental break in his voice happened while he was singing, walked off the stage, and never could the most earnest entreaties and prayers ever induce him to appear again. Yet he was by no means a vindictive man, and his handsome, laughing face, so pleased the artist that she finished her admirable portrait of him at one sitting. And Madame Dubarry, whom Madame Le Brun went to paint, and whom she stayed with at Louvecienne, where the ex-court favourite, a handsome woman, still lived in almost total solitude, acting Lady Bountiful to the poor around. And there, at Louvecienne, as they two sat by the fire in the evening, Madame Dubarry would sometimes talk of Louis Quinze and his court, always in very general and careful terms, and as if half reluctant, yet half-laughingly eager to turn back to them. And M. Campan, gentleman of the bed-chamber to Louis Seize, a great deal more majestic than the king, and with such a big, commanding voice, that on listening to it one day that the court gentleman was sitting talking in the artist's *salon*, Madame Le Brun's little girl pulled her mother's skirt, and whispered '*Maman bien sûr*, this is the king, is it not?' And M. de Montesquion, equerry to Monsieur, in his marvellous seat of Mauupertius, where there were apartments for thirty guests, with their servants and horses, and each of these thirty guests magnificently lodged.

M. de Montesquion drew Madame Le Brun's horoscope, and predicted, amongst other things, that she would live very long to be an '*aimable vieille*,' which proved true enough. And the famous Lady Hamilton, whom she painted as a Bacchante, reclining on the sea-shore, with a golden cup in her hands, and again as a Sibyl. And the pretty but horribly indolent Comtesse Scawronska, wife of the Russian ambassador at Naples, and niece of the famous Potemkin, who was so lazy that she could not be induced to put on any of her magnificent dresses, or to wear the big diamonds and other superb jewels her uncle lavished upon her, and who told Madame Le Brun that in order to go to sleep at night she had a slave girl under her bed, who told her the same story over and over again. And Paësiello, the composer, whose portrait she painted as he was composing a cantata that was to be played before the Queen of

Naples. And the Queen of Naples herself, whose sweet face the artist had the greatest delight in copying. Nevertheless, it was so frightfully hot one day, as she sat painting the queen at Naples, that both painter and sitter fell fast asleep, and woke simultaneously a long while afterwards, when they laughed heartily at the impertinent *siesta*. And the handsome and dignified Princesse Dalgoruki, so celebrated for her *salon*, not only throughout Russia, but through all Europe. And the Prince of Wales, who had a full-length portrait of himself painted by Madame Le Brun, and had it put upon a stand with castors, like a cheval glass, so that the lady to whom he presented it could set it and turn it whenever she minded. And Lady Wellesley and Lord Byron, Talma and Joseph Vernet,—singers, actresses, tragedians, comedians, authors and painters; Paul the First, of Russia, Catherine the Great, and the members of the royal family and beauties of the court in every country she visited—Italy, Austria, England, Russia, Holland, Prussia, and Belgium. Of all and of each she writes gaily and cleverly in her memoirs—in the voluminous letters written by the '*aimable vieille*' in the quiet of her old age, as she looked lingeringly back along the course of her long life.

It was on the momentous 5th of October that Madame Le Brun fled from Paris, which she was not to see again for more than twelve years. She had long been, or thought she had been, an object of especial hatred on the part of the revolutionists; and, besides her own personal fears, she suffered the cruellest anxiety for her friends, many of whom were 'aristocrats,' who, one after another, were being overtaken by danger. Her fears prevented her at last from continuing her painting, then seriously affected her health. Her good friends the Brougniarts, who had an apartment at the Invalides, where the gentleman held some appointment, had her taken to their house by one of the doctors of the Palais Royal, whose servants wore the Orleans livery, the only one respected at the time, and they nursed her, petted her, and fed her with dainties. But it was all in vain; the painter's pretty, bright world had all turned into something hideous and unrecognisable, and she had no courage to meet the horrid transformation. Once more she tried, by shutting herself up at home, to forget some of her fears, or at any rate to occupy her mind with her well-loved occupation, but she could no longer be happy in the studio of the Rue de Cléry. Then she was taken to the house of M. de Rivière, whose daughter her brother had married, and at whose house took place those pleasant theatricals of which I have spoken. There Madame Le Brun was in personal safety, for M. de Rivière was minister for Saxony, and his protection was, therefore, a sure one. But she could neither close her ears nor shut out her apprehensions. Libels were being poured out against her acquaintances, against her friends, against herself. Many might have said, as one did,

'I am accused of stealing the towers of Notre-Dame; they are still in their places, but I shall run away, nevertheless, for it is clear that people are very angry with me about it.'

And Madame Le Brun, too, resolved to run away; indeed, thought it necessary to do so for the safety of her life, and under these miserable circumstances determined to put into execution her long cherished desire to go to Rome. There were several half-finished portraits on her easels, and now at this very time M. de Laborde brought his daughter (once known as the Duchess de Noailles) to be painted by Madame Le Brun. He was extremely anxious for the portrait, named a princely sum, and the young girl herself—which was the greatest temptation of all to the artist—was so indescribably charming, that the refusal was a hard one to make. 'But there was no longer any question,' said Madame Le Brun, 'either of means or of fortune; the only question was to save one's head.'

So she resisted the sweet face of the future Duchesse de Noailles, had her carriage packed and her passport got ready to leave with her little girl, and the little girl's governess on the following day, when a crowd of national guards, musket in hand, some drunk, others harsh-looking and insolent, and all miserably and dirtily dressed, made a sudden eruption in her drawing-room, and crowded rudely about her; told her in rough terms that she should not leave Paris.

In describing the same in after years, Madame Le Brun does not very clearly explain what passed, and indeed it was terrifying enough to frighten the lady's memory and senses entirely away for the time being; but whatever the incidents were, they ended in the whole troop going away at last, and in poor Madame Le Brun being left in a most terrible trouble and fright. But she had not been left alone more than a minute when two of the band re-appeared, and this time she saw that she had nothing to fear. The men were evidently bent on re-assuring her. They hurried up to her with looks of friendly sympathy, and whispered that they were neighbours, and had run back to give her one piece of friendly advice: To go, and to go instantly. 'You cannot live here, madame, you are so changed already that it grieves us to see you. But do not travel in your carriage; go by the diligence, it is the only safe way.'

Trembling as she was, Madame Le Brun thanked them fervently, and prepared to follow their advice at once. But a whole fortnight of mortal anxiety elapsed before their places could be secured in the diligence. People were leaving by thousands, and no one dared to travel in their own carriages. At last on the stormy 5th of October, when Madame Le Brun's agony of apprehension was brought to a paroxysm by her fear for the king and queen, who had been brought from Versailles that

day, she procured the seats, and putting on the travelling disguise she had prepared—a coarse dress, such as a poor workwoman would wear, and a big coloured handkerchief over her head and about her face, she was carried, almost fainting with fear, into the diligence.

Poor pretty painter and woman of the world; if one experiences a feeling of contempt for her while she is thus yearning to fly from the dangers in the midst of which she leaves mother and brother, both dearly loved, her relatives and her friends, and where so many proofs of sublime courage were being daily shown, one must remember how terrible those dangers were, how deadly and heart-sickening the events that were then making Paris a hell for all those who lived in it as she had done. Those men who passed in Paris the spring months of last year will understand the fear.

The diligence journey was a very miserable one for Madame Le Brun and her companions. As travelling associates they had a mad Jacobin of Grenoble, who raged out his opinions along the whole way with the fiercest expressions, and another 'patriot,' who talked of the watches and other valuables he had stolen, and made known his revolutionary intentions with regard to all the Parisian aristocracy, and to Madame Le Brun's friends in particular, in a way that made the artist's little girl so frightened, that Madame Le Brun, afraid as she was that any remark would only excite the man to say more, summoned up courage to beg him not to talk of assassination before the child. Her ernest request had more effect than she had hoped for. The bloodthirsty patriot cooled down, and soon began playing at cards with the little girl, and made her laugh heartily.

From time to time some one would ride up to the diligence with tales of the king and queen's death, and of the massacres and conflagrations that had begun in Paris, all of them false, but none the less horrible, to the trembling travellers within, who did not know, or at least could not be at all certain, of their falseness. At every town they passed through the people flocked about the vehicle, asking for news from Paris, and the Jacobin gave the information—in his own way. At last the miserable journey came to an end. The three refugees reached Lyons, where they were welcomed by friends, and from whence they sped over the Mont Cenis into Italy—into sunshine and safety.

There we cannot follow her, at least, not at present. Neither during her long and brilliant tour through Europe, nor in her subsequent life on her return to Paris, after a twelve years' absence. It was 'her Paris no longer.' A first consul and his wife were at the Tuileries; in the drawing-rooms the men remained apart from the women, and the pleasures were grave and dull. Instead of the powdered curls, and the crimson and violet suits with ribbons and ruffles and sword knots,

there were none but black coats and *des têtes noires;* and when Madame Le Brun went to the theatre for the first time she thought the house looked very sombre and sad. But at a concert to which her husband and brother took her, on the very first evening of her arrival, she had a reception such as reconciled her quickly, I think, to her metamorphosed Paris. The people in the audience applauded, and the musicians in the orchestra loudly tapped their instruments as Madame Le Brun made her appearance, after her long absence. Then early the next morning came Greuze, the painter, to see her, and Madame de Bonneuil, one of her *intimes*, almost as handsome as in the old times, and by her Madame Le Brun was carried off the next night to a ball, where all the great women of the court were assembled. And during the next few days more famous painters, and more old friends, came about her. One morning Madame Bonaparte paid her a gracious visit, and before a week had passed a letter was addressed her by the Comédie Française, informing her that her entrées had been re-established on the theatre lists, 'as a mark of the society's admiration for her talents, &c., &c.' Not only this, but several of the principal actors went to her brother, and expressed their desire to play before Madame Le Brun. (There was a great room in the house next to hers, and which also belonged to her and Le Brun, where theatricals and concerts had often been given). And Vestris sent also to say that the corps de ballet from the opera would dance there after the piece. Both these flattering offers, however, were refused, with many expressions of thanks and gratitude, by the lady patron.

Thus Parisian society pressed itself towards her, and became once more pleasant and dear to the gay-hearted lady. She attained the age of eighty-seven, having outlived all her old friends and most of her relations—her husband, from whom, however, she had been entirely separated for many years; her brother, her sister-in-law, and her daughter, who had afforded her little happiness after the first years of her girlhood. Tenderly and lovingly Madame Le Brun was tended until her death by the two neices to whom she was deeply attached. She continued to paint until a very advanced age, and to the last, society, the food of her life, came to her, sweet and pleasant. Up to within a few years of the Revolution of '48—which, happily, she was destined not to see—her *salon* in the Rue du Ponthieu was a delightful place. 'There were met the most distinguished members of the different classes of Parisian society; people of fashion, men of letters, artists and savants—all happy to be brought together in a house where the passions and intrigues of the day gained no admittance, and where the gracious equality of mind and the gentlest of social courtesies reigned paramount.'

Nooks and Corners of Europe.

By R. N. Boyd.

RADEGUND.

Not far from the interesting old town of Graz, in Styria, is a hill called the 'Schöckelberg,' famed far and near for its beauty and legends. It is one of the most graceful of the Styrian range of mountains, and possesses, besides its beauty, a flavour of mystery which makes it an object of special interest to the good people of the country. Some strangers visit it on account of a water-cure establishment which exists on its graceful slopes, and relies for success on the charming solitude of its situation, an abundance of pure water, and healthy mountain air. Radegund on the Schöckel is certainly not a fashionable watering-place in the ordinary acceptation of the word. There are no redoutes, no balls, no gaming-tables, no côteries, and strange, but true, no brass bands. Simple nature still reigns supreme as queen of attractions, and visitors must content themselves for amusements with scrambles over the Schöckel, walks under the shade of the tall waving pines, views of the valleys and gorges of the Styrian Alps, and a glimpse of the rich Hungarian plain from the crest of the hill, and beyond that be thankful for peace, health, and simple living. Radegund, a small unpretentious little Styrian village, lies at the foot of the Schökel, in the midst of orchards and fields, with a quaint church spire covered with red tiles, rising up above the soft, green foliage of the apple trees. It is a model of rustic perfection, with its few farm-houses, irregularly built, and dotted over the little plateau formed at the base of the mountain. To reach it from Graz involves a drive of about three hours over an exceedingly good road for the greater part, and through a charming country for the whole way. The distance is sufficient to keep the mere visitor away; and the tourist, be-Murrayed and be-Bradshawed, never comes near it. The gent with the plaid suit, and the red book under his arm, has not yet made his appearance. There are no Hotels Royal or Bellevue, no guides, no beggars, no vendors of curiosities, no shops, save the mark! There are no conveyances, even, to be hired. I believe the

water-cure establishment does boast of a shandrydan, and a pony covered with a coat of long hair, but it is only occasionally and rarely that this article of locomotion ever rumbles over to Graz. The notion of not providing the means of conveyance seems almost like a deep-laid conspiracy to keep the guests in the place when once they have been secured. Be it so or not, the fact lends infinite charm to the place, as the visitor has to resign himself with complete philosophy to his fate, and content himself with what he finds at his disposal, because he cannot help it, and piming and striving for that which is out of reach will not procure it. As may be readily supposed, this primitive little watering-place is a model of regularity and sobriety. The society, indeed, is extremely limited. Residents there are none, and *habitues* not many. But even here the vibrations of society are felt.

At the time of my visit the visitors assembled to use the water-cure, or inhale the mountain air, or enjoy the seclusion of the retreat, were, if not numerous, at least very select. There were two *grandes dames*, from Bucharest, a few Magyars, from Pesth, a strong Viennese or two, some citizens of Gratz a couple of German officers, a Prince—a real life-breathing, talking Prince, and an Irish daughter with her Irish papa. There must have been a Scotchman, but I did not see him. The young lady from Ireland with the brownish tresses and violet eyes, had a remarkable talent for flirting, and morally had strung all the male hearts on the thread of her fascination. She wore them like Indians do scalps, in open daylight, and never seemed shy to dilate on their merits, the greatest of which seemed always to be the unbounded affection the poor dear hearts had exhibited for her. Why, even the Prince, with his title and manners of highest distinction, lay conquered and smitten, a slave at her feet.

The ladies from Bucharest, with olive complexions and very black hair, were so thoroughly Roumanian they might have passed for Parisian. Their husbands were fixed at some post in Wallachia, and could not at that, or any other time, abandon their duties to travel about; so the wives who wanted a change and a good deal of water, came to Radegund, and added their charms to the small band of visitors; and as to the others, they had come to be quiet and cheap, and have themselves sponged and bathed in the waters that spring from the Schöckel. What they all did beyond eating and drinking and bathing, it would be hard to divine. But they walked on the 'Berg' in very small groups of two at a time, and sat on the benches near the different springs, and gazed at the scenery and whispered and talked, and sometimes they laughed. They all seemed to have a very great faith in the curative properties of the water they drank. It was fine and sparkling and cold, and very agreeable. It came bubbling out of the numerous springs with a constant

and regular murmur, and some of it was 'piped' to the house where the Doctor presided and the bottles were prepared. Its effects were said to be marvellous, and three weeks' regular observance of rule with regard to diet and mode of life, combined with the waters, were sufficient to triumph over the most inveterate indisposition and languor. People came there from the crowded alleys of great cities, pale, feeble, languid, and left with cheeks of rosy hue, vigorous and brisk—born, in a manner, to a new life.

No doubt they did, but how much of this renovation was due to mountain air and the mode of living? and how much to the water and its constituents? The mountain itself is a huge mass of limestone, and the water which permeates it and flows to its surface through the fissures of the rock contains nothing but lime and a little iron. The latter gives strength, no doubt, but is not a panacea against the general disarrangement of system which prompts the sufferer to seek recovery at watering-places. The great secret of the good results obtained from a visit to a watering-place lies, as a rule, in the healthful mode of life adopted by patients who for a time exchange the nervous excitement and wear-and-tear of a town life for the calm and healthy repose of a natural existence. Change, change, change, for mind and body, is the rule for health, and the greater the change the better the effect. Hence Radegund, with its pure water and rustic simplicity, is a place where the tired and weary recover their strength and spirits. Besides, the country is most charming. All Styria is romantic and beautiful, and the neighbourhood of Graz, though not so well known as the Sewauering pass, is perhaps quite as interesting.

The outline of the Schöckel itself, is extremely graceful, and the walks all round it under the shade of the forest trees are sufficient to tempt a very sybarite to a ramble. The ascent of the mountain is easy enough, as a pretty fair path leads up to its summit, and the view which rewards the pedestrian is quite sufficient to repay the fatigue. There is nothing very wild in the country all round. It is but verging on the Styrian Alps, which are seen in the distance rising one above the other, sombre and snow-capped, as far as the eye can reach in all directions, seen towards the east where the great Hungarian plain extends far away until it melts in the hazy dimness of distance. The top of the mountain is covered with heather, over which the snow lies for many months in the year, and in some of the fissures, on the north, it may be found all the year round. The fissures and caverns are numerous and extensive. This is not peculiar to the Schöckel, however, as the Julian Alps abound in caves, which indeed is a feature of all limestone rocks. The caves of Styria are more than usually extensive, and it seems as if the huge mountains were honey-combed from base to summit. Regular under-

ground lakes are known to exist, and so porous is the rock, that although immense volumes of water are always issuing from the base of the mountains, the summits are perfectly arid. The striking barrenness of the district called Karst, is attributed to the want of moisture in the soil, for the rain which falls is instantly lost in the crevasses and cracks, and goes to swell the underground lakes and rivers. Those caverns extend far into the mountains, so far indeed that many have never been completely explored; they are like natural or rather supernatural vaults supported by innumerable stalactite pillars, formed by the never-ceasing drop of lime-charged water through the pores of the rock. The caves of the Schöckel, have all the character belonging to limestone clefts. There are fine important openings to daylight, all near the summit, and these apparently extend far into the hill and seem to be in communication with each other, as some of them have a powerful draught inwards, whence others emit a current of air outwards, and are locally termed 'blowers.' One of these clefts is called the Snow Hole, because often, even at the height of summer, snow is to be found close to the opening. Another is termed the Cellar Hole, a third the Great Cleft, or Weather Hole, which is a wide opening of about ten feet dipping forth into the hill; and thereby hangs a tale.

The most remarkable feature of these caves is the presence of stalactite pillars close to the openings. At the present time, no water ever lies on the surface sufficiently long to get charged with lime; and the presence of these curious natural pillars in such a position, and at such an elevation, leads to the inference that, originally, the Schöckel must have been very much higher than at present, and become worn away by the effect of wind and water, combined, probably, with the action of glaciers. We have, then, in this hill—modest in height as compared with other elevated peaks of the range—possibly the remains of some towering Alp whose proud summit has been slowly, but gradually and surely, worn down by the ceaseless and relentless action of slowly-moving masses of ice and water. This action is now in full operation on every mountain where the snow lies during all seasons, and the crumbling of the peaks, and lowering of their summit altitudes, is merely a matter of time. It may be strange, but it is not less true, that at some distant time, if the natural laws which now govern this globe persist, the Alpine peaks, which are now explored with so much danger and difficulty, will be washed away, and the sweet mountain herbage will be growing on plateaux of moderate height, where formerly rose the forbidding rock-masses high into the clouds. The nature of the rock has much to do with the rapidity of its destruction, and it will require a very much longer time to crumble or wear away the adamantine granite masses of some of our ranges, than the soft and soluble

limestone of others. Our Alpine climbers may rest assured there will remain heights for them to climb for many generations; and long before even one inch of the Matterhorn is worn away, the fashion of climbing for the mere sake of climbing, will have passed away, as a useless and dangerous pursuit.

But to return to the Schöckel, and its caverns and legends. There is an old story connected with them, which to this day is believed by the simple peasants of the neighbourhood. It shows how deeply superstitions lay rooted in the minds of the uneducated, and how completely the inexplicable inspires fear and awe.

The noise which the rush of air, in and out of the caves, makes, gave rise to strange fancies, and the incomprehensible had to be accounted for by the supernatural. The superstition goes, that in the Shöckel there dwells a witch—a very vixen of a witch—in company with the Devil. The *ménage*, never a pleasant one, is at times disturbed by terrible outbursts of rage, the squabbles between such a pair being rather serious and loud, and then the subterranean retreat is set in commotion, and the fight ends with a desperate storm overhead, and the roaring of thunder and flashing of lightning. The witch raises fogs, which rise from the hill with a frightful smell; and the Devil then raises a storm, to clear and dispel them. The good people all round, who quite believe in the witch and the Devil, whenever a storm rises, shoot at the hill with consecrated powder, and shoot till the Devil gets a sniff of the smoke, and quickly retreats to his hole and the witch, disconcerted and quite overcome. So much is this absurd story credited by the cotters about the Schöckel that, even to this day, not one of them would dare to throw a stone into any of the caverns, or allow anyone to do so, lest it might disturb the fiend and his friend, and raise a storm over the land, more dreaded almost than the Devil himself *in propria persona*.

The origin of the Devil's presence in the Shöckel is accounted for by another legend, which is told in quaint verses, and quite believed in by the credulous people in the neighbourhood. The story goes that one day, long, long ago, the boors on the Shöckel were celebrating some feast, for even then they could do that. The church bells were ringing, and the host was inviting, for wine, and beer, and mead, and schnaps are always welcome; and the good people sat and gazed at the sky, and the forest, and prattled and chatted. But just as they fancied themselves so perfectly at home and secluded, a stranger—*the stranger*—appeared in their midst. The aged devoutly crossed themselves, with thoughts of salvation; the young people gaped, and tried hard to decide whether to fear or to laugh. It was very unnatural, they all observed that: it must be the Devil, that they all knew. The Devil on a journey for evil

to man. It is said that the farmers had made up the story, but farmers don't joke with matters that anger them, and certainly driving up and down hill is to them no joking affair—going up they lose breath, coming down their carts break. But enough, the stranger promised to raise up the Shöckel and make it as high as the Rigi, in exchange for one soul. So he left with a wonderful smell, just as he came, not dressed, but perfectly black, to bring a clod as a head for the Shöckel. Rightly he comes with a lump in his fist, and chuckles to think of the *one* so soon to be his own. His time he had chosen full well and safe to come to Graz, but the moment was very unlucky, for just at that time a priest out of Rome was leaving the church and murmuring blessings. The Devil, quite frightened, let fall his prize, which forms to this day both the 'Pehlonberg' and 'Calvaria' at Graz. The Devil, now furious, came raging along and flew fast down the Weather Hole, where he sits to this day. And then it came to pass, to the shame of the Devil, that the Shöckel never rose to a Rigi. Now, it is said, after this little affair that the farmers don't fear the Devil, with all his belongings, as much as before. Thus ends the story of how the Devil got into the Schöckel. It may be of interest to some to know on such good authority the exact whereabouts of his infernal majesty. It is to be presumed, however, that as we hear of him in many other places, that he sometimes slips out of the Weather Hole unawares, to visit other localities. We may, however, compliment him on the beauty of his residence, and hope that he will be civil to the visitors to Radegund.

It would be a pity, indeed, if he took to playing pranks with the strangers who come to see the Shöckel, with its graceful outline and fine forest trees, and breathe the pure air of the Styrian Alps. I would recommend fair travellers to take plenty of *poudre*, say, *poudre de ris*, and certainly not to throw stones in the caves unless they wish to 'raise the wind.'

The Day After my Death.

By H. D. Traill.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VALLEY OF EARTHLY BEAUTY.

On arriving, we found that the Court had risen for the day. Minos and the other two judges had retired to their private room, where, we were informed by an official, they would be ready to receive us in a short time. Meanwhile we were shown into the ante-room in which we had left the philosopher and the widow. We found both of them in precisely the same reflective attitudes in which we had left them; and each appeared to be too much occupied with his or her thoughts to be able to converse with the other. The philosopher had, in fact, been plunged in those abstruse speculations upon consciousness, and its relation to the external world (if external world there be), which had occupied his mind upon earth. In particular he had been engaged in attempting to form some conception how 'things in themselves' would appear to him when he came to know them immediately, and was no longer left to infer their existence from mere subjective changes in his own consciousness. These attempts, however, had been somewhat obstructed by the fact that the very ideas by which he sought mentally to represent to himself 'things in themselves,' were inseparably associated with subjective conditions. He first wondered how 'things in themselves' would 'look,' but he soon, of course, bethought himself of the impropriety of using a word so deeply tainted with subjective and positively material associations. Then he tried to imagine himself as 'knowing things in themselves,' but the word 'know,' he found, somehow involved the notion of 'mind,' and 'mind' brought with it a host of associations of the most offensively subjective character. Nay, it at last occurred to him that, after all, his labour would be in vain, inasmuch as even if the knowledge of 'things in themselves' were to be, in future, immediate and freed from subjective limitations, it was impossible to indulge in any anticipa-

tions of such knowledge without subjectifying it by the very act of anticipation. In short, he found, to his disgust, that he was in precisely the same plight as he had been on earth, and as vexatiously incapable of leaping off his own shadow, even now, when it was but the shadow of a shade.

The widow, on the other hand, had been wholly occupied in reflecting on her approaching re-union with 'poor dear George;' and she was wondering, with a total obliviousness of all the consequences involved in a transition from the earthly to the spiritual world, whether his beard would be as long and silken as it used to be, and whether he still smiled with the expression she so much admired.

It was of course impossible for two persons whose thoughts ran in two such different, and indeed opposing, currents to carry on a sympathetic conversation; and, indeed, we shortly afterwards witnessed the only attempt which they made in that direction, and which proved a signal failure. The widow began a conversation with the philosopher by a series of enquiries as to the nature of that problem of which he hoped so soon to obtain the solution; and she listened with interest, if with no precise apprehension of their meaning to the explanations which he gave her of the mystery involved in the relations of the Ego with the Non-Ego. Indeed, as the philosopher proceeded with his lecture, and went on to point out to her that the human consciousness never perceived anything *immediately* but its own changes, and that so-called 'external things' can never be known to us 'in themselves' (their very existence indeed being mere matter of inference); and, further, that any satisfactory solution of the problem must disclose to us the true nature of these 'things in themselves,' the widow began to imbibe a portion of her companion's enthusiasm. Feminine curiosity, in fact, formed a very efficient substitute for the spirit of philosophic enquiry, and she was as keenly anxious to know 'things in themselves' as she had been on earth to know 'things in relation to her female acquaintances.'

But they soon touched upon a point of repulsion which showed them how widely in reality their sympathies diverged. The philosopher was in the act of explaining to her that there was absolutely no evidence for supposing that 'things in themselves' would, when they came to be known, be found to resemble our ideas of them on earth, when the widow interrupted him with a question.

'What!' she exclaimed, 'Do you mean to say, then, that my poor dear George, when I come to know him, "in himself" as you call it—though what you mean by it I'm sure I don't know—do you mean to tell me that he won't be like *my* George?'

'He may possibly bear not the slightest resemblance to what you call "your George!"' replied the philosopher with philosophic calm.

'Then I don't believe a word of such nonsense,' cried the widow indignantly. 'Not resemble my George, indeed! The idea!'

'Exactly,' interrupted the philosopher; 'it is merely the "idea" of George which is in your memory, the actual entity may be something very different.'

'Actual fiddlesticks,' exclaimed the widow. 'What next, I wonder?'

'I have "wondered what next," all my life sighed the philosopher sadly.

'I never heard of such a thing,' continued she, still indignant. 'Do you mean to tell me that I have forgotten him, or that I have been mistaken for fifteen years in believing what my senses told me?'

'Your senses told you of nothing,' said the philosopher, calmly, 'but certain material changes taking place in your bodily organs of sense. These changes you referred, with or without grounds, to the presence of an external object, and that object you named "your husband"—that's all. "Your George" is a creation of your mind—a purely subjective being.'

'Very well,' said the widow, 'I shall be perfectly satisfied with a purely subjective George for the future. George "in himself," indeed! What good would it do me to see him "in himself" if he is different so from *my* George? No, I prefer to see the poor dear fellow as he *appeared to me*, and particularly as he appeared to me on the day when we first met at Chiswick.'

The philosopher turned from her with a smile of pity, as from one still in bondage to the subjective.

This instructive dialogue had hardly concluded before the apparitor appeared, and summoned us once more into the presence of the judges. They received us with all their former courtesy, and asked politely what kind of an afternoon we had spent, inquiring in particular as to the impression made upon us by our experiences of the City of the Earthly Life. This was, of course, a delicate subject for at least one of us to handle, and the M.P. exhibited considerable uneasiness while it was under discussion. The judges, however—I could not but think, maliciously—seemed particularly unwilling to quit the subject of the city, or to address their remarks and animadversions upon its life, to anyone but the M.P. They congratulated him on his having adopted the philosopher's nobler ideal of the future, and suggested that the miserable reflection of the human career which he had witnessed in the city must have only served to confirm him in his choice. Our companion forgot, of course, that his change of plan was already perfectly well known to the judges (who, of course, needed only a glance at him to become aware of it), otherwise he would have known that their congratulations were ironical, and would have hastened to conclude the scene by himself confessing his altered intentions.

At length, however, the judges desisted from their raillery, and proceeded to repeat the formal interrogation as to our plans which they had put to us in the morning. The philosopher, the widow, the poet, and myself, all signified with more or less firmness our adherence to our then expressed intentions. The M.P. was compelled, of course with much hesitation, to confess that he had determined to select the career of a legislator in the City of the Earthly Life. To his great relief, however, Minos and his brother judges expressed no contempt, or even the slightest surprise, at his change of plan, and the former proceeded to fill up his passport in the new form without a word. Emboldened by this, he was about to enter upon a probably somewhat lengthy apology for the life he had seen fit to adopt, when he was politely cut short by Minos, who informed him that they made it a rule never to listen to any explanations of the grounds of their choice from those spirits who were called upon to select their future abode. 'So much the larger majority of spirits,' said his lordship, 'select the life which most resembles that which they spent upon earth, and so many of them are so eager to disclaim at great length the only sensible reason for selecting that life, namely, the resemblance aforesaid, and are so full of elaborate transcendental justifications of their choice, that, really, were we not to make the rule I have referred to, we should never get through our business.'

The country gentleman was desirous of giving the judges a brief description of the *status quo* in the controversy between himself and his late vicar on the subject of Free Will, and a concise summary of the arguments by which he justified to himself his acceptance of a merely provisional solution of the question; when he, too, was similarly and as politely cut short.

'Excuse me,' said Minos, 'but am I to understand that you desire one of those allotments through which you passed this afternoon in the neighbourhood of the city?'

'Most assuredly,' said the country gentleman, eagerly, 'if it is possible to obtain one.'

'You must enter your name in the register at once, then,' was the reply, 'otherwise you may lose your turn.'

The country gentleman abandoned the Necessitarian position with precipitate haste, and hurried off to secure his title to his allotment.

The barrister had not yet seen as much as he wished of the judicial proceedings of the High Court of Justice; and the physician's case, as I mentioned above, had been adjourned till the following day. The artist was the only spirit still unprovided with his papers, and there was considerable difficulty in settling for him, for he was unable to settle for himself what his future career should be. He was a pleasant, lazy, easy-going shade, well satisfied at times to wander carelessly through the

picturesque, and to gaze idly on the beautiful, without a thought of anything beyond; but he possessed a share of the spiritual yearnings of the poet, and was at other times full of an eager desire to penetrate beyond those things of sense which in his lighter moods were all sufficient for him; to lift that veil, the *lebendiges Kleid der Gottheit*, whose splendid and subtle tissues it was for the most part sufficient for him only to gaze upon, and to wonder idly at the glorious draping of its folds.

Being in one of his serious moods at present, he was not at all easy to satisfy. Although assured by Minos that, on the way to the spot whither his companions were bound, he would pass through a valley whose beauty would give to his artistic taste the highest gratification of which it was capable, and whose charms would never pall, still he professed himself dissatisfied. He was unwilling to cut himself off from the unveiling of those mysteries whose presence had ever haunted him, even in his least-disturbed enjoyment of material beauty. At last the matter was settled by Minos giving him a blank passport, with directions to return and have it filled up after he had made his decision. And after bidding adieu to the judges, and receiving their best wishes for our future happiness, we set out upon our journey.

At the gates of the palace we were forced to bid adieu to our companions, the M.P. and the country gentleman. Their routes lay, of course, in the direction of the city, and they were to be conducted thither by another guide. We ourselves were again taken in charge by our old friend the apparitor, and after watching our friends set out by the same road as we had before taken that afternoon, we struck across the plain in quite another direction, and were now at last fairly *en route* for our much wished-for destination.

How it was I know not—probably it was owing to a rooted irreverence natural to me on earth, and which had survived into my spiritual life—but no sooner had we got well under way, five spirits all bound for the solution of the problems of existence, than I was seized with an almost unconquerable inclination to burst out laughing. Spirits never lose their national bent and disposition, and, as a thoroughly English spirit, I could not but feel how absurdly unpractical was the course of life which we had adopted. It was completely uncertain, in the first place, whether the solution of these mysteries would be at all satisfactory; and it was quite manifest that whatever it might turn out to be, we should never be able to put it to any practical use. In fact, we had been warned that we should never be permitted to return with our newly-acquired knowledge to that part of Hades with which we were acquainted, and the conditions of life which we understood. Yet now, with a large and decently-well conducted city opening to receive us, and with every prospect before us if we made it our abode, of attaining in it a

position of the highest respectability, we were marching off at the tail of a mere philosopher in search after we knew not what.

A glance at the appearance presented by our *cortége* was in itself calculated to provoke a smile. The philosopher marched in front, unable to restrain his impatience, his eyes fixed immovably on the distant horizon. Spirits retain—how, it would be impossible to explain to my readers—many of the peculiarities of outward appearance which distinguished them on earth, and the tall, gaunt figure of the philosopher striding eagerly forward, while the poet (who was hardly less eager to solve the problems of existence, but was exceedingly short in stature) strove to keep pace with his companion by a method of progression which, by an anthropomorphism I will describe as 'trotting,' formed an irresistibly ludicrous combination. The artist hovered between the front and rear of the party, now urged forward by the transcendental element in his nature, now detained by an appeal made to his vivid sense of natural beauty by some portion of the landscape around him.

These appeals became more and more frequent as we advanced. Indeed, imperceptibly to me, who had been occupied in observing my companions, the surrounding country had begun to assume an aspect of unearthly loveliness. The descent of a steep hill had removed us from the sight of the bleak and cheerless plain which presents itself at first to those who issue from the Palace of Justice, and, as we descended lower and lower into the valley, beauty sprang up rich and richer at our feet.

It would be impossible for me to describe, and I shrink from attempting the description of this loveliest of valleys. I remember well the gorgeous colours in which a great art-critic and master of English has set himself to describe many of the wonders of the world I have left—the clouds of her sunsets, the sound and motion of her sleepless seas, the grandeur of her lifted mountains; and I remember also how, in the presence of the objects he described, the great word-picture became a blurred and broken, and colourless sketch—a rude transcript of his father's house traced upon his slate by the fingers of a wondering child. When, therefore, I consider that, on the one hand, I have not the powers of that great art-critic and word-painter, and that, on the other, the valley in which we stood excels a thousand-fold in beauty the most magnificent of those natural scenes, which even he failed adequately to reproduce, my readers, I hope, will not accuse me of undue diffidence if I attempt no detailed description of the Valley of Earthly Beauty—this, the apparitor informed us was its title,—not that anything on earth approaches it in loveliness, but because its beauties are the same *in kind* as those of earthly scenes. It must suffice to say that it combined in itself every variety of scenery which the earth has to show, and united attractions which, in my late planet, were divided from each other by hemispheres.

The soaring peaks of Alpine ranges; the soft curves and mellow tones of the English woodlands; the monstrous vegetation and vivid colouring of the tropics; and the sullen grandeur of Polar solitudes,—all were represented in this wonderful valley, yet combined with so exquisite a harmony, that their union aroused neither surprise nor resentment, and the eye drank in the whole scene with unquestioning rapture.

An exclamation of wonder and delight from the artist aroused us from the contemplation of the view before us, and gazing in the direction of his glance, we re-echoed his cry. The grove we were entering was peopled with human forms of more than antique beauty, moving white amongst its shaded stems. The immortal marbles of the Greek sculptor seemed to live and breathe around us. The 'Lord of the Unerring Bow' had stepped from his pedestal; the Meleager and the Antinous moved about us, more wondrously beautiful in motion than in repose; the Faun lounged on his tree-trunk, more lazily graceful than even Praxiteles conceived him; the Melian Venus gazed on us in all the beauty of her imperial disdain—but *alive*, and with motion in her queenly limbs.

The poet was the first to break the long silence of rapture, in which we gazed at this enchanting valley and its inhabitants.

'I envy you,' he said in a low voice to the artist. 'You, of course, will remain here?'

But the other returned no answer, and we could see that a severe struggle was taking place in his mind.

'It is, indeed,' he said, after a pause, 'the home itself of eternal beauty. One would ask nothing better than to dwell here eternally, were it not for ——;' and glancing in the direction of our destination, he sighed deeply, and was silent. 'Tell me,' he resumed abruptly, and addressing the apparitor, 'shall I be able to paint what I see here?'

'Assuredly,' replied the other, 'in colours of unfading brightness, and with infinitely greater force and truth of representation than the greatest of earthly painters ever attained to.'

'And—and,' continued the artist, with some hesitation, 'exhibit my pictures?'

'A *salon* is held annually in the city,' replied the apparitor. 'All pictures sent there for exhibition are accepted by the judges, and all are hung in the most favourable position for the display of their respective merits.'

The artist seemed gratified by the information as to the annual *salon*, but he seemed a little displeased at the idea that all pictures sent there were accepted. The apparitor, however, assured him that this by no means implied that all the pictures sent were of equal merit, and that there was therefore no room for emulation between the artists. 'No

effort of a spiritual painter,' he said, 'was so bad as to be rejected, but amongst the accepted there were infinite gradations of excellence. This assurance considerably relieved our friend.

'But yet,' he resumed, still undecided as to his future, 'but yet, to paint for ever the outer veil of things, curious and beautiful as it may be!—never to pass behind it to the sanctuary within! Nay, but shall I ever paint this veil as it should be painted, except I pass behind it? Is it not that hidden life, that unseen Spirit of things which, breathing through the canvas of the master, makes his work a masterpiece, and such as men call *great*? Great! and yet, what is it beside the things it represents? Ah! the master was but a man, and saw but partially, and heard but faintly. And shall I, then, for ever strain a painful eye to win fleeting glimpses of this hidden Spirit, and bend a dull ear to catch distant murmurs of his voice, whom I might see face to face, and talk with as a man talketh with his friend? No,' he continued, with growing enthusiasm; 'let me go with you, and returning with fuller inspiration to my art——'

'Stay,' interrupted the apparitor, 'did you say "returning?" Excuse me, but you will not be permitted to return to your art, nor, of course, to pursue it there. Do as you please, by all means; but if you accompany your friends you will never paint another picture, not to say exhibit one.'

The artist was silent.

'Choose,' said the apparitor, curtly.

'I have chosen,' he replied, 'I remain. I exist only for my art, and such knowledge of the unseen world as would give me power and dignity of expression I would have; but if for the full knowledge of what is now hidden from my view, I must surrender the gift of interpretation, I will not raise the veil. I remain, content with the faint glimpses and the distant voice, so long as I may *reveal to others* the little that I see and hear. Adieu!'

It needed but a glance at his features to see that his determination was unalterable, and we bade him, at least, the poet and I, an affectionate farewell. But as we passed onwards to our unknown future, we threw back ever and anon glances of curiosity at our late companion, as he lay drinking in the beauty of that lovely valley, and troubled no longer by yearnings after the unknown.

And we wondered whether they would ever trouble him again.

CHAPTER X.

THE HALL OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

It is impossible to describe the impatience which the philosopher had manifested at this episode, the indignation with which he regarded its cause, and the contempt which he evinced at its result. I almost think that he regarded the artist with more disdain than he regarded the country gentleman. His experience on earth had brought him to understand that there were persons who never troubled themselves about the mystery of their own being, or the mystery of the world without, who were much less interested in the operation of their minds than in the ministrations of their gastric glands, and who would have been unfeignedly surprised and perhaps a little indignant at the suggestion that a 'primrose by the river's brim' was anything more than the 'yellow primrose,' which it 'was to them.' But he could *not* understand, and he refused to tolerate a spirit who had felt the longing to penetrate the great secret, and yet turned aside from doing so that he might dally idly for eternity with the folds of the curtain that concealed it. He made no remark, however, upon our companion's choice, which indeed he would have thought it unworthy of him to criticize, and we continued our journey without speaking.

It was now nearly at an end. In a very brief space of time we had emerged from the valley and entered upon a plain, beautiful indeed, but with a severe and less luxuriant beauty, and much more limited in extent than the vast and glorious glen which we had left. It was, in fact, a mere plateau of table land, of what would be called in human language a few acres in extent, bounded on one side by the valley from which we were emerging, and on the other by what was apparently the precipitous brow of another valley, which ran from right to left as far as the eye could reach. Beyond the edge of this valley we could see nothing, but between it and us, and seemingly almost on the verge of the precipice, stood a building of vast dimensions.

'The end of our journey approaches,' said the apparitor, in a solemn voice, and pointing to the building before us. 'See. The Hall of the Philosophers.'

Our philosopher started at the word, and breathed the deep breath of the tired traveller who sees the goal of his wanderings at hand.

'Ha!' he exclaimed; 'the abode of the tranquil spirits whose life-questionings are set at rest at last. The place is holy. Courage, my friends, and press forward! We shall soon be there!'

'But the river?' said the poet inquiringly to the apparitor; 'the river of the mystery, of which you spoke before. Have we not to cross that, to learn the answer to the great secret?'

'Patience!' was the reply, with a half-sad smile. 'Patience; you will soon see.'

The philosopher had heard neither the question nor its answer. He was striding onwards with his long strides towards the Hall, and with such light upon his face as shines upon the face of the pilgrim of Islam, when the towers of Mecca first rise dim upon the sky-line of the desert. We followed, doubting.

As we drew nearer and nearer, a confused hum of voices floated towards us from the lofty open windows of the Hall.

'Hark!' said the philosopher, pausing and raising his hand. 'Hark! the triumphant song of the satisfied spirits, the loud, glad utterances of perfected knowledge; the jubilant interchange of thoughts from those who doubt and dispute no longer, but who are at one for ever with each other and with the eternal Truth!'

'Humph!' said the poet, doubtfully. 'It sounds to me much more like a lot of people quarrelling.'

'And upon my word,' I added, 'I was just about to say the same thing.'

The philosopher turned and fixed upon us a withering look of contempt. Then, without vouchsafing a word in answer to our doubts, he pressed forward. We followed at a less eager speed, but still close behind him, and, in spite of our suspicions, with a hushed awe of expectation of which no mortal can form an idea.

But these suspicions deepened as we advanced. The murmur of voices grew into a Babel of tongues; the unmistakable sharp tones of contending disputants made themselves clearly heard; and every moment, as those sounds, so familiar to mortal ears, forced themselves upon our spiritualised organs, the feeling of awe and expectation gave way to disappointment and mere human curiosity.

At last, we could even distinguish articulations of sound, and, as we ascended the steps that led to the central door, a word of very familiar import smote upon our ears.

'Hush!' said the poet, pausing. 'I could have sworn I heard the words "subjective truth."'

We glanced at the philosopher. He was deadly pale; he had evidently heard them also.

'That is ominous,' he muttered; 'the subject and the object of thought *should* be *one* to them, or else—but, pooh! why disturb ourselves unnecessarily? Probably some spirit is but fighting over again his earthly battles. Come, my friends, let us enter, and know all.'

And with a trembling hand he pushed open the great door, and we entered.

Never, while I live—and it must be remembered that, as I have entered on eternity, this expression has more than common significance—never while I live shall I forget the scene which then presented itself to our view. This Hall, whose dimensions, being utterly beyond the power of the human imagination to conceive, I will not mention, was crowded from end to end with the spirits of philosophers and their disciples, and nine-tenths of the crowd were declaiming at the same time, and at the very top of their voices. Some few of them were formed into little knots, dotted here and there over the floor of the Hall, and each comprising a half-dozen or so of listeners and a single speaker. These little groups consisted of a philosopher and his disciples; and here the harangue, being merely the exposition of philosophical views by a professor to a favourable audience, was carried on in a more moderate key. But by far the greater number of spirits were not lecturing, but disputing; not enunciating their own philosophical creed, but combating that of another; and from these the din was deafening and incessant. They disputed sometimes by single champions, and sometimes by whole schools at a time; and frequently one might witness a species of triangular or even quadrangular contest, in which three or four contending groups of philosophers simultaneously clashed together, amidst a perfect hurricane of tongues.

The philosopher gazed upon the scene in blank amazement and dismay. He seemed, in fact, more like a dreaming than a waking man. This confused Babel of contending voices, this waving forest of gesticulating hands, these ranks of excited, doubting, or passionate faces, where he had looked to find a calm group of consentient sages, peacefully congratulating each other on the perfect light which now shone upon all of them after their long gropings and wanderings in the dusk of human speculation—it must be admitted that the disappointment would have been severely felt by any one. To a spirit of our friend's peculiar temperament it was little less than crushing. He remained rooted to the ground, returning no answer to the words of encouragement or consolation which from time to time we kindly uttered, but staring at the groups before him with a look of horror-stricken astonishment miserable to behold.

'Let us leave him for a little,' whispered the apparitor, compassionately; 'I have frequently seen philosophers affected in this way on making their first entrance into the Hall. They recover in time, however. Shall we walk round, and take a look at what is going on?'

We assented at once, and followed our guide into the centre of the Hall. For me who, although myself somewhat disappointed in the character of the place, yet did not feel inclined to take the matter so

much to heart as the philosopher, the spectacle had much attraction and I found the controversies full of interest.

The disputants, just as in metaphysical discussions upon earth, spoke both at the same time, and frequently at the top of their voices; but owing no doubt to the peculiar power and keenness of the spiritual sense of hearing, none of them seemed to be embarrassed by this circumstance, but were apparently able to appreciate and do full justice to their opponents' arguments, while loudly and vigorously enunciating their own. It was indeed an intellectual treat to hear two rival arguments of the most extreme subtlety and abstruseness simultaneously elaborated and built up by two speakers, and to observe the acuteness and ingenuity with which one of them would meet and demolish the objection of his adversary, almost ere it had fallen from his lips.

In every discussion to which we stopped to listen, each disputant, as would naturally be the case in a controversy upon such a subject, obtained a complete victory over the other, but neither was in the least degree affected by it; and after the position of each had been utterly demolished by his adversary, they both continued the contest with unabated vigour.

Hardly less interesting were the little groups of unanimous philosophers who formed an audience of disciples round some professor who was expounding the tenets of their school; and the continual tendency of these knots of consentient spirits to break up into two or three rival bands of the bitterest disputants, gave a pleasing variety to this portion of the scene.

A professor, in the midst of a series of remarks to which his audience were expressing unanimous assent, would suddenly let fall a proposition which one of his hearers would loudly call in question; and in an instant the whole body of disciples would be broken up into two clamorous factions, one of them supporting the dictum of the professor, and the other that of his dissentient disciple. These two factions would, after a dispute of longer or shorter duration, separate with mutual expressions of contempt for each other's understanding, the professor would continue his lecture, and the original dissentient, now himself a substantive professor, would commence another, upon the principles involved in his objection, at a little distance. In a very short time, however, the same scene would reproduce itself amongst each of the rival schools, and further subdivisions would take place. It was owing, I suppose, to the incessant recurrence of these secessions that the groups of disciples round any given professor seldom numbered more than half-a-dozen spirits a piece.

This constant tendency to dissilience does not, however, operate unobstructedly, but is counteracted, to a certain slight extent, at least, by a

tendency of an exactly opposite nature. One occasionally sees two groups of spirits, who have been vehemently disputing for an immense period of time, suddenly discover that they are in reality not adversaries, but allies. One of these groups gives utterance, perhaps, to some principle which is cardinal to their school, and compared with which all others are of subsidiary importance, and, to their surprise, they discover that that principle meets with the ready adherence of their adversaries, and that both parties have throughout meant precisely the same thing. This attractive force does not operate by any means so frequently as its opposite.

We had nearly completed my circuit of the Hall, when our attention was attracted to two spirits who stood together apart from the rest, and disputing with each other with the utmost vehemence, and even, as it appeared to us, acrimony.

'Don't you know them?' said the apparitor, answering our looks of inquiry. 'You should at least know one of them. The one further from us is Professor Wolkensprach. You had heard of him on earth, of course.'

'All Europe has heard of him,' was the reply of the poet, as he gazed with curiosity on the great transcendental philosopher. 'But pray who is the other, who is arguing with him with such exceeding warmth?'

'That,' replied the apparitor, 'is the spirit of Mr. ——, the author of "The Secret of Wolkensprach." He and Herr Wolkensprach have been engaged now for a considerable time in disputing as to the meaning of the Professor's theories, of which Mr. —— has discovered the secret.'

'But how,' said the poet, 'is it possible for any man to dispute an author's meaning with the author himself?'

'In the transcendental philosophy, such a position is not untenable,' replied the apparitor, drily. 'In that region of thought, no philosopher having the modesty of true philosophy will venture to speak of his own meaning with absolute confidence. Besides, a discussion of this kind may easily be diverted to collateral issues; and Mr. —— has probably been contending that, if the secret of Wolkensprach is not revealed by what his commentator has written on the subject, why, so much the worse for the secret.'

We had now made our tour of the Hall, and we stood again by the dejected figure of the philosopher. Our approach roused him from his melancholy trance. Turning to the apparitor with a passionate gesture,

'Is this all, then?' he cried. 'Have you deceived me here also, as I have been deceived on earth? But no! no! it cannot be: this Hall of weary, turbulent dispute—this eternal renewal of the endless controversy of earth—*this* cannot be the end of all my struggles. Surely there is some peaceful inner sanctuary of this vast building, whither

those wearied with the din and conflict of the hopeless struggle may betake themselves, and the veil be lifted from their eyes!'

Before the apparitor could answer, a spirit from a neighbouring group, who had overheard us, hastened to our side.

'No need to leave this Hall,' he said, 'for the knowledge that you seek. There,' pointing to a professor addressing a small group of disciples, 'there you may hear the most perfect solution of the problem ever offered.'

'The *most* perfect!' muttered the philosopher, bitterly. 'Degrees of perfection in absolute truth! What,' he continued aloud, 'you mean the solution of the problem of the human consciousness?'

'Ay!' replied the other, with remarkable glibness, 'in its relation both to the *ego* and the *non ego*—the law of its self-originated changes—the law of its changes in connection with the so-called external world, and the nature of that external world itself.'

He rattled off the heads of his system with so much of the showman's volubility that I, in whom, even at that inopportune moment, the old spirit of irreverence would crop up, momentarily expected him to conclude his list of discoveries by the announcement of a small charge for their exhibition.

It was far otherwise with the philosopher. The supernatural confidence which marked the speaker's utterances revived for a moment the drooping hopes of our disappointed companion.

'You can do all this?' he exclaimed.

'Our school has indeed succeeded in doing so,' replied the other. 'We have done the business thoroughly and once for all. Let me explain our philosophy to you; I can do it in a moment. In the first place, the mind of man'——

'Stop!' said the philosopher, who knew from his earthly experience the probable duration of a lecture commencing thus; 'stop! One question and answer before I go further with you. Explain the mystery of perception. *How* does man get his belief in an external world? Does it exist, and what is it *in itself*, apart from those organs of sense that we suppose it in some way to affect, and apart from that mind that is conscious of their changes?'

'What is it?' replied the other. 'Why, nothing—nothing whatever. The subject and the object of perception are identical: what you call 'the external world' exists in the mind, and not elsewhere. The innumerable objects, as you call them, of the senses are but the innumerable creations of the consciousness, having no existence except as being felt and thought.'

'Yes! yes!' cried the philosopher, eagerly; 'but how do you know that?'

'How do I know it?' said the other, slightly irritated. 'Because the most rigorous mental analysis fails to'——

'Oh, enough! enough! I have heard all this on earth,' exclaimed our companion, more passionately than ever. 'To the point, and say why—*why* we believe that externally to ourselves'——

'Because the mind objectifies its own creations.'

'But *why* does it so? *Why?*'

'By reason of an invariable law which'——

'Away!' cried the philosopher, in bitter disappointment. 'The old vicious circle from unfounded assumption to assumption as unfounded, and the secret still gliding from our grasp as we reach the hand to clutch it! Leave me; leave me! Did I quit the world of images for the world of realities, as I thought, that I should have the shadowy creeds of Idealism thrust upon me here?'

'No, indeed,' said a voice beside us; 'leave him and follow me.'

'Follow you,' said the philosopher, turning to him half desperately; 'and whither?'

'To the true knowledge,' replied the voice—a mocking, bitter voice, that rang in our ears like the laughter of a demon over the illusions of human hope; 'to the knowledge that there is nothing more that thou canst know.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the philosopher, with the cry of one who sees an exorcised spectre rise up once more at his side, grim and inexorable, not again to be laid.

'This external world that you speak of,' said the second spirit—'this world that, on earth, you knew *must* exist, though you could not prove its existence, and you knew not *how* it existed—this it is that you have come here to know?'

'Yes! yes!' cried the philosopher. 'Speak; what have you to tell me of it?'

'You would know it *in itself*—in the mystery of its self-existence,' continued the other. 'The changes of your sentient being, that forced you to believe in its existence, told you nothing of its *true* objective nature—revealed to you nothing but the miracle that it, being *not you*, could act upon and work changes in *you*. And it is this world in its objective nature that you would know, and understand the miracle of its action upon you? Is it not so?'

'It is! it is!'

'And you think it possible so to know it?'

'I do; I must,' cried the philosopher, but with so faint a hope in his voice that it sounded almost more piteous than despair.

'Fool!' was the reply. *Know* this? you ask to *know* it? Ah! strange human dream! that man should not wake himself from you by

the very words he utters in his sleep! How canst thou *know* but in a sentient mind? Is not the very word thou usest meaningless, unless it carries with it all the limitations from which thou so longest to be free? Must not thy very knowledge of the absolute nature of what is without thee limit it, and make it relative to thy mind that knows? Thou canst find and know the object of thy search then, and then only, when "know" and "object" are words which mean nothing to thee—nay, when the very mind which would apprehend their meaning has itself ceased to be. Come, have done with dreaming, and with words which are but the mutterings of a dream. Awake, and learn the truth! On the one hand, conscious life, with the eternal limitations of consciousness themselves recognised as eternal. On the other hand, annihilation—the eternal Nothing! Choose: there is no third.

The swift darkness of a great despair fell on the rugged visage of the philosopher, as speeds down the scarped face of a precipice the shadow from the cloud-veil of the hidden sun.

'I choose,' he cried in a terrible voice, 'Annihilation!'

'Hold,' said the apparitor, 'it is enough. Deceive him no further. There *is* a third course open to all, which whoso dares may take.'

'A third course? What? Whither?' exclaimed the philosopher, turning breathless upon our guide.

'A third course!' echoed the other spirit, with his mocking laugh, 'oh, yes! a third course indeed. Pray let him hear it, and see it, too, by all means.'

'Follow me,' said the apparitor, and he strode through the hall to the further end, and passed out at the great door opposite to that by which we entered. We followed him in silence from the hall, and found ourselves on a wide smooth lawn, sloping down to the abrupt edge of that ravine that stretched across the whole landscape.

Following our guide's footsteps, we approached the edge of the ravine, and looked out over it. In the distance a dense veil of gloom hiding all that was beyond.

At our feet, flowing silently, a dark broad river.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIVER OF THE MYSTERY—CONCLUSION.

'Look!' said the apparitor, stretching out his hand before him, 'there lies the path of which I spoke. Whoso will plunge in and ford this river, the secrets of his being shall vex him no longer.'

'Admirably put,' muttered the spirit, who had followed us from the hall, with a malicious smile. We seemed to be standing on the confines of Day and Night. All around us shone the pure white light of the other world. The height upon which we stood, and the steep sides of the bank which sloped abruptly down to the river at our feet, were alike bathed in its radiance, as also were the nearer waters of the stream. But over the mid-channel the broad daylight faded into the dusk of evening, and the bright moving water beneath it dulled into the leaden hue of twilight seas. A few paces further, and the river gloomed into purple under the gathering shadows, and beyond a black pall of darkness hung alike over the water and the further shore.

We stood gazing on this screen of night in silence, one thought foremost in the minds of all. It rose first to the lips of the poet.

'What lies behind that veil?' asked he of the apparitor, in a low voice.

'I know not,' was the answer, in the same tone. 'None know it here; to none upon the hither side of the river comes there sight or sound from behind that ever-drawn curtain of the night. Those, and they are few, who ford the river disappear within its folds, and we see and hear them no more. What befals them we know not. We only have it in charge from our master to say that to whomsoever the burden of the mystery of life is intolerable, let him cross the river.'

'And pray will he obtain the solution of it on the opposite bank?' inquired our new acquaintance, in the same tone of light raillery. 'And, if so, will he be furnished with a set of entirely new, self-contradictory, and mutually-destructive faculties to enable him to understand the solution which he obtains?'

'I have said,' said the apparitor coldly, 'that I know not, nor know any of us what awaits him on the further shore. All we know and can tell him is that *here* at least he will find no answer to the eternal question of his spirit.'

'Enough!' cried the philosopher, 'you have said enough. *Here* there is no answer. Whatever befal me, I will seek it there.'

'Wretched dreamer!' cried our cynical acquaintance, arresting him. 'Would you plunge into annihilation?—for it is, it can be nothing else. Once more; how can the eternal barriers between the seer and the seen, be overpassed? How, but by the destruction of the conscious life and the fusion of its elements with the world without it?'

'Not so,' cried the poet suddenly, 'who knows that it may not be, though the resumption of both into the Infinite Being of Nature, whose manifestations both are.'

'Oh! "the Infinite Being!"' exclaimed the spirit, turning with a scorn as infinite upon his interlocutor. 'I ask your pardon. I had forgotten that

polite form of the doctrine of annihilation, which does such good service by the name of Pantheism.'

'Annihilation!' cried the poet.

'Ay!' said the other sternly. 'The Infinite Being, who will absorb your soul, how differs he from the Infinite Nothing, who gathers spirits from yonder Court of Sleepers?' Nowise, but in a single word. Matters it to the waves that rise from the bosom of the sea, whether they disappear in vapour or sink back, lost, indistinguishable, into the vast deep from which they sprang? Go then, thou too! Lay aside the perceptions which were to you, a poet, as an eternal vision of glory! Lay aside the imagination which multiplied a hundred-fold, and glorified a thousand-fold, the images of the perceptions! Go! Be absorbed in the Infinite Being, and as the last sweet moment of thy separate consciousness flees from thee for ever, console thyself if thou canst, by the reflection that thou wilt become "a thought of the universal mind," Ha! ha!'

The poet was silent, deeply moved.

'Or, stay and laugh with me at the eternal world-jest of the grim mocker, in whose hands we are and at the folly of the fools whom it deludes. Think how he has spread out before us a gorgeous tapestry that we may gaze our fill upon, and when we weary of it close our eyes to it for ever; and at the same time has whispered in irony unto each of us: "Go *there* and peep behind!" And some of us know that behind it is the abyss, and we abide, laughing, in our places, and others go up gaping greedily for that which is not, and with their joy in it yet unsatiated, perish. Come, *you* are not of them. You at least will stay.'

But still the poet answered him not a word.

'For you,' the spirit continued, turning to the philosopher, 'for you I do not—

But he stopped, for the philosopher stood before him with his great purpose looking plainly from his lighted eyes.

'Silence,' he cried, 'I go. For me the glories that you prate of are dimmed and quenched in the shadows of my soul. If the ceaseless longings of my earthly life were but the lying whispers of an almighty mocker, so be it. I shall perish and they will cease. The truth! the truth! though the truth be Death!'

And in a moment he stood at the bottom of the ravine and on the brim of the river.

A moment more and he had waded to the belt of twilight that overhung the mid-stream. There he paused, turned, waved one last adieu, and disappeared. And to us, gazing, it seemed as if the last rays of the light he was quitting had fallen upon the transfigured face of a god.

In the sudden shock of his departure we hardly noticed the slender figure of a woman descend the bank into the river and follow the philo-

sopher into the gloom. But when I looked round, the widow was no longer at my side.

'What,' I exclaimed, 'has the widow crossed the river?'

'She has,' said the apparitor, with a smile. 'Such things are not uncommon. Her husband is nowhere to be found on this side of the river.'

'Humph!' said the cynical spirit, 'he has probably taken his departure *viâ* the Court of the Sleepers. Annihilated most likely. Still it comes to pretty much the same thing.'

'Many women cross the river,' continued the apparitor without heeding him: 'nay, save the few philosophers who cross it, none, I think, but women, ever do so. No other passions dare to face that awful gloom of the unknown, save the sage's longing for the hidden truth, and the woman's yearning for her lost love.

'You stay?' said our new acquaintance, addressing the poet.

'Yes,' replied the poet, sternly; 'I stay, but begone thou! I stay not to mock, but to wonder and to pity. I need not to crush the infinite longings of my spirit with a cruel jest. I can soothe them with a calm thou knowest not of—the calm of poetry.'

I looked up at him as he thus spoke, and I saw that indeed a great calm had come over him.

'Yes, my friend,' he said, answering my look of surprise. 'I see my error now. I no longer seek to penetrate the mystery. I am at rest. On the confines of the two worlds is the poet's place. Between the known and the unknown should he stand, resigned to neither, communing with both: interpreting the whispers of the visible world by the inspiration of his genius, pouring the soul's longing for the unseen into the passion of his song: and so singing, and so interpreting he shall win peace for himself and for those who hear.'

But *I* wander, restless and irresolute, on the hither shore. Behind me the Valley of Earthly Beauty sleeps fair beneath the unearthly light of the spirit world. The dim purple of its mountain peaks, the faint silver of its torrents, the soft brown of its sloping uplands and embosoming woods, thrill and move me as in the world which I have left.

Before me hangs for ever the awful gloom-curtain over the mid-channel of the river, for ever drawing my eyes towards it, from the sweet scenes behind me, by a subtle, irresistible force, for ever arousing in me the vague yearnings to penetrate it, that disquieted me in the world which I have left.

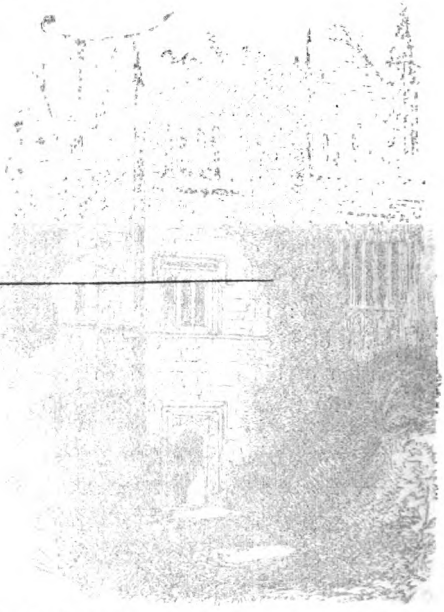
From the Hall of the Philosophers comes always the hubbub of wrangling voices, disputing the Unknowable.

And sometimes, in my bitterness, I will seek the bitter spirit who mocked the philosopher, and will laugh with him, as, with his pitiless logic he proves to the seekers who successively arrive that there is nothing for them to find.

But this never soothes, and soon wearies me; and when my disquietude is at its deepest I will go and sit for a space at the feet of the poet and listen to the song which he pours out for ever to those who will hear.

So sitting, and so listening, my longings are stilled within me, and I share for a little while the repose of his unbroken calm.

THE END.



SISTERS AND LOVERS.

DEUTSCHES STILL-LEBEN.

'Tral-lal-la!
Der doctor der ist da.'

OW merrily sounded the voice of my sister Julia, as thus singing she danced into the room.

'Now, Fräulein Vanda, there he is. I have sent for him, and I am very ill indeed—dying! Ah, me! I have—what ache? Make haste! I hear him on the stairs. What ache, I say? Oh, there! the pain in my chest, my heart, my arm. Ah, me! I am fainting.'

Bright sister Julia threw herself into the causeuse, and put on a miserable face, just as two gentlemen entered the room.

'Doctor, doctor! I am so very bad—quite exhausted. It is I who have sent for you. Ah, me!'

But as Julia raised her moist down-cast eyes she saw before her our house doctor, and—a fine tall officer, in full regimentals.

She sprang up. 'I didn't send for a military nurse into the bargain, Dr. Berg. Why in the world do you introduce soldiers into a sick lady's chamber?'

'Very sick, Fräulein Julia?' said the doctor, laughing.

'Dying! But surely the military nurse has a name.'

'And a big one. Allow me, young ladies. I beg to introduce to you my uncle, Major Schnell, a brave soldier, of a soldier's line; can go back to the Seven, the Thirty, and any years' war—to the squabbles of all the German Emperors—aye, to the Crusades. Ladies, Major Schnell belongs to a line of fighters for glory and love; only the latter my worthy uncle has not yet tried, for he is still unmarried. Have I not introduced him well?'

The major stood before us, blushing and confused. I did not know why, but looking at him turned me giddy. Surely I knew nothing of him that his face should affect me, but it did, honest and good as it was.

'Fräulein Vanda, how are *you* this morning, since the supposed patient appears to have recovered of herself?' So said Dr. Berg, as he came gently up to me, looking deep into my eyes, and as Julia and the major were in hilarious conversation, adding softly, 'No message for me, Vanda, when Julia sent?'

'Why, doctor, did you want a message? would you not come without it?'

'Vanda, you are always severe; no smile for me? Come, will you go into the grounds, say to the lake? I want to say something to you. The two will follow us.'

We went. From the castle steps such a beautiful scene lay before us. At the back rose the dusky mountains, not high enough to look formidable, but gently sloping down towards the lake, that spread at our right away into the tree-clad hilly distance. On the mountain-top, at the opposite shore, the tall, gaunt ruin of ancient times, over which the morning sun threw a golden shifting light; before us the road planted with cherry trees, and to our left the fields, with the young waving corn; the birds every now and then winging up from the green blades, the hares rustling through them, and the grasshoppers chirping sweetly their happy early summer song. We lived in Saxon-Switzerland, as it is called; beautiful was the situation of our estate, kindly the people that dwelt around it, and life seemed to smile on us girls, motherless though we were.

Dr. Berg and I went on, turning to the right towards the thick foliage of the lake scenery.

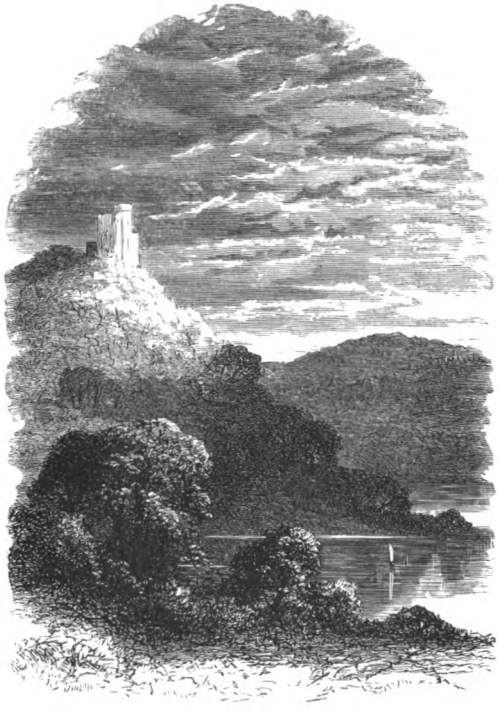
'Now, Vanda, serious again?'

'I shall be serious if you call me so.'

'But why not be merry? It maketh my heart glad to see you smile, for I never hear you laugh like Julia.'

'No, I could not. Remember, doctor, she is seventeen, and I am twenty-three.

'And, pray, should we not laugh at twenty-three? I am twenty-four.'



DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'A man at twenty-four is [illegible]'

I don't think so,' said the doctor with a peculiar [illegible]. I did not like the remark; it stung me. I began to [illegible] little, for Dr. Berg, to whom I was secretly betrothed, had [illegible] forgotten what he meant to say so particularly. [illegible] silence. The others came up, Julia radiant with joy and [illegible] being, I suppose, in existence, the major [illegible] her sallies. He was carrying his arms full of all sorts of [illegible] had gathered on the way. Suddenly I found myself by [illegible] and saw Julia in front of me with Dr. Berg, talking [illegible] at him archly now and then, [illegible] I did not like it, why I knew not, and [illegible] a little [illegible]

'Tell me something about that [illegible] Fräulein,' said [illegible] next to me. I had forgotten the major.

'Oh, there is an old old [illegible] about medieval [illegible] and the saxon wars; but the castle is [illegible] come to ruin for a lady's sake.'

'Really?'

'She pitted her lover; he joined the freebooters, and then she sat weeping on the top, day after day, lately casting herself into the lake and leaving a curse on the walls. No one ever cared to live there, and the place crumbled to its present state.'

We talked on, gravely, about the beauty of the scenery, the many historical memories of the neighbourhood, and finally a little about ourselves. Every now and then my eyes wandered to the two before us. Suddenly I saw them no more, they had disappeared in the road round the mountain. I turned again, idly, and leaned against a tree. [illegible] me was the still blue lake, the eye of the earth, as Heine called it, speaking so softly to my anxious heart. Anxious, I knew not why, for was Dr. Berg not my own choice and had he not always been the same considerate man, the same pleasing friend? Did my soul ask for more? When he meant to be passionate I had drawn back, as if I feared it was not real—it would not last.

'Are you ill, Fräulein?'

'Oh, no,' I gasped.

'But you look ill; you are pale; what is it?' I just remembered that a strong arm set me down on the grass under the tree, that a quick step ran and brought water from the lake in a soldier's cap, and that a broad man's hand wetted my cold temples with it. I revived; 'Thank you,' I said faintly, and looking up, I found two such honest blue eyes fixed upon my face, that I coloured and turned away.

Steps were approaching; the two had evidently missed us and were coming back.

'A man at twenty-four is as young as a girl at seventeen.'

'I don't think so,' said the doctor, with a peculiar accent. Somehow I did not like the remark; it stung me. I began to hang behind a little, for Dr. Berg, to whom I was secretly betrothed, had all at once forgotten what he meant to say so particularly. We dawdled along in silence. The others came up, Julia radiant with joy and happiness at being, I suppose, in existence; the major tired almost with laughing at her sallies. He was carrying his arms full of all sorts of trophies they had gathered on the way. Suddenly I found myself by the major's side, and saw Julia in front of me with Dr. Berg, talking briskly, looking up at him archly now and then, he bending down to her in return. I did not like it, why I knew not, and my eyes got a little, just a little, moist.

'Tell me something about that ruin, Fräulein,' said a sonorous voice next to me. I had forgotten the major.

'Oh, there is an old, old story clinging to it, about mediæval times and the Saxon wars; but the castle is said to have come to ruin for a lady's sake.'

'Really?'

'She jilted her lover; he joined the freebooters, and then she sat weeping on the top, day after day, lastly casting herself into the lake and leaving a curse on the walls. No one ever cared to live there, and the place crumbled to its present state.'

We talked on, gravely, about the beauty of the scenery, the many historical memories of the neighbourhood, and finally a little about ourselves. Every now and then my eyes wandered to the two before us. Suddenly I saw them no more; they had disappeared in the road round the mountain. I turned again giddy, and leant against a tree. Below me was the still blue lake, the eye of the earth, as Heine called it, speaking so softly to my anxious heart. Anxious, I knew not why, for was Dr. Berg not my own choice, and had he not always been the same considerate man, the same pleasing friend? Did my soul ask for more? When he meant to be passionate I had drawn back, as if I feared it was not real—it would not last.

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Steps were approaching; the two had evidently missed us, and were coming back.

'What is it, Vanda? quick, tell me;' said Dr. Berg, as he bent solicitously over me.

'Nothing, thank you,' I answered, coldly.

'Sister darling, are you ill? How pale you look!' Julia added, her face flushing crimson, her eyes swimming with some superabundant feeling of happiness.

'No, thank you, I am quite well;' and, giddy as I was, I managed to rise, and, taking the major's proferred arm, walked homeward, the two silently following us.

* * * * * *

We were alone again, Julia and I; the gentlemen had taken a light lunch, and Dr. Berg and I had parted, not as betrothed, but as mere acquaintances. I knew I was jealous, and jealous of my sister Julia. Julia sat dreaming away the afternoon, till she started off and ran by herself back the same way we had gone in the morning. It was quite dusk when she returned. The next day brought us some letters—one from our father, telling us that he would come on the morrow, and bring with him our young brother from the Military Academy, the other addressed to me by the major. I give my letter as I had it:—

'Adored Fräulein,—I am a plain man and a soldier; you must, therefore, forgive many words. I have never felt myself in love before, but I am in love, bachelor of forty as I am, with your sensible, kind face. Will you have me? I will watch day and night for your smallest wish; I will bend my soul to yours; I will chase care from your angelic countenance; and I will kiss your sweet, soft hands daily, hourly, to show you I am your devoted, constant lover. Pray, consent to be mine, and I will hurry home to prepare, and come back for you in a month.

'Your humble servant,

'Augustus Schnell,

'Major in the Hussars.'

I was very angry; it seemed treacherous to me that Dr. Berg should not even by a word have mentioned his position towards me. We had been betrothed for a few months; Julia had not been at home then, but had returned during the last few weeks, and ever since, matters had *not* gone smoothly between the doctor and myself. But this offer of the uncle, while my heart I knew well, was solely given to the nephew, vexed me exceedingly. Red and angry as I seldom was, I held the letter in my hand, when we heard some one drive up; it was Dr. Berg himself. The moment he entered, I attacked him: 'Do I owe this to you, Dr. Berg? Could you not have avoided it?'

He read the letter. 'Poor uncle!' he said, 'he deserves a better fate

than he will get. I'll send the letter back, Vanda. Don't be offended; an honest man's proffered love need give no offence.'

But I was not pacified, and flounced out of the room. Well bred as I was, I could have boxed the doctor's ears; since I could not do that, I went to my room, and had a good cry.

I would not see the doctor again, though he apparently remained some hours to see me. Julia kept him company. I almost began to hate my sister. What right had she to speak to my betrothed? What right? Perhaps a sister's, whispered conscience. Fudge and nonsense! I knew no sisterly love dictated her solicitude.

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My father came with my brother; there was high glee between Julia and him.

'How beautiful you are getting, Julia; really you will be the belle in Dresden next winter. You, Vanda, look pale and elderly. What grieves you? Don't you get mopish. Let's be off, Julia; take your hat, and come along to the ruin.'

I looked after them—elderly, indeed, I appeared. I hated both my brother and sister. My father noticed my depression of spirits, and asked me the cause. I had no cause to give, and grew sulky. I spoke little; the evil spirit of jealousy was gnawing and gnawing at my heart. Dr. Berg came not for a couple of days—he who had ever been so attentive, who never missed a day in presenting me with some sign of his affection—flowers, music, new books, ornaments, or something else—he neither called nor wrote, and I was getting uneasy, for my nature was true and faithful; no frivolous pursuits had been mine, and with all the strength of an earnest spirit I clung to the doctor. Would he give me up? Had he forgotten his vow? Was I really getting elderly?—oh! horrid thought! Had he begun to love Julia?

I sat at the window that overlooked the lake, the tears falling fast into my lap. It seemed so dark in the world without that cheery voice of Dr. Berg asking 'Fräulein Vanda, wie geht's heute?' It was not a lover's question, but we had always understood its deeper meaning. While I sat so I heard my brother run up into my room.

'You are crying, Vanda. Oh, do come with me; I'll show you something will make you die laughing. I shan't say what. Now do come.'

He dragged me with him, without bonnet or shawl, along the path to the mountains, round the base, up towards the ruin.

'Make haste, we might miss it; it is such a surprise, and such a bit of fun.'

So we rather ran up than walked the steep winding road, till we came into the thicker wood, and got close to the ruin. I thought I heard voices. 'Hush! Vanda, or we shall disturb them.' Now I did hear

voices. Good heavens! it was the Doctor and Julia! I almost lay down flat on the ground, regardless of my pretty muslin dress. I held my breath; through the foliage I could see them. He had his arm round her waist; he pleaded impassionately for his great love, which, try as he would, he could not subdue. He said that I should know all; that I had a noble nature, that I would forgive and consent to the change, and that Julia would then honestly become his. He pleaded and urged, till Julia, half a wayward child still, laid her head on his shoulder, and cried. This was too much for him. He took her fully into his arms; he held her there in a close embrace; he showered kisses on her! I could bear no more. My brother whispered: 'Ain't it a jolly bit of fun? Come away now,' and half dragged me off, for my limbs tottered under me.

'Are you sorry for them, Vanda?' said George; 'don't you think papa will consent?'

But speech was beyond me; I moved my lips, without producing a sound.

'Don't be jealous, Vanda; you know you are too old-looking for him. Did you want him?' George did not know we had been betrothed.

I answered not; I managed to get home, and went shivering to my own room, where I meant to think; think—oh, think—I could not think. Only one thing appeared necessary: to be the first in cutting the knot that tied us. So, shaking as if with ague, I wrote the following lines:—

'Dear Doctor Berg,—I have considered our relative position, and I wish to annul our betrothal; my father, who, with my sister, alone knows it, will consent. The few tokens you gave me you might think me rude to return, so I will keep them in remembrance.

'Yours truly,

'VANDA.'

This note I sent off by messenger to the doctor's house in the next town, and then I laid my weary head on my pillow, unable to harbour even an idea.

Dusk closed in; my mind was still in a state of aberration; when a soft footstep approached my bed, and my sister's voice said:

'Vanda—do, Vanda, tell me—did you know anything? He has just ridden here furiously; his horse is steaming with heat. Vanda, he has had your letter; do you mean it—do you give him up?'

The cruel girl—her words gave me courage. 'Yes, Julia; I never could be happy with him.'

'May I, sister? If you do not love him, may I?'

'If you like, Julia.'

'Oh, Vanda, thank you—thank you; I shall run and tell him. We love each other so dearly, but we were afraid of you; we were afraid you might be attached to him, as you were betrothed, and you might feel it. Oh, I had not the courage to refuse his love; Vanda, sister, pardon a poor wayward girl. I played at first with him, like a child, till little by little there crept into my heart this great, big, enormous love; and when he said all those wild things to me—that I had, with my childish ways, drawn him into the meshes, that he adored me like a goddess—then I could not say "Nay." Vanda, do say you forgive me.'

I murmured something, and begged to be left alone; away she flew, to tell the doctor of my forgiveness.

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I constrained my feelings; I hid my sorrow; I even looked upon their happiness. Still, every day came some token of the doctor's regard for me; but Julia was surrounded with care, covered with presents, deified, lifted into the clouds. My father shook his head, looked at me, kissed me tenderly, and whispered, 'It is best so, Vanda; you were not young enough.' What had youth to do with my feelings? Sometimes I could have run to the doctor, and begged him on my knees to give me back even his moderate affection, and to let me show him my great, deep love—a love great enough to renounce him—when I found another would make him happier. Then I opened my eyes. Oh, had I allowed his passionate nature free play—had I been less reserved—perhaps he would have loved me more. At that moment, Julia's elegant form and radiant face appeared opposite to me:

'Tral—la—la!
Der doctor der ist da—'

she sang, as she ran downstairs to receive him. I never could do that; I had waited quietly, in the old days, till he came up, she ran to meet him with her glowing nature.

The doctor had never pressed our marriage, but he pressed theirs; my father objected, on account of Julia's age, the doctor was obstinate. Three months, and no more, would he wait; she must be his entirely, or he might lose her.

I helped to prepare all the handsome trousseau, for my father was well off, and our family was of good standing. I was even bridesmaid with my cousins and the doctor's sister. I kissed Julia as she went away after the ceremony; I gave my trembling hand to her husband, who looked at me honestly, with quivering lips, and kissed my hand respectfully.

'Vanda,' he said, 'I could not have made you happy. I wanted that affection you could or would not give me.' And then I had done my duty.

'Father dear,' I said to him that evening, 'you will allow me to leave you now? I could not see them return married. *That* I cannot bear; so I shall accept my aunt's invitation, and go home with my cousins. Ernestine, the eldest, will stay and take care of you.'

My father drew me to him. 'Vanda, why didst thou not tell me? Didst thou care for him?'

I hid then, for the first time my face on his shoulder, and wept, wept, wept, for my lost life and lost happiness.

'Poor child! I am very sorry.' He pressed me close to him, and sat by me, quite stilly, till I had wept enough. He dried my tears and stroked my hair. 'Go with them, Vanda; it will be best. I should break my heart to see you grieve, and so would they.'

'Hush, father; no one knows that but you.'

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We came to the fortress town, where my cousins lived. A new life opened to me here. The close regulated society of a whole corps of married officers' families received me, and the eternal round of visits and small social entertainments would not allow me to think. The very first week we went to an officers' ball. I objected to go, as I knew I was becoming almost plain, so little animation was in my face; but they would not hear of it. We entered the brilliantly-lit rooms, we sat down. I looked around, and opposite to me stood Major Schnell. I could not help it—I bowed and smiled. He started, looked, and was by my side in an instant. Ah, that was love I could see; the tall, manly form was leaning towards me with such *empressement* as the doctor never had shown. My vanity was flattered, I felt my colour rise, I felt my tongue loosen. I stood up, and we danced the first 'galop.' The major was an excellent dancer, and I heard people say, 'How handsome a couple! How well they suit each other!' for I was tall and slim too.

Dear major, to have seen him, who would have denied him the pleasure of a few smiles and kindly words? He looked at me earnestly after the dance: 'Fräulein Vanda, you were very cruel once; you thought me abrupt. I heard from Berg; but he did not say you refused me.'

'Did the doctor not tell you that'——

'What?'

'Oh, nothing; it does not matter;' for I found that the doctor had not told his uncle we had been betrothed at the time of his first proposal.

We danced again and again, till people whispered and smiled, and we had to leave off; but the major positively said that he would not allow me to dance with anyone else. When cloaks were taken and adieus offered, he whispered—

'Fräulien Vanda, I must see you myself to-morrow morning.' I looked at him and nodded.

At home that night I had to bear all the teazing of my cousins. 'Really, Vanda, you are changed; never knew you could dance like that; never thought you half as handsome as you are. Why, you made quite a sensation. You are really much younger looking at night. What glorious hair you have got, and such a sweet smile. Why, you have turned our good dear Major Schnell's head, and no wonder either.'

I slept soundly that night; it was so delightful to know someone cared for you, after all that miserable, lonely time someone who would show you real interest; further I dreamt not yet—but there was no resting on won laurels with the major. He came the next morning. He asked, he pleaded, he implored; he told me he had loved me devotedly from the first moment he saw me; he said I was getting more beautiful, I was his star, he could look up to me; and I dare not refuse him, or put him off again.

I know I never answered, for that dead love would still come up; but whether I said anything or not, I found myself in strong arms, showers of kisses on my face, my hair and hands, and a ring on my finger.

'Be a soldier's bride, Vanda?'

Then that word touched me. I laid my hand on his arms; I looked straight at him. 'Will you be faithful?'

'Vanda, child, I could not be otherwise. I have never professed love before.'

To him I was a child, for him I was not elderly looking. I glanced up into the glass. Well, I looked another being, and, hiding my face, I said, 'Yes.'

It was a stormy time, for the major would *not* leave me. My father consented at once. My trousseau was prepared; I went home, the major followed, and in a few weeks we were married; but not at home. A still small voice said, 'Keep away, for the major's sake.' So my aunt gave us the wedding, and we started on a long tour.

When a good man loves his new wife, he is evidently inclined to spoil her, and the major did his best to do it. He was moderately rich, but Crœsus could not have been more generous. '*His* Vanda, *his* wife, *his* own.' I heard it all day, and for very thankfulness I had to caress him and be grateful that he had not allowed God's love to die in my heart, and let me be a lost, lone woman all the days of my life. Only such strong affection as his—an affection that would not be denied—could have saved me.

We saw Italy from north to south, and returned home in a twelve-month, going straight to my father's estate. I heard that Julia held her first-born in her arms, and that the doctor was wild with joy. The morning after our arrival I rode over with the major to the doctor's house. I entered softly my sister's room; she had just dozed, and looked

up so fresh and lovely from her white pillow in her easy chair. When she saw me, and glanced then at her babe, her face was dyed crimson.

'Vanda, dearest sister, you have come at last!.' Her small, pretty hand was extended to me. 'Why, how changed you are, Vanda; you look as young again.'

My vanity was soothed; my heart was satisfied. I need not be jealous, for I was happy too.

'Julia, it is best as it is.' I kissed her tenderly, sisterly; and then I took the babe and held it up to me, as if I too could love it, though it was theirs.

The doctor had entered unperceived; he looked at the scene, came up to me, took me and the child in his arms, and kissed me there straight before his wife. I thought he had never kissed me so warmly as his betrothed.

'God bless you, Vanda; you have brightened the only black spot in our life. God bless you, sister!'

'May I?' The major put in his face. 'Oh!' he said, and came nearer; 'kissing my wife. Doctor, I am jealous—very jealous. I allow kissing to no one.'

The doctor looked at us both; he smiled. He went with his uncle into the window embrasure, and whispered a few words to him. The major turned to me: 'Vanda, you should have told me that; I thought I was the first. Poor fool!' he added, bitterly; 'as if such a woman had taken me for the first.'

I went up to him and looked at him: 'Augustus, do you love me?'

'I could not otherwise; it has grown into my nature.'

'*Your* love saved me—saved us all; and *your* love has made me a thousand times happier than I could ever have been had I followed the dictates of my own stubborn heart.' I was not given to long speeches, so I put my hands up to him, took his bearded face into them, and looked the downright, wifely, happy, satisfied look into his honest blue eyes. It was enough. 'I understand,' he said; 'I won you for me and for yourself.'

Those two at the other end had forgotten us, they were deeply intent on their child's beauty. We contemplated them, the doctor looked at me, scrutinised me I thought, till I blushed; then he came over to the major and whispered something about another first-born to be prepared for—some time hence; and the major, who had as yet known nothing, for he was blind in his love, took me right up in his arms, and cried 'Hurrah!'

'Tral—la—la!
Der docter der ist da—'

joined my sister, faintly and joyously.

The Ancient Drama and the Modern Novel.

By Keningale Cook.

The present century has witnessed the development, to an overpowering bulk, of a species of literature almost new. There have been, it is true, in various countries at various epochs, desultory and unsustained efforts in a similar direction; but nothing at all approaching the scope, solidity, or variety of the present literary irruption has ever been known before. A progress so speedy and assured must have a meaning, and must denote that some national gap is being filled up, that some long-felt general want is being supplied. This new and large development indeed comes in place of an old institution which circumstances have diverted from its original uses, and the ancient idea of which is becoming extinguished. The drama, as it once existed, is obsolete and extinct; it still exists, but no longer as the chief representative of popular intellectual life. We will endeavour to trace the connexion between this ancient institution and its modern substitute. We must be careful to remember that a complex state of existence cannot be so completely represented by any one intellectual development, as it was possible for a simpler epoch to be. Science, or art, or ethics, might reasonably sneer at the idea of the novel being the sole intellectual representative of a civilised nation. Before we can treat it, too, as the greatest popular representative of meditative life—that is of life as considered apart from immediate politics and the events of each day, we must include, with what it is, a little of what we expect it yet to be. Let us endeavour to go backwards, and look upon the ancient drama. We find ourselves naturally in Greece, amid a throng who are eagerly crowding into an immense amphitheatre, by the side of which Drury Lane or Covent Garden would look a pigmy. That crowd will spend steadily hour after hour of a long day in witnessing a representation of selected works of their greatest tragedians. The day is a festal day, but its pursuits are followed in a serious spirit. Immense swarms, who have, compared with our own times, but few channels of

ideal instruction open to them, are flocking with one accord into one place. It is the working man's holiday, and he has found something to engage it pleasantly; something not corresponding to Rosherville or Cremorne, for tastes differ in different countries and ages. At the place whither he is bent he will have a mighty impregnation of ideas—even of sublime ideas, open to him; and there the grandest manifestations of thought evolved by the national mind will be so represented as to become in a great measure intelligible to him. The ancient drama united both grandeur and popularity, and from so simple a mode of mingled instruction and delight as its noble representations might afford, it is easy to understand that great results might accrue. In truth, considering the opportunities that the Greeks possessed, we cannot discover that any better way of elevated teaching could possibly have been laid open to them. In these dramatic spectacles they were receiving additions to their experience, at a time when travel and change brought fruits of knowledge in no speedy manner as they do at present; they were receiving new stimulants to their natural poetry, new readings of nature's book, new thoughts on lofty themes, while fitly to meet the glowing influx, their souls were made receptive by a natural excitement, and kept open to impressions by the special interest inherent to the form of representation set before them. Such scene as this, contemplated with eyes fresh from the so-called drama of the present day, may probably appear painted with too ideal colours; for ourselves, however, we see no reason to doubt Mr. Ruskin's assertion that the ancient dramatists worked with deliberate didactic purpose, nor that this purpose was efficiently recognised and appreciated by the crowds on the benches.

The varied play of human life, the ever-continued struggle of man with man, and of man with destiny; the mutual interlacing of circumstance with circumstance, the various entanglements and liberations of mortal wrestlers, the course of the masters who seem to lord it over fate, and of the puppets who succumb and are moulded thereby;—all these labours and joys and trials of his kind will never cease to present a picture of vivid interest for man to gaze upon. Even a dog is subject to moods according as its feelings; tell it it has done wrong or right, is in favour or disfavour: and of all living creatures man delights the most to look upon the springs of action of his brethren, to see himself in his similars, or to measure his own action by theirs. The love of the looking-glass is by no means confined to woman. The manner in which this mirror-picture is presented, will vary with the character and possibilities of a nation. With the Greek it took scarce other form than the drama; and we cannot conceive of his having a higher vehicle for the conveyance of what he desired, or a more artistic and harmonical adaptation to his wants than the drama constituted itself.

To come to our own day, the disposition of our lives and circumstances and the lives which bound our habits, are widely and intensely different from the Hellenic systems. A grand expanse of pure aërial blue formed the sole roof of the Greek theatre, and the national temper was like unto it—limpid, equable, serene. Opened wide to the influences of air and sunlight, their disposition was the counterpart of the heaven that swam elately above them; like it, calm and receptive, loving of light and colour. The Greek was too simple and sensuous to be afflicted with the modern maladies of boredom and *ennui*; he could endure to sit out three long dramas represented in succession, set forth, too, with such mechanical accessories of dress and scenery as stage-managers of to-day would laugh to scorn. How he could bear the mental tension is a separate matter. We know that for the entire spring day, from sunny morn until the torches were brought in to illuminate a bevy of runners who were to conclude the festival by a race, the citizen would sit in patient admiration of a spectacle which, in spite of occasional violence of critical outburst, he came simply to behold and enjoy and remember. The picture is a grand and a worthy one. Now the music rises solemnly into the tranquil air; now the chorus, with mystic gesture, is passionately apostrophising the gods, or making appeal with lamentation to an imagined ideal of public opinion or of right; now the actors, clad in flowing robes, are simulating the struggles of men and the actions of heroes. The *ensemble* is complete and artistic, entirely suitable and satisfactory to the national feelings which gave it birth, and the national life to which it appertained.

The two elements which give life to the representation, stated broadly, are plot, which is a counterfeit of the action, the never ending struggle in the life of man; and music, which is a type of the benign influences of nature, meditative or mysterious. A sense of the musical harmony of the universe formed an element of the Greek religion, which the drama, brought forward as it was in a religious spirit, tended to foster. The Greeks were very much more religious than we are—their religion was part of their everyday lives; but then it was simple, sweet, and easy. There results from the witnessing of dramas of a high kind, an education of a high kind. To the spectator in Greece would result a consolidation of thought, a corroboration of experience, a cultivation of taste. An elevation of soul, too, would be produced by the noble sentiments passionately uttered; and for susceptibility, the Greek was the denizen of a golden age as compared with our clamorous critical days. The mystical sadness of the world also was represented and felt in the melancholy upbraidings of fate, and the weird, solemn poetry wailed forth by the chorus. The fact, too, that the festal day's celebration formed part of the ritual owing to the presiding deity, doubtless enhanced the

effect of the proceedings. This was the ancient drama, and it belongs to an age wholly different from our own, separated by a vast chasm of spirit and circumstance, which we can never bridge over.

Before we pass to consider what we ourselves enjoy in the place of these national emblems, now so completely passed away, let us examine more closely what art means to convey in what we have designated as plot and music. When we are personally engaged in the drama of actual life, we bear a certain intimate relation to those who take parts connected with ours, and share with us our narrow section of the grand living stage. Each of our fellow actors bears his history with him, more or less, in our minds, and we can never be wholly without interest in those portions of the great play that may chance to come closely before us. When we are not mere spectators, but participators, events may drag on with tedious tardiness, and circumstances may have to be gone through that an uninterested passer-by would treat as unimportant. To us, however, they may appear of real moment, for we are in possession of a link between these circumstances and others. Events upon which important results may depend are perhaps inextricably entangled with these minor occurrences, and so render exciting what might otherwise appear trivial. Seen from this interested and special point of view, every incident is the nurse and nursling of other incidents. This train of entanglements and relationships in life becomes plot in the drama; but how it can be reproduced is the question. It is evident that in the ideal drama which we are contemplating, we start by looking on events not from a special and interested view-point, but from a general and distant position.

We are, to begin with, the uninterested passer-by, to whom many minor incidents must appear trivial or tedious, or remain unnoted. If art did not step in with some remedy, but the drama were to be a mere slice of human affairs taken at random, we might fall upon events of interest sufficient to occupy our attention, or we might not. Our representation might be as tame and monotonous as the bare contemplation of the slow sequence for a day of our neighbours' most prosaically ordinary affairs, when such are unconnected with our own special current of existence. To reproduce this effect of vital interest, and so adequately to counterfeit life, art must manipulate circumstances. They must not be presented in mere slow succession as they would appear to the outside observer. Art must select and group its details. It must quicken the march of time, heighten effects, and give extra colour to the pictures it has chosen. The drama is by no means a mere photograph of a series of events. In life, incidents are interlinked by unseen cords, and grouped by unseen sympathies: to counterfeit life adequately, therefore, art must find something to stand in place of these. It must form special and

visible groupings, and it must combine every element in these by visible sympathies and relationships.

In the Greek drama, the march of time was practically quickened by the fact that such occurrences only were chosen for representation as, under the spur of some prospective catastrophe, might be speedily transacted—so speedily, indeed, as to allow the compression into the span of a single day of the events forming an entire drama. The effect of this within its limits was perfectly satisfactory, but the existence of such limitation reduced their eligible dramas to the representation of but a narrow section of the actual action of life. Their own critic confesses that 'as regards the essence of the matter, the greater the extent, provided also it be perspicuous, the more beautiful it is.' Scenes capable of representation were confined to sequences of rapid and startling catastrophes; but this concentration of agonisms excited the imagination of the spectator into an earnestness of attention that more than reproduced the interest wont to be felt in the struggle of actual life. As regards the addition of colour and glow, so as to make the puppets of the drama of equal importance with the characters who are made vivid to our minds by a special personal relation between ourselves and them, this was for the most part effected by elevating them to the very height of human possibility, or even beyond this, by making them Titanic. The hero was a great warrior dilating in the fray, or a glorious and powerful monarch, or a suffering demi god; and his control over circumstances was grander and larger, or the weight and bitterness of his destiny was more oppressive, than we are wont to witness in the course of average existence.

Plot, as we have said, stands in place of the struggle or action of the life of man; and music represents the gentler influences, the ambient breath of nature, the contemplation of remote action, becoming absorbed and verging on reverie, and, generally, the meditative and poetical aspect of life. If a balmy air's susurrus might ever be blowing about them, many men would be well content to abandon the hard actualities and energy-demanding struggles of life for musings in dreamland. So the drama becomes sometimes lyrical in excess, and the plot is almost merged in the musical dream of it; and the harsh edge of human passion's more terrible throes is softened and idealised. This dramatic condition may act just as subtly upon the spectator's apprehensiveness, and intensify it to excited attention just as efficaciously, as the most violent struggles of plot.

In place of the grand dramatic spectacle to which an Athenian citizen made his way as a matter of course, and as a duty of religion, what are we ourselves possessed of? We have entirely complicated and changed the ancient simple religious aspects, and we have, in place of the ancient

drama, the modern novel. If that does not or will not correspond to it, we have nothing else that may.

Shakespeare paved the way for an enlargement of the basis of the drama, by breaking through the sanctity of the old laws, and permitting its action to extend over a longer space of time than a single day. We might almost say that he made the novel possible. By degrees, greater intervals of time have been suffered to creep in between act and act, until the drama has been so stretched and widened, strained and loosened, losing certain elements and gaining others, that it has become the romance. The romance is not the drama, or the drama the romance; but one is the child of the other. 'The romance,' says Victor Hugo, 'is the drama when the painting of the past descends to the details of science, and the painting of life descends to the *finesses* of analysis.' We should rather say that the romance is the drama with the spectator admitted behind the scenes. We get side-views which open to us the minute incidents, as well as front-views wherein the curtain is raised from momentous ones. The acts are not broken up by the ancient dramatic necessities, but in this spacious and familiar chamber drama of ours the piece runs continuously, and often embraces a long span of eventful time.

However much we might wish it, we could not revive the Greek system. Our murky sky would make but a dismal roof for a theatre; its fickleness would be offensive to the dignity of the ancient drama. And as for roofed buildings, how should we find one with capacity of comfortable accommodation for thirty thousand spectators? And even if such were found, how, with the noisy stream of commercial traffic constantly rolling by, and the various irrepressible murmurs of markets and manufactures and metropolitan railways always in our ears, would the words of the tragic actor be rendered audible to so large a throng? Managers of to-day would probably have but small faith in huge, bell-shaped, acoustic bronzes cumbering as of old the scanty spaces of the stage. And our preoccupations, our hurry, our want of patience! It is plain that there can be no more dramatic representations of so comprehensive a character as in the past day, when the population of a whole city sat, tier above tier, in sweeping circles cut in a hill-side slope. The ancient playgoing habitudes are impossible in our densely-populated modern cities; they can no more bear the impress of universal acceptance—can no more be national. The drama can never more be a national institution on the same extended and complete scale as of old.

It is certainly true that we moderns live more rapidly and less artistically than the men of old. They sat on Olympus, while we share the struggles of Hercules. We are not endowed with that healthy simplicity of enjoyment, that tranquillity of nerve, or that divine patience, which

would sustain us whilst witnessing the representation of a series of heroic dramas during an entire day. Our heroics, too, have undergone change. Rarely violent in action, and connected with psychical more often than with physical warfare, they may be said to have gone inwards. Certainly they fail to possess that outward show, or splendid distinctness, the glory of which was so beautifully made manifest in the ancient drama. The want of the means of manifesting the individual heroism of to-day in any pictorial form is felt by the poet as well as the painter. War has lost its heroic charm, and is grown scientific; and prize-fighting is far from poetical. In the wild West of America there is to be found a little of the Homeric vigour and romance; for ourselves, we have the sister of mercy and the railway contractor representing the opposite poles of our life, but they do not make effective dramatic figures. We are stamped clearly, even in our garments, with the seal of commerce and of prose. The age is a mighty one, with grand characteristics; but its ornaments are bars of iron, and not bezants of gold.

Our life having become artificial and absorbed, we require our dramatic representations of such a sort as to be at any time available—always at hand without the trouble of going to seek them. Anything presenting itself otherwise can never again take universal hold upon a people. To meet these conditions, the modern novel has blindly offered itself.

In respect of its similitude to life, the novel is superior to its prototype, the drama. It is much more comprehensive, and with a wider scope, embracing a greater variety of character and circumstance, can form a more complete and life-like picture of the world. It is prone to light touches and delicacy of shading, but has less to offer of mighty breadth and conflict of light and darkness than the heroic drama, to which, in respect of high art, it is for the most part inferior. As, by the setting forth of a greater number of incidents so tangled and knit together that they attract our interest perforce, we are brought into clearer and more intimate relations with the persons of romance, and, as the personal intricacies of life can be counterfeited more simply than was possible in the drama,—tied down to its unities, and bound by rigid law—so, inversely, the characters in the novel do not require so much of heightening and idealisation as did the *personæ* of the drama. The ancient dramatic heroes are not of our ordinary world, but are either compounded of its most violent essences or live above it. They are Titans upon whom we gaze with awe; the *personæ* of the novel, on the other hand, appeal to us in the guise of friends with whom we almost expect to shake hands. It requires, consequently, much less of the highest artistic power to attain excellence as a novelist than as a dramatist; nevertheless, to-day, on the stage of popular favour, the

novelist is assuredly protagonist, and the dramatist proper is relegated to a dignified section of the background.

The remarks we have made upon plot in the drama apply with equal force to the same element in the novel. We can see plainly what it is that ultra-sensationalism has endeavoured to effect: it has striven to out-do life, not by elevating it, but by crowding it. Our selfish interest in circumstances that affect us will render exciting to us even trivial or unworthy matters. One sensational novelist crowds together his incidents so thickly, and piles up his agonies so superabundantly, that we have no time to think or to ask whether the incidents are worthy of our consideration or the agonies noble ones. The struggles within life's arena are of necessity absorbing to those engaged in them; hence, if a struggle containing double life's usual vehemence and intensity be brought to our view, even though it be outside of life, and the characters are unworthy of our sympathies, we are yet compelled to identify ourselves with them, and cannot resist their attraction. But such a spell as this will lose its hold upon us after a time. So often as in a novel we find in full development that element which we have designated under the symbol of music, we find proportionally that the sensational element is less violently manifested. It is not so necessary. The excitement of continual struggle, by which it was designed to give the characters the appearance and attractiveness of vitality, is replaced by an element which is gentler and more melodious, one whose action is more secret, but none the less sure and efficacious, in constraining our sympathies and attention, more subtle and more abiding. In the old drama this element came out in the poetic cast and rhythm, as well as in an actual musical accompaniment.

The strictly poetic faculty is now debarred from one high place of its pristine manifestation. Poetic dramas will be composed, and doubtless attract a certain class of readers, but their sphere is a comparatively limited one; and they cannot be said to command the position they enjoyed of old, when they were welcomed freely on the national stage, and brought conspicuously before a national assemblage. Poetic romances following the lead of the novel have been attempted, but they occupy but a side-walk, and neither for power or for number can vie with the modern substitute for the drama as it is given to us in prose. The novel has cut the ground from under the feet of the drama, and with the rise of the new and vigorous candidate for popular suffrage, the ancient favourite is on the decline and has lost his place. The modern popular drama is no drama at all, but simply a variation of the modern realistic novel of the lowest type. A high-class modern drama is a rarity; the ancient virtue has flown.

It is noteworthy that while in English novelistic literature the mis-

sing interest inherent to real life is, for the most part, attempted to be supplied by an intense series of plots and counter-plots, the ancient manner of arresting attention by the elevation of the characters represented to an ideal level above humanity having with us fallen into disuse; the French, on the other hand, frequently adhere to this time-honoured mode of heightening dramatic interest. Eugène Sue, for instance, selects an impossible character—a species of Titan, we might say—as the hero of one of his best known romances. The 'Wandering Jew,' who has survived so many centuries, and has both pain and power beyond the fate of mortality, may be taken as analogue of the demi-god who strove against Jupiter, or the baffled hero who was more than man in patience and long-suffering. Dumas, on his lower level, attempts to realise the same effect by putting his heroes in possession of a secret Aladdin's lamp, by means of which they command unlimited wealth and power, and are enabled to struggle with circumstances in a far more masterful manner, and from a far more luxurious altitude than is generally possible to adventurers in a suspicious and hard-working world. Victor Hugo's bent in a similar direction is evinced by his manner of involving his heroes in some marvellously impossible dilemma, in a desperate and long-continued struggle against blind destiny or stern natural law, or against a vast dead weight of persistent oppression from the world or society. In this manner, from the magnitude or awfulness of their opponents, there is reflected upon his heroes themselves a stream of magical light, under which they, too, appear as Titans, transformed and elevated, idealised and tranfigured.

In the comparison just made, we have been referring to that section of English romance which seeks its strength in plot. That section whose characteristics we concentrate under the symbol, music, presents us generally with pictures of average life over which is thrown an idealising silver atmosphere of sweet idyllic happiness—a sort of glamour or halo, wherein we find the domestic delights of home and tender affection, the wooings and the weddings, the difficulties and the successes of ordinary life refined and heightened, and so set forth in choicest and most *récherché* manifestation. As a parallel to the idyllic element in the English novel, the French would afford us a wilder and more alluring 'music'—a lyric in the place of our novelists' gentler poem; the love they depict for us is more vehement and less domestic, and they develope a more passionate, if not so real, effusiveness in the contemplation of grandeur of scenery or sentiment.

Up to the present time, the novel has been educating its readers; it is to be hoped in the future that they will turn round and educate the novel—that is, will raise its standard by capable appreciation and criticism, and by sweeping aside whatever is slovenly, inartistic, or unreal

in it. The field open to the novel is a great one, if only the frivolous and worthless work can be unsparingly weeded out, and the good work fostered by popular discrimination. The field is a great one because it is so comprehensive. The novel is the most accommodating medium possible for reproducing impressions of any kind whatever. It affords a wider scope for the manifestation of varied experiences than any form of composition previously existing; it embodies the high and low characteristics of a kaleidoscopic era. We must look upon it as being as absolutely the representative of our time as the heroic drama represented a particular Greek period. It seems to have settled itself as a necessity of the age, and is doubtless photographing many items of our lives which will afford a picture of our time, clearer than we can now see it, to after generations.

As a literary development, it is but a nurseling yet—an infant of a few score years old; but it has the limbs and proportions of a young giant. The drama represented fitly the ideal and heroic life of the Greek; the novel represents equally well, with minuter touches of the pencil, our own life, with its ideals and heroisms, less vividly splendid though these may be than those of old. It embodies, too, the special attributes of our age—its many-sidedness and complexity. Politics, poetry, philosophy; religion, philanthropy, social science; satire, science, or sentimentalism; murders, marriages, and morals;—nothing comes amiss to this omnivorous animal—too broad-footed for a Pegasus—that the present century has seen grow to so amazing a size. The ancient high drama would contemptuously dub the modern novel chaos; the novel would retort that the other did not contain elements enough to produce even chaos. The one is artistic, the other comprehensive; the one a selection, the other a medley. The breadth and variety of our modern life are better represented by what is comprehensive and universal, even though it should be complex and chaotic, than by what is eclectic and discretive, however perfect it may be with regard to art.

Arabs and Training Ships.

By R. Batson.

I.

About two years ago, at a meeting of the boys of Her Majesty's training-ship 'Cumberland' and the Glasgow foundry boys, Captain Alston, the commander, lamented that the class of true old British sailors is fast dying out; that our navy is to a most humiliating and alarming extent manned by foreigners; that the captain of the 'Spindrift' had stated in open court that he would rather have blacks than British tars; that the premiums on insurance were rising; that wrecks are becoming more and more frequent and more disastrous; that we are fast losing our prestige as the finest seamen in the world; but that training-ships promised to redeem at once street Arabs and British crews. Now, how far has this forecast been verified, so far as the experiment has been tried? But then, as a matter of fact, the metamorphosis of destitute urchins into rich materials of imperial seamanship has been essayed at present only on the very slightest scale. We are far too disposed to play with the question. For example, last April the Admiralty issued a ukase to the effect that 3,500 boys would be required annually for the navy. The boys were to be able to read and write fairly, to have the written consent of their parents or guardians, and to sign an engagement to serve for ten years from the date of attaining the age of eighteen. At eighteen, by good conduct and attention to their duties, they would be rated ordinary seamen, and able seamen as soon as found qualified. This suggests rather rose water than 'a sniff of the briny':—

> Brave fleet
> With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning
> Play with your fancies; and in them behold
> Upon the hempen tackle ship boys climbing
> Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
> To sounds confused; behold the shreading sail
> Born with the invisible and creeping wind
> Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrowed sea
> Breasting the lofty surge.

Now I wish that the Admiralty would cease to play with our fancies, that it would 'order give to sounds confused,' that it would not draw the 'huge bottoms' of our 'Captains' and 'Megæras' down into 'the furrowed sea,' that it would try and grasp the iron necessities of the critical present—see if it cannot atone for the chaotic past. In 1856—an ominous year just now—the supplies voted for the naval estimates were 76,000 men, including 16,000 mariners, and not 3,500 but 10,000 classed as boys. Our training-ships are the polished attenuation of a substantial idea. There is a perfect wealth of complacent mischief in the heroic delusion which, with the smell of sulphur in the air of our civilised continent, and an extraordinary lack of men to benefit by our precious streak of silver sea, with the germs of revolutionary mania flourishing, and the physical deterioration of great cities proverbial, nevertheless points to boys that can read and write, with parents and guardians that can give 'written' consent as Arabian brands snatched from the fire. It is all very well to 'rescue' lads who, to be rescued at all, must present written cerficates of the fact that respectability is certain and rescue impossible. It is a charming agony of triumphant moral effort to illustrate Shakespeare's beautiful picture of the 'ship boys climbing' to invite a bevy of ladies, and challenge a chorus of admiration. But nothing of the real Arab, broadly speaking, excepting his picturesque name, is on board at all. There is no saying what he would do with his knife, or how quickly he would dispose of his bible. On the other hand the boys that are wanted in the navy are not the boys that can read, but the boys who can dodge the police; not the good boys armed with credentials and wreathed with smiles, but the scampering scapegraces who give the constable the slip; not the boys with educated parents and erudite guardians, but the tatterdemalions without a crust, without a sty, without a change of rags, without a dream of home, without father, mother, uncle, or aunt, but such as steal their little earnings and kick them out of doors. A boy who can fight London without flinching, who comes up smiling without visible means of sustenance, is worth his salt. A salt let him be. After the passing of the Habitual Criminals Bill the police unearthed known or ascertainable thieves, receivers, and suspected persons in the City of London to the tune of just 4,336. Among the very many individuals who necessarily escaped the hunt were a host of 'street Arabs,' boy robbers, and juvenile outlaws generally. The Commissioners pathetically complained that these being young and active, in crowded neighbourhoods are very difficult either to know or to catch. Precisely so, and that is one reason why when known and caught they are worth using. Whatever may be the value to our army of habitual criminals—*i.e.*, of demoralised troops—that of forces as remote as possible from the condition of time-nurtured,

ingrained depravity, of animal spirits hot and rampant, but not hopelessly dedicated to an infamous career is unquestionable. The loose little fish, on the other hand, take so swimmingly not merely to salt water, but also to holy water when offered them by their friends, that we begin to suspect the little fish are not so very loose, after all.

One consideration here obtrudes. The Arab movement, as I shall notice at fuller length further on, began with Lord Shaftesbury in 1843. The 'training ship' started into existence in 1864. The ships altogether have accommodation for 3000 boys. Nevertheless, when vessels are put in commission, there is a loud complaint as to the difficulty of obtaining hands. Most of the boys, after having undergone the usual training, and after having been drafted into the regular naval service, leave it as soon as their time expires. Now for the alleged reasons of their non-renewal of service. We hear of questions of wages or of rations. We hear of outcries against official pedantry. We hear of the 'Captains' and the 'Megæras' operating as scarecrows, as wandering coffins whereon no one yearns to enter. After making due allowance for these causes, we still find ourselves face to face with a tremendous puzzle. Why, here we have a host of boys, who have been plucked out of the jaws of death; at least we say so. The *bonâ fide* Arab has for dinner a stare at a butcher's shop, for bed-clothes a dream of a blanket. He bends his pinched body double with hunger. His teeth, the very gossips of misery, chatter with cold. His views of life are simple. Some day he will go into the workhouse. To-morrow he may be in prison. To-day he is loafing in rags, with his sommersaults and his fuses, amidst a crowd of comfortable people; amidst piles of crisp bank-notes and boxes of ringing cash; amidst respectable citizens, well fed, well clothed, well housed, and caring as much about him as about the moons of Jupiter. Suddenly he is 'rescued.' He is 'in the swim!' He is on board a training ship. He is provided for. He passes through his course with the greatest credit. And yet he won't stay! What! not renew his terms of service, his conditions of existence! What! the starveling refuse to be fed, the tatterdemalion to be clothed, the vagrant to be housed, the pauper to be waged! Is this human nature? No; the honest fact is that the genuine Arab is not on deck at all. He is sleeping in the gutter. He is rigged only in the eclipse, in obscurity, in rags and in squalor. Won't he eat his bread, pocket his money, and thank his stars, if he gets the chance? Only try him. Your toy Arab with his credentials, your prize Arab with his character, with his proud parents, considerate guardians, and flowing caligraphy, with his badges and criteria of cozy citizenship, answers the purpose of the picturesque. He can easily be made ornamental, miraculous; and can perfectly astonish the conscience by being 'rescued.' But, as he has had nothing to be rescued from, he has no particular

inducement to stay. And then we wonder that the navy is unmanned. In these remarks, I refer only to the testimonial system. That some *bonâ fide* Arabs are saved, I do not pretend to deny. Of these I do not now speak. But such as they are, they are indeed few. I for one will never cease to raise my voice against the folly of well-meaning bodies like the Marine Society putting a gloss over the size of the problem with which they are dealing. Society is eaten through and through with destitution, ignorance, and crime. Modern London is ancient Rome over again, *plus* the scream of railways and the concentration of wealth. We have plate, mirrors, lace, private opulence, aldermanic proportions indoors; outdoors all that is tattered, stunted, pale, thin, impoverished, unenviable, criminal, mischievous—under the size and standard of the humane. I for one, so long as I have pen to write and tongue to speak, feel bound to continue to enter my protest, in season and out of season, against the spurious retrospects of philanthropy, and the extraordinary blindness of the oracles of some of our training ships—training ships which, in their fundamental conception, are all that is comprehensive, chivalrous, and sensible. Take the 'Warspite.' At the meeting of the Governors of the Marine Society, last winter, held at the Society's offices, certain statements were made, which have been since repeated, and which certainly have a strong tendency to mislead the public, despite the sincerity of those who with natural pride issue them. The Rear-Admiral E. S. Sotheby, C.B., in his capacity of chairman, declared that 'The institution, in the centenary of its corporation, could point to nearly 57,000 boys, some rescued from the streets, some taken from the poor homes of the labouring class, and all trained for manly and useful employment at sea.' Be it so. But of the 57,000 boys, only a small portion can be classed as genuine Arabs, while, even supposing that they all came under that prospectively mischievous category, to rescue 57,000 raw lads from the thorns of the hedges, the romance of the highways, and the doorstep pillows of the streets, in 115 years—for the Marine Society was founded in 1756—though a most commendable exploit in historic annals, is, after all, but a meagre contribution towards social needs, and a most inadequate solvent of a national puzzle. Remember that it was long ago computed by compilers of accurate statistics that 20,000 boys in London alone directly belonged to the criminal class, and that each young star in the firmament of brilliant enterprise was belted with a ring of about five satellites, who admire even where they cannot emulate precocious ruffianism.

Indeed, the number of Arabs in London now is very much over 100,000—I mean of Arabs who call themselves 'Captain Claude,' or 'Lieutenant Dick Turpin,' till Newgate closes their short career, who read more than a thousand and one tales of spiced boy heroics, and

daring Arabian nights, or who, not themselves being able to study the enthralling episodes of canonized highwaymen, cluster round those who can. Let us, however, restrict our present estimate of the London Arabs to 100,000. What is the only rational deduction? Why, on the Marine Society's own showing, there are very nearly twice as many waste Arabs for the prudence of the self-preserving community to reclaim in London in one year, as under the manipulation of the respectable classes, have morally fructified all over the country in 115 years! What then has the Marine Society done? Society is carrying in its constitution the seeds of its not mere dissolution, but dislocation. The Commune of Paris was but a single sign of the myriad sleeping sparks of revolutionary fire, which this age of millionaires and paupers is built over, of the volcanoes by which slovenly heedless social Europe may expect to be crushed in the ordinary course of human ignorance and destitution, unwatched by human power and wisdom.

It may of course be urged in the teeth of the antithesis, which sets the molehill which the Marine Society has achieved against the mountain which it boasts, that there is not a fresh batch of peripatetic, dissorderly, and useless Arabs for us to bring to anchor, pigeon hole, and account every year. But it cannot be denied that there is a fresh, if not a larger bundle of Arabian brands to be snatched from the fire at least every decade. Again, it may be urged that the population has advanced with such rapid strides, that to talk of the danger of the young Arab population in 1756, and that of 1871, in the same breath, is eminently unreasonable. To this the obvious reply is furnished by the statistics of the Marine Society themselves. The governors, from the date of the establishment of this beneficient institution in 1756, to the close of the war in 1763, had fitted out 5,174 boys for the Royal Navy and the Merchant service. The institution was 'beneficent' even then, but the above statistics relate only to young sailors trained for an express undivided war purpose, not to the brigades of young shoemakers, tailors, and promiscuous craftsmen generally, whom it is now the excellent custom to apprentice on board our training ships. Where a century ago or anything like it, were all the Arabs corresponding to this last and most significant category? Where were the wild 'olive branches' that are now being transplanted from hot-beds of crime into nurseries of toil?

The Arab movement, so-called, only began, let it be repeated ever so often, in 1843, and it is only since 1864 that our training ships have been floating juvenile mechanics' institutes. Certes it is not long that the Marine Society has been an industrial safety-valve from marine stores. It is only as it were yesterday in our history that it was guessed better to educate young starvelings in the art of producing goods rather

than of stealing them. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the gallant captain of the red-coated brigade of youthful shoe-blacks, and the chivalrous Rob-Roy, a gallant Arab himself, typical knight-errant of neglected boyhood, tanned with travel, and paddler of all sinking canoes, have worked and are working hard in their generation (all praise and all encouragement to them) but not harder than Fagin, the immortal child-corrupter of all generations. With a detailed machinery, and an expansive method, we save but a handful of deserters out of the huge awkward squad of Arabs now existing. Without that detailed machinery and that expansive method, if at any time within the last 120 years, there have been fewer Arabs to save than now; on the other hand, at any time previous to the last thirty years, still more inadequate even than present adaptation to present needs were the instruments of their salvation.

It is of supreme importance that the public should keep all such facts as these in mind. Thus the motives of the Marine Society are deserving of all praise, but their achievements are not yet equal to their aspirations. The science of preventing, as opposed to that of curing crime, is at present in its unblushing infancy. As such it should be encouraged rather than criticised too severely. None the less must we regret the fact that at present, at all events, the training ships in use are insignificance itself compared with the training ships in requisition.

The camel has been called the ship of the desert, so the training ship is the camel leading out of that great moral desert of Sahara, the East End of London, and the more Arabs throng its back the better. A young man of twenty-eight may well think that his own appearance in this planet exactly synchronised with that of common sense.

This reclaiming of the moral desert of Sahara, of our raw material, of rampant susceptible boyhood, of the wild young devotee to the police news, the knuckle duster, and the skeleton key, of the Arab born amidst blows and curses for his catechism, thieves for his tutors, murderers for his exemplars, starvelings for his friends, commenced it might be thought at the close of the dark ages. Not so, however. The obviously beneficial movement began only in 1843. A young man of 1843 might well think that his appearance in this planet precisely synchronised with that of common sense. Göethe declared that no man changed a conviction after forty. Yet young ladies, and those who according to Sydney Smith, form the third sex—innocent clergymen—often try, with a bland smile and a soft word, to convert adults stereotyped in crime; or at least in wrong doing. Their amiable theory is that a man whose mind has been saturated in the hot excitement of a life of dark deeds, has only to be whispered to by a comfortable gentleman in a white tie, only to be instructed by a kind girl, only to be plunged into an icy shower bath of

holy water, to relish the situation, and radically reform for life. A staff of sincere Ned Wrights might do something, but not much for adult criminals. For children of ten, twelve, and under, clergymen, women, any good people with zeal and sense, might do everything. The nature of human influence is inscrutable, but certain. The limits are as certain. What is not certain is its methods. If all the well meant things that had been said by good women and high-minded clergymen to men, had been addressed in altered phraseology to babes and sucklings, their tender bosoms and plastic receptive organs would have been so affected as to have left the world incomparably, I will not say better, but I will use a word which the whole race respects, incomparably happier than now. At this I hear the word Utopia rush to the British lip; but many great facts were Utopias once. The printing press, steam engine, and electric telegraph, are Utopias realised. The wholesale amelioration of infantile outcasts, is an Utopia that cries to be realised. The training ship stifles the revolutionist, developes the sailor, makes the man. Arabs ought to be trained *for* training ships. We do not want a herd of very black sheep on board a training ship. The very black ones had better be isolated. But we certainly do not want a flock of white sheep that needs no shepherd's crook, of good boys that require no repentance, huddled on board ship, in the name of the redemption of mankind! The worst of all had better be toned into decency, and if they are the youngest of all, the preaching lady and the preaching parson would be of inestimable social utility, in so forwarding the honourable task. It is not the tiny lad who touches his cap at the Sunday school, but who asks his teacher to go with him to the penny gaff, who propounds an original exegesis of scripture by the aid of scraps of song, anything but reverent and pure, that needs most to be called to the right path, and who under the circumstances, to speak honestly, is likely to have most in him. There are many good people who give money, and would give time if they knew how, to good works. Ships are multiplying, and so are Arabs; hunt out, not in the high ways and edges but in the moral desert, the wee tatterdemalion. Then let our clerical and feminine enthusiasts look up his antecedents, and remedy them. They expend the same moral energy in comparatively, if not absolutely, useless ways. Had the good people looked mostly after those bad people who are plastic because they are young, instead of casting words of silk at heads and hearts of stone, this planet would form a far pleasanter corner in infinite space. As it is, a child of ten swills his Lilliputian calf with cold water, gloats over the highly-coloured advertisements which lend the show of heroism to violence, ambition to boyhood, and romance to crime, and weds darkness to the threat of murder.

Result, a walk to Bow Street, and an apprenticeship to eloquent

abandoned adult ruffians in prison. Happy then the giant who has his quiver full of—Arabs. Shakspeare, or at least, one of his creatures, Juliet, has been stultified. There is something in a name. The training ship 'Goliath' exhibited one tender-yeared male, so far emulating gigantic stature as to grow two inches in seven months, and another two and a half inches in eight months. So with other young frames which have been taught the arithmetical progression of crescent stature, instructed how to shoot upwards. Dr. Liddle, medical officer of Whitechapel, is to be congratulated on this startling revelation. The age is one of shows. Among the purring cat shows and smiling barmaid shows, a growing Arab show might hold up its head; at least, as well grow a big Arab as a big gooseberry. The boys come from the courts and 'crushes' of Whitechapel, from knots of crowding, hustling thieves, direct, indeed, from Forest Gate Industrial School, but in the first instance from fœtid Whitechapel courts where ventilation is unknown, and from 'rookeries' where the Arabs are crammed, crowded, and choked. Nevertheless, on the 'Goliath' they grow morally as well as physically; turn over a new leaf or two as well as turn up a new inch or two, and instead of the downcast, sullen look, acquire brightness and self-respect. The world is caressing instead of ignoring them; they begin to be as important as ladies' lap-dogs, which is naturally inspirating. We do not hear of the 400 boys all growing at the rate of four or five inches a year; but they grow apace by the operation of a paradox, reversing the time-honoured maxim, just in proportion as they cease to be ill-weeds, though they fall short of the electric nocturnal growth of Jonah's gourd. The sick list is one per cent.—the fruit of regular industry, personal cleanliness, good food, sheltered sleep, and wholesome air. It is, accordingly, worth noting as a curious point in natural history, that the Arab and the giraffe grow for precisely opposite reasons; according to Professor Darwin, the long neck of the tall quadruped was the outcome of his anxiety to reach his food—the leaves of trees; the Arab, on the contrary, begins neither to grow nor to turn over a new leaf till his anxiety to reach his food ceases. Again, his growth perceptibly differs from that of the commanding figures of a great many ladies in this progressive age, which are due, not so much to the stately dignity of feminine stature, as to the mountainous heels of feminine boots. The chests of the boys expand, too, without padding, and with them the public heart. Everybody is glad to hear of the waste Arab being fertilised—reclaimed by inches. We cannot force the adult; anybody may mould and heighten nobody's child.

[*To be continued.*]

FOTHERINGHAY.

By J. Jeans.

Few among the retired nooks of England are better worth a visit than this ancient Northamptonshire village, and yet few of as much former celebrity are now so little known. It lies very near the Northampton and Peterborough Railway, but has no station of its own, and in such cases a railway is rather a drawback than otherwise. Few travellers ever notice the beautiful tower, which, however, can be well seen from the line. No high road runs through it now; Oundle has supplanted it as the town of the district; and in consequence Fotheringhay, in spite of its associations, but seldom attracts the tourist. There is not even an inn in the place, which, however gratifying to the clergyman, is scarcely equally so to a thirsty pedestrian. True, one can have excellent bread and cheese at the baker's, subject only to the trifling inconvenience—as beer is 'not to be drunk on the premises'—of running out into the street to drink.

Yet the place is accessible enough, especially from Peterborough: and anyone who has exhausted the solitary lion of that somewhat prosaic city—its superb cathedral—may easily take the half-hour trip to Elton station. Nowhere does Peterborough show to such advantage as from the North-Western railway. The city, stretching away from the river bank, the wooden bridge, inconvenient enough to be a copy of Putney, the forest of railway signals, the tower of St. Mary's, and behind all, the peerless western front of the cathedral, crowned with its many spires and pinnacles, give only too flattering an idea of the place. Soon the undulating hills shut it from sight. Then we pass Castor, known to archæologists from its church of St. Kyneburga, with a fine Norman (or Romanesque) central tower. Castor station is upon the Roman Ermine Street, which preserves the Latinised form of a name made famous by the saviour of Germany from the Roman yoke, Arminius or Hermann. Here the Nen winds perpetually across the line, much as the Seine does across the Dieppe railway before we enter Paris. Three miles more, and we are at Elton.

From Elton to Fotheringhay is about a mile and a half, over the usual Northamptonshire country, never flat and yet never very hilly, but suggesting the idea of petrified waves. Fotheringhay reminds one that it once has been a town, by its broad and regular streets. All the houses are of one uniform gray colour, as brick is here almost unknown. Some of the cottage gardens even have stone walls instead of hedges. In the centre of the village stands the church, which is approached through an avenue of trees with boughs knotted and interlaced like the well-known Trinity lime-walk at Oxford. It is still a noble and beautiful building, though the choir is wholly gone, which of course robs it of much of its grandeur. It is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and All Saints, and appears formerly to have been a collegiate church. The nave is wholly of the best period of Perpendicular architecture,—that is, before the Perpendicular style attained the rigidity which mars it. From the roof of the aisles spring flying buttresses, which, together with the great size of the clerestory windows, add much to the lightness and elegance of the church. But the most striking part is the massive square tower; so massive, indeed, as to look somewhat disproportioned to the nave, with which its stern solidity and castle-like turrets are strongly contrasted. It is surmounted by a beautiful lantern, which can be seen at a great distance, singularly like *parvis componere magna*,—the famous one of St. Botolph's at Boston. The interior is rather striking than pleasing, as the choir arch has been filled up without an east window, and the huge bare wall, such as is seen in some college chapels, is a serious drawback to a church. But the monuments within the rails are very interesting. They are all of the Plantagenet family. One is to Edward Duke of York, who was killed at Agincourt. The second is to a much celebrated Duke of York, namely, Richard, the great leader of the Yorkist party in the Wars of the Roses, at one time Regent of England, and father of Edward IV., who was defeated and killed by Margaret at the battle of Wakefield. Another is to his wife, the Lady Cicely. All these monuments were erected by Queen Elizabeth.

At the bottom of the street is a picturesque old building, half covered with ivy, which might be thought to be part of the ancient castle itself. This, however, was the great posting inn, in days when the castle made this a place of importance. It has a huge gateway and many Tudor windows, most of them blocked up. Inside the court-yard,—it is now a farm-yard—are evident traces of the great gallery which used to run round it. If this gallery were up again, the inn might have been the original of Hogarth's picture. Probably its history would not be preserved, but doubtless it was closely connected with the stirring events which at one time made Fotheringhay to be oftener in men's mouths than any other place in England.

Close to this old inn are the scanty remains of the celebrated castle. They consist only of the mound of the keep, traces of the moat, and a few very small fragments of the wall upon the river's edge. Mr. Froude, with his usual carelessness of detail, has wrongly described its situation. He speaks of a small village below and nearer the river; whereas in fact the fragment of wall is not six yards from the water. The Nen is not famous for its beauty in any part; but here it is overhung for some distance with trees, especially weeping willows, under which no river can be ugly. The mound on which the keep stood rises abruptly from the level. Higher up the river, on another slope, is the church, with its noble tower, and behind is the gray-coloured village, nearly hidden in trees. The castle, which was a fine Norman building, was both roomy and strong, as might be inferred from its importance. It was built in the reign of Henry I., by Simon de St. Liz or Luz, the second Earl of Northampton. In 1218 it was seized by William of Albemarle, who had been deprived of Rockingham Castle, between Stamford and Market Harboro', by Henry III. He made it the strongest castle in the midland counties, and used to compel travellers to pay him for passport. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Plantagenets, and became one of their chief residences. It was especially favoured by Richard, the duke whose monument was mentioned above. Here, in 1450, was born Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

But the event which has given Fotheringhay its undying interest is the tragical end of the unhappy Queen of Scots. Mary Stuart forms in herself no inconsiderable battle-field of history. By some she is represented as a tigress in nature, beautiful and deadly, a compound of every vice named or nameless: by others, as a spotless and persecuted martyr, dying for the sake of her religion. Perhaps here, as in so many other cases, truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. But this is by no means the place to discuss Mary's character: we have to do with her only in connection with Fotheringhay Castle. It is a proof of Mary Stuart's energy and ability that castle after castle was deemed too weak to hold her. From Lochleven to Carlisle, Bolton, Wingfield, Tutbury, Chatsworth, Chartley, and Tixall she was moved in quick succession. At last her keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet, a harsh-natured but conscientious Puritan, refused to be responsible for her unless she were placed in a stronger fortress. Woodstock, Hertford, Northampton, and other places were named, but rejected for various reasons. At length Fotheringhay, which through the Plantagenets was now Crown property, was approved of. Mary was moved hither in September, 1586, and on October 14 began her trial before the Royal Commissioners. More than two thousand horse were at that time crowded into the town. The trial was held in the Presence Chamber, 'a fine saloon,

sixty feet long.' The Commissioners were well agreed, but a hasty despatch from Elizabeth prorogued the Commission. Ten days later they passed unanimously a verdict of guilty upon her in the Star Chamber. In November she was sentenced to death by both Houses of Parliament. Meanwhile petitions poured in from all quarters for her execution. But Elizabeth could not make up her mind to sign the warrant. That this was through indecision, not kindness, is manifest; for it is clearly proved that she endeavoured to tamper with Paulet to take his royal prisoner's life secretly. But when this failed, and when matters were on the very verge of a civil war between the two religions, Elizabeth, being strongly urged by Lord Howard of Effingham, at length signed the warrant. On Tuesday, February 7, Mary was informed by Lords Shrewsbury and Kent that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning.

Of the tragic scene which was enacted on the next day, who knows not the story? Engrossing as it was when told in the baldest language of the old chroniclers, it has last year been still further heightened in interest by the wonderful pen and fiery partizanship of Froude. The elaborately studied part of Mary, the bitter grief of her attendants, and the coarse ruffianism of the Dean of Peterborough, are there wrought into one of the finest pieces of description in the language. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His blow fell on the knot of the hankerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. He struck again, this time effectively, At once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off, and the false plats. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.' As if anything had been needed to heighten the pathos of the scene, a little lapdog, faithful unto death, was discovered concealed under her dress, and seated itself between the head and neck. 'Every particle of her dress, together with her beads, and the cloth of the block, was forthwith burnt in the hall.' Mary's body was taken to Peterborough Cathedral, where, for twenty-five years, until it was removed to Westminster Abbey, it lay in the south aisle of the choir, next to the tomb of Catherine of Arragon. Thus beside one another were buried these two queens, as like in misfortunes as they were unlike in character. Both were interred by the same sexton, that grim old Scarlett, whose famous tablet hangs above the western door of the nave of Peterborough.

And now we come to the last scene in the history of Fotheringhay. James I., who had virtually offered to sell his consent to his mother's

execution, provided his own title were recognised, at length thought it incumbent on him to profess abhorrence of the scene of her death. So by his orders Fotheringhay Castle was razed. Only too effectually, as we have shown, has the work been carried out. Still from a rudely done sketch, dated 1718, given in Knight's 'History of England,' it would seem that much more existed then than now. Time is still continuing the work, and it is a moral certainty that before long even the last vestiges will be swept away. *Ruinosas occulit herba domos.* England, as Sir John Lubbock has eloquently maintained, will not spend a farthing to save her priceless national monuments. Even now we might say, with little straining, of Fotheringhay—

> Then the great hall was wholly broken down,
> And the broad woodland parcelled into farms;
> The hedgehog underneath the plaintain bores,
> The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
> The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
> Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

In Quest.[1]

There is an unquestionable power in this work that makes itself felt in the very first pages. We are introduced to no mock morality or maudlin sentiment, no virtuous home, portrayed in glowing colours, receives the villain of the plot, no sickly love tale is started to run its course over fanciful obstacles that it may finally reach a desired haven of oblivion; but in the very first chapter the author presents us with his hero, a gaunt, tall man, with massive jaw and keen cut lips, with large brow and peculiarly shaped head, of awkward and unseemly gait, with neck scarred with scrofula, clothed always in rags. In fact, the last person one would picture to oneself as an ordained member of the Church of England, and yet he is one, or rather was, for, as he tells his listener, a comfortable, cynical Suffolk county squire, 'I have given up my curacy, my prospects in life, for I am a doubter. I, the priest and messenger of an infallible Church. There is no single facts in the world, beyond the fact of God and of my own consciousness, upon which I can lay my finger and say, 'This is truth.' You may tell my friends that they will find me whenever I shall have found the truth I am 'In Quest' of; not before. Truly a somewhat startling statement, and one sufficiently novel to interest even the cool, worldly man he is talking to. The life-like, soul-stirring manner with which the author describes human feeling appeals to one so directly and forcibly that we cannot help giving, as an instance, the very words in which the sometime clergyman speaks of the strange fascination that drink has for those in misery or trouble :—

"Yes," he went on, in a fierce whisper, "I can tell you that I know now what the temptation of drink is; and I could preach a sermon about it, I believe, now that I shall never preach a sermon again. Why, sir, I tell you that the most fitting apprenticeship to the ministry of the Gospel would be served by serving a previous apprenticeship to starvation in the streets of London; at least, if the '*si vis me flere*' theory be right, and the priest is to be one who can be touched with the feelings of human infirmity. What, for instance, do you know of the meaning of 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man,' you, the country squire, with wife, with children, with store of friends, with all the honour which a successful career brings with it? To you, a stimulant is almost an interruption to the current of happiness, it hurries the stream of life too impetuously onward. But think what it is to the prostitute or the beggar! You are weak and faint, and thinly clad, and the snow pelts, and dark-

[1] 'In Quest,' a story of modern tendencies. London: British and Colonial Publishing Company, (Limited).

ness begins to lower, and that inward craving of the stomach comes on, which is caused by insufficient and defective nourishment. Then the gloomy shadows of a misspent life, which you have pushed away from you, and kept at bay in the bright sunshine, start out upon you from every corner of the street, and meet you full beneath the glaring gaslights. They have you at their mercy now. Dead children call upon you out of their graves—you have their names upon your tongue, such sweet names too, but you dare not utter them! The dead love you killed rises and looks at you with large, wild, reproachful eyes. The dead father you have dishonoured, curses you from the tomb; his voice rising higher even than the roar of the streets. Your dead mother turns away her face—but other faces, hideous ones, turn and gibber before you, as you, too, turn away to flee—but whither? Why *Paradise* lies before you in the gin palace yonder; a Paradise of forgetfulness, or better still, of a memory which shall only call back happier days. In the circlet of a single shilling lies the crown of a king, the happiness of nepenthe! And the drugged beggar is soon enwrapped in purple, and the harlot is amongst the angels of Heaven in her gin-begotten dreams!"

This is the strong writing of a man who has been gifted with a rare insight into the causes of human action—this is the expression of a wondrous sympathy for poor, erring humanity. Here is no carping morality, no special pleading, but an earnest, sorrowful, sad picture of the trials of our fellow-men—trials so great that one may indeed feel an inward shrinking lest such a temptation should come upon us unprepared. At first sight the general story of this work would seem to offer but a very ordinary instance of middle-class life, but on closer investigation will disclose beauties that by far outweigh any slight imperfections that may be laid to the author's charge. He has not striven to give us a number of extraordinary and exciting incidents following closely upon one another, but has contented himself with placing before us characters that any of us may meet in our every-day life, but at the same time he has led us below the surface, and has disclosed to us a seething sea of passion, has laid bare not only the hearts and minds—nay, even the very thoughts of his characters, has shown us life in all its beauty and all its hideousness, and then, taking us gently by the hand, has led us with him 'In Quest' of the truth. Under his guidance we pass along, and wonder at scenes with which we thought ourselves thoroughly familiar when seen under a new light. In the painter's studio we learn the strange mystery of Art, the power with which it sways the mind, the relief it affords from the petty worries—aye, even the great griefs of life, how it sits 'like a dumb sphinx, for ever brooding over the present and looking straight into the future with calm, unblinking, melancholy eyes. Thence we come into the inner heart of a man of position and competence, with fair wife and lovely children, and see so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, of tenderness and cynicism, of high aspiration and low moral standard, that we doubt there is anything noble about him till we find him very loveable with all, in spite of his moodiness and sarcastic tongue. While we are searching his thoughts and guaging his nature,

his gamekeeper, 'Master George,' has approached to tell of the misdoings of a poacher :—

'"And so," he is saying, "I went up by they white housen under Thickley Wood, where it fared likely that John Bunnet had a taken hisself to, and I tracked him by the dag (dew) that lay upon the ground; and I dropped upon him just as he was taking up this snare. And now, sir, what be we to do with him?" and the questioner took off his hat, looked into the crown meditatively, and scratched his head, as if it were big with the fate of the delinquent Bunnet.'

The squire frowned and looked magisterial, though, if the truth must be told, he did not care twopence for all the partridges and pheasants on the estate.

'"Have you ever caught John Bunnet before, setting snares?"'

'"Well, I don't know that he's such a bad 'un after all, as some of 'em."'

'This was high praise and commendation. An East Anglican peasant never deals in anything beyond negatives. If you give him a sumptous feast of beef and beer, he will thank you with "It didn't fare so bad, neither,"—the negative satisfaction of one who has not had much positive good to be thankful for in the world.'

'"Darling father, I want to whisper to you," and the eager eyes and long golden curls of his little girl Margery are turned up towards papa's frowning face.

'"Come away, Miss Margery, and don't worrit your papa," says Nurse No. 1 taking her hand.

'"I am a young lady, and I *will* speak to my father," replies Golden-hair, imperiously.

'This by-play takes place unnoticed; but Golden-hair escapes the hand, and tugs at Mr. Armytage's shooting jacket till he listens; then, as he bends down his head to the flushed eager face, whispers:

'"Do forgive the poor man, dear father, because you know—come very close—because you know, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them—you know—as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

On, on our hurrying guide bids us till we stand in a well-furnished room, with table showing the ample justice that the guests have done to it, and while wondering, perhaps, how we are to find ought here, we are attracted by the words of a real Bishop, who is discoursing suavely and cheerfully to his audience as they sit or stand around him :—

'The bishop, who was discoursing so suavely and cheerfully with Mrs. Gilbert at the other end of the table; airing all his prancing little hobbies, Sunday schools, missionary work, church extension, and the like, before a select and admiring audience, and feeling that glow of benevolent satisfaction which is produced by a good dinner and a good digestion, was, indeed, the very essence of moderation. By moderation he had risen above the heads of many a cleverer man than himself, who held views too decided for A., or too liberal for B. He had never had any opinions in particular at which anybody could take offence; and indeed was a most estimable man—calm and bland, and as polite to the curate as to the rector. He was only a little bitter, inwardly, against dissenters and radicals, perhaps because he was a little afraid of them; though of course he was outwardly always the more ready to attend to their suggestions, and to try to put down any eruption of ritualism or broad churchism to which they might take objection. On the whole, I fancy he hated ritualism more than any other ism with which he had been brought in contact, because it seemed to him more subversive than any other, of the existing state of things.

'It was a grand and edifying sight to see him at his Diocesan conferences, imperturbably calm and cool, presiding over a wild, gesticulating mob of red hot Catholics and Protestants, the members of the high and low church parties in his diocese, who were battling for dear life in the arena below, because they felt—and surely not without reason—that two opposing religions could hardly go on much longer together in one church; and who were only kept from tearing each other in pieces by the cold and rigid impartiality of their Bishop, and by the dead-weight gravity of that large mass of country parsons, who have not yet been awakened out of their two-hundred years' sleep, by either of the great religious revivals. It may be a question, however, whether this impartiality was not the result of a sort of Pyrrhonic indifference, bred perhaps by the habit of standing on one leg in religious matters, which Dr. Newman says is the special vice of Anglicanism. A man who is in the custom of trying to reconcile black and white, may surely be pardoned if he begins at length to run one colour into the other, and to think that it does not matter after all.

Still "In Quest." Will the doctors help us? If they will, here is a fine specimen of their number before us—a Scotchman to boot—a right good hearty fellow. Hark! he is speaking:—

'"Ah, and that tu quoque is pretty weel. But I don't hauld with your priesthood, ye'll ken, all the same. 'Tis we who rule the world after a' said and done; we doctors wi' lawncet and pill box. 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all,' quoth Shakspeare. I trow then conscience is in the liver, or in the small intestines. Tak' your sick sant, despairing of his sawl's salvation, because his liver does na' work, and your gleesome hearty sinner, fearing neither man nor de'il—for half the spiritual maladies of life ye'll ken are no spiritual at all, but temporal only—tak' your despairing sant, I say, and send him to us, and we'll een mak' him glad again, and set him at peace wi' conscience by the exhibition of a blue pill; and what can priest or prelate do more for a body than that?"'

Somehow we begin to feel that this is but the brighter side of human nature, and so, turning to our guide, we bid him show us of that other side so attractive and yet so loathsome, so sad and yet so wearing us to care. Our mentor has become silent for a while, as if he felt the crushing weight of the experience he had himself made before us. Still we press on, and come at last upon a scene that would indeed make the angels weep: a mother scheming to sell her child—a female Judas willing to betray her very soul for gold. We sicken at the sight, and anxiously ask: 'Is there no help?' Then before us rise the gaunt pale features of him whom we met at the outset of our journey, and we hear his manly courageous voice say, 'This shall not be.' Still anxious, but relieved, our guide hurries us away, and plunges us into the depths of glorious old Wales! We see a scrambling little village of white-washed, slated cottages straggle down the hillside towards the pier. We see the river with its sweet interchange of amber-coloured pools and rippling shallows. We note the mountains with their fringe of oak and ashes. We hear the gushing of the water, the sharp scream of the hawk, or the lazy flapping of the heron as it moves down the winding reaches of the stream towards the sea. Surely we shall see nought of ill

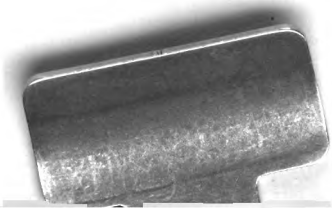
here! Alas for human nature. Behold there, four thousand feet above the sea, a man, the very model for earthly respectability, proposing an unlawful love to the invited guest of his wife, who, with her children, is walking on the strand below!

'It was, indeed, a glorious morning—one of those occasional days which March sometimes borrows from May—*avant couriers* of the glad summer-time, which, to people who have been splashing about in snow-broth sludge, and have been nipped and chilled by bleak nor'-westers and biting east winds at every turn for the last three months, are very grateful and cheering. Soft, fleecy, opaline clouds floated overhead in the soft grey sky, and melted away in tender rain over the long rolling lawn of distant fallow, blurring their outlines here and there on the horizon. And the sparse turnip-fields, whereon the ewes and lambs were folded, shone brilliantly green, like sheets of living emerald, against the dun background of rain clouds. Across the near landscape sunshine and shadow chased each other, like children at play. The air was alive with sound: the bleating of sheep and lambs, the hoarse cawing of the rooks—those most companionable of birds, who seemed to know that something was astir, and wheeled inquiringly over their nests in the cover. The lark hung self-poised in the air, a living point of passionate, trembling life and love, discoursing sweet music to his mate, who fluttered below, amidst the clods, their nesting place. The blackbird and the thrush felt the glad impulse of the spring, and darted from hedge to copse with their quick chuck, chuck, chuck. It seemed as if animal and insect life, frozen up for six months past, had begun at length to thaw. The duller vegitative life of the trees alone gave no signs of stirring yet; for even the sap of the tasselled larch, so soon to stipple the umber woods with green, remained unresponsive to the gentle touch of the soft south-western breeze; though, as if to make up for this, the southern hedge banks of the covert side were starred with anemone, paigle, and primrose; and the air was fragrant with the sweet scent of violets.'

We begin to shudder at the overwhelming depravity of our human nature; yet, while almost despairing, there comes along by the morning breeze the agonized cry of a heart-broken penitent watching by the dying bed of his firstborn: 'Oh, God, give the child back to its mother, and punish me as Thou wilt.' Have we found the truth, or must we go further 'In Quest,' or shall we find it at last here? Here in this poor miserable tenement, here where one despised of men is fast travelling over the bridge that will bring him to the land of the great hereafter. See those strange weeping figures, lost women brought back to shame—fastness and modesty, as they rock themselves in all the agony of a passionate hysteric grief. Mark these wild-looking and dissolute men, shabby enough; and yet all these have drawn from the eyes now glazing fast in death some consolation, some hope!

We turn to our guide. He has left us! We wander home with a feeling at the heart of the greatness and littleness of humanity; and then there dawns upon our inner consciousness the fact that after all 'our life is altogether different from what we think.'

JOHN C. FREUND.



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